Greene County's Own Daily Newspaper

THE EVENING GAZETTE

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH NEWS SERVICE

FINAL EDITION

WEATHER—→ Probably showers today and Saturday; not much change. FOURTEEN PAGES XENIA, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1927 VOL. XLVI. NO. 109. PRICE THREE CENTS

RELENTLESS FLOOD IS UNCURBED

KIDNAPER IS KILLED BY POLICE

TWO OTHERS CAUGHT AS POLICE UNEARTH LARGE RANSOM PLOT

Connect Pair With Chicago Gang Of Kidnapers

NEW YORK, May 6.—With one alleged kidnaper dead, and two others under arrest, Abraham Scharlin and James H. Taylor, the kidnaped victims, were released mysteriously today.

Scharlin and Taylor were immediately brought to police headquarters to identify Charles Kraemer and David Berman, the two men arrested after their alleged comrade Joseph Marcus was shot and killed by a policeman.

Marcus was said by police to have been a member of a Chicago kidnaping gang and it is believed that the present kidnaping plot may show connections with recent kidnapings in the Mid-Western city.

Police believe the kidnapers may be the same gang that spirited away Jacob Adler and Frank Galello, Chicago cafe owners and released them after payment of a $100,000 ransom, and who also tried to kidnap the children of Charles H. Schweppe of Lake Forest, Ill., for $1,000,000 tribute.

Scharlin was lured away from him home by a telephone call, and his family later was informed he was being held for $400,000 ransom. Subsequently, this amount was reduced to $20,000. Taylor disappeared the same day. It was Taylor's signature on the checks found in Kramer's pocket which led to the kidnaping theory. Police trailed Marcus through the telephone calls, and traced him and Berman for several hours yesterday before the shooting affray took place.

Belief that the kidnapers were also working in Philadelphia was raised because the demands for Scharlin's ransom received by his family stipulated the money was to be sent to a place in the Pennsylvania city.

Berman, arrested when Marcus was killed, is wanted by Chicago authorities for a post office robbery in Superior, Wis., police said.

SOME WHEAT FIELDS EXEMPT SAYS TRUAX

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—All Ohio wheat fields in the area quarantined for European corn borer, carrying less than one per cent infestation, will be exempted from compulsory control, according to announcement made today by Charles V. Truax, state director of agriculture.

Truax explained that federal authorities stated this was necessary because cleanup work was delayed by weather conditions and that wheat had grown to such an extent that additional cleaning up would seriously damage the wheat.

Farmers who cleaned up their wheat fields, however, will be titled to extra labor compensation, Truax said.

OFFER AMNESTY TO NICARAGUA REBELS

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, May 6.—President Diaquaz today issued a decree of general amnesty for all rebels who lay down their arms and promised liberation for all political prisoners. The insurrectionists who refuse to deliver up their arms will be punished, it was announced.

Gen. Jose Moncada, commander in chief of the liberal armies, announced his willingness to quit fighting against the Diaz government. So far no written peace treaty has been effected between the warring factions, but it is believed that the war is at an end.

CORSET SALESMAN WILL ASSIST GRAY

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Declaring that he would "do anything to help Gray, his wife or his mother," Marvin M. Greene, a corset salesman, recalled from Columbus, was today speeding to New York to testify as a character witness for Judd Gray on trial with Mrs. Ruth Snyder for the murder of Albert Snyder. Greene works for a concern which formerly employed Gray, and the two men were associated for several years.

DIES AT CROSSING

CIRCLEVILLE, O. ,May 6.—Funeral services were being arranged here today for William Clifton, 44, contractor, who was killed late Thursday when his motor car was struck by a Scioto Valley traction car at a grade crossing. His widow and six children survive him.

FRENCH FLYER IS BELIEVED LOST

Ruth May Again Testify

COURTHOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Henry Judd Gray resumed the witness stand today for further cross-examination by Attorney Dana Wallace, reputed to be one of the shrewdest cross-examiners in criminal practice. The self-confessed slayer of Albert Snyder, art editor, was unruffled as he took his place in the elevated witness box and answered questions in a calm, unemotional manner.

Rain was pattering against the window panes as Gray's cross-examination was resumed, but the spectators came in droves just the same.

Mrs. Ruth Brown Snyder, the co-defendant, sat watching Gray listlessly in an attitude of dejection. There was a report current that she will be recalled to the stand, in sub-rebuttal, to deny charges made by Gray that she struck one of the blows that killed her husband.

Wallace removed his glasses and shook his fist at Gray as he questioned him.

Q. You testified that your yearly earnings averaged $5500. Is that right? A. Yes, I believe that was the average, Mr. Wallace.

Wallace's face flushed.

"You can drop the 'Mr. Wallace'," he cried, "just say yes or no."

Q. Your association with Mrs. Snyder did not affect your earning capacity? A. No, sir.

Lindbergh's Projected Dash Most Daring Of All N. Y.-Paris Flights

By J. S. PHILIPS
Exclusive Dispatch, Copyright, 1927

SAN DIEGO, Cal., May 6.—The "Spirit of St. Louis" has never been identified as to nationality, but now it appears to be Scotch. No Irishman would ever attempt what a St. Louisian will try.

In a relatively small monoplane, Charles A. Lindbergh will attempt very soon to cross the Atlantic from New York to Paris. That, however, is not all the story. The plane cost only $7,500, less by many thousands than any ever built or planned for such a hazardous and material-testing flight. Local fanciers of airplanes have called Lindbergh's plane "The Scotchman," because of its cheap construction. "Cheap" does not imply faulty or haphazard construction, but indicates, rather, that an expert flier and an airplane company have found they can construct an airplane for trans-oceanic flights without calling upon the millions of some foundation for aid.

Some Lindbergh Figures.

Vital statistics about Lindbergh's economy plane, in which he will attempt to fly without a halt from New York to Paris:

Wing span	46 feet
Wheel span	7 feet
Gross weight	4750 pounds
Gasoline carried	28 gallons, or 2550 pounds
Oil carried	28 gallons or 195 pounds
Maximum speed with full load	123 miles an hour
Minimum speed with full load	69 miles an hour
Cruising speed with fuel and oil used	95 miles an hour
Weight of pilot	185 pounds
Empty weight	1765 pounds
Useful load	2775 pounds
Gross weight	4540 pounds

Cheapest Plane Yet.

Lindbergh's St. Louis associates paid $7,500 for the plane and added about $5,000 for special equipment; larger gas tanks, special oil tanks and lines, instruments of navigation and the like. Fundamentally, however, it is the cheapest plane ever turned out for such a journey.

The plane will be called on in a few days to out-do Com. Richard Byrd's flight over the North Pole. Byrd's giant monoplane carried three motors. Any one of these would have kept it aloft by disposing of part of the disposable load.

Lindbergh will depend upon a single 220-horsepower motor to pull his little ship through the air for a time of twenty-eight to thirty-four hours!

Coast to New York.

The flier's New York-Paris dash in reality will be a San Diego-Paris flight, for he will fly from that Pacific coast city to New York, making only the one official stop at St. Louis for the plane to be chris-

(Continued on Page Ten.)

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, AND THE $7,500 MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE WILL ATTEMPT SO LO AIR VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

WILMINGTON HOTEL WILL HONOR DENVER

WILMINGTON, O., May 6.—Wilmington's new Community Hotel will carry the name of the "General Denver Hotel."

It will be operated by the Glenoble Hotels, Inc., a chain system, with headquarters in Pittsburgh.

An executive committee from the board of directors of the Wilmington Community Hotel Corporation will pass upon all important operating matters, having a direct interest in the hotel management.

HEAVY RAINS CAUSE OHIO LANDSLIDES

CINCINNATI, O., May 6.—Heavy spring rains have caused four landslides within the city limits here, that have forced the city engineer's department to place safety crews and equipment on four main thoroughfares to keep the traffic arteries clear. The landslides are being experienced on Elberon, Columbia and Glenway Avenues, and Mt. Hope Road.

AMERICAN DELEGATES WARN OF DANGERS OF EXPLOITATION

Henry M. Robinson Ttakes Hand In Economic Conference—Urges Care In "Cartelization" Of Industry

GENEVA, May 6.—American delegates took a hand in the League of Nations economic conference today and warned Europe against the dangers of monopoly and exploitation.

Henry M. Robinson speaking on behalf of the American delegation suggested adroitly that the Europeans may be starting on the wrong track by their proposals for the "cartelization" of industry, through the establishment of virtual trusts.

"If not properly directed 'cartelization' may lead in the false direction at first taken by some American trust toward monopoly and exploitation," said Robinson.

The principal factors in American prosperity are the large purchasing power of the consumer through improvement of management and the elimination of waste, the increasing substitution of machinery for hand labor, the free interchange of information regarding methods and practices and increasing confidence between employer and employee, Robinson told the conference.

Robinson stressed the fact that the American people are opposed to direct government interference or participation in private business.

THREE INDICTED ON MURDER CHARGES

CANTON, O., May 6.—First degree murder indictments have been retrned against John Clark, Henry Johnson and William Terrell in connection with the death of Harvey Bowers, restaurant keeper, here several weeks ago. Johnson and Terrell are charged with the killing.

HONOR EDUCATOR

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—A period of silence for five minutes will be observed in Columbus city schools at 2 p. m. today, during the funeral services for Dr. J. A. Shawan, city superintendent of schools for twenty-five years, which will be held at De Graff, Logan County.

CHAIRMAN REPORTS WEST IS SATISFIED WITH G. O. P. REGIME

Butler Tells Coolidge Things Smooth For Another Term.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—A political breakfast of more than passing significance was given by President Coolidge this morning in the temporary White House in Dupont Circle.

The affair was staged presumably to afford William Morgan Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, an opportunity to acquaint administration leaders with the state of Republican opinion in the West. Butler has just returned from a months' swing about the West, and reported a widespread feeling among Republicans that Mr. Coolidge be a candidate to succeed himself next year.

The guest list at this morning's breakfast gave rise to considerable speculation, for it included cabinet members as well as the usual senators and representatives.

On a trip that carried him to the Pacific slopes, and through the heart of the supposedly disgruntedly grain belt, Chairman Butler found little evidence of Republican dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, and, on the contrary, discovered a quite general feeling that Calvin Coolidge should be renominated and re-elected in 1928. This, at any rate, is the gist of the report which the chairman rendered to his chief at a series of conferences that ended last night.

Butler's report is expected to aid Mr. Coolidge in "making up his mind" whether to brave the third term tradition and stand for re-election next year. The fact that capital politicians believe Mr. Coolidge has already made up his mind doesn't alter the facts, nor change the picture.

The chairman gravely assured inquirers that he did not discuss either candidates or issues on the trip just ended. He was, he indicated, merely feeling the Republican pulse in a section where reports had inferred there was some feverishness. He found none. He did discover, he admitted, a lively interest in whether President Coolidge is to be a candidate next year, but he indicated he did nothing to satisfy that interest. He merely observed and reported back to the White House.

WOMEN'S CLUBS TO MEET IN LIMA NEXT

MARION, O., May 6.—Lima was chosen as the place for the 1928 convention of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, at the closing session of the thirty-first annual convention here today. The exact date in April will be fixed later by the executive board.

Registration books showed that 1,323 visiting delegates attended the meeting, declared to be the most successful of the league's conventions.

HOPES NARROWED AS WIRELESS FAILS TO FIND DARING PILOT

Government Asked To Send Vessels To Hunt Aviator

PERNAMBUCO, May 6.—All hopes that Captain St. Roman, French trans-Atlantic flier, is still in the air have been abandoned here.

The only hopes held out for the safety of the flier are that he has been picked up by a tramp steamer or that he made a forced landing on the African coast, in some deserted spot. The latter hope is very slight, however, as St. Roman reported that we was still flying at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon some eight hours after his start.

PERNAMBUCO, May 6.—Convinced that Captain St. Roman has been forced down in his attempted flight across the Atlantic, French residents here today sent an urgent appeal to the French government to re-consider its attitude towards the St. Roman flight and to order ships sent out to search for him.

The French government had refused St. Roman permission to attempt the flight as he had removed the floats from his plane.

Radio messages were broadcast from Fernando Do Noronha to all ships on the south Atlantic to keep a sharp watch for St. Roman.

The last message received from the flier was picked up at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and was simply the laconic message, "Flying all right."

The French consul here stated that he has not yet given up hope that Captain St. Roman is still in the air. He said that adverse winds may have caused the flier to reduce his speed. If the flier has been forced down he hopes that he may still be afloat as the seas last night were reported calm.

Search has been ordered along the Brazilian coast for the missing flier.

PERNAMBUCO, Brazil, May 6.—Crowds waited in the streets all night long to welcome the French navy airman Capt. Saint-Roman, who set out yesterday to fly across the Atlantic from Africa, but he failed to arrive. There is considerable anxiety for the aviator's safety as it is feared he has met with an accident over the sea. The report that the French airman had passed Fernando Noronha is not yet confirmed.

Fourteen ships on the route between Pernambuco and Africa, which St. Roman planned to follow have been queried by radio and none of them has sighted St. Roman.

Radio stations have sent out continual calls for news of St. Roman, but without any responses.

GRAND JURY WILL PROBE CLOSED BANK

HAMILTON, O., May 6.—The Butler County grand jury in session here today is expected to begin investigation of the closing of the College Corner bank, where shortages are now reported at $148,000.

Charles Stout, cashier of the bank, is at liberty under $10,000 bond, specifically charged with misappropriation of $5,000 of the bank's funds.

SATURDAY SESSION

COURT HOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Justice Townsend Scudder announced today that a Saturday session of the Snyder-Gray murder trial will be held for the purpose of speeding the case up. It had not been the custom to hold sessions on Saturday.

"SERPENT WOMAN" WHIPPED AND KNOWS IT

COURTHOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Ruth Brown Snyder is whipped.

This remarkable woman, branded as second Lady MacBeth by her former sweetheart, Henry Judd Gray, who has also damned himself as a heartless murderer, has wilted. Gone is her air of defiance, her haughty 'self-assurance, her cold disregard for the world.

Licked, completely licked. That is the impression her courtroom demeanor gives as she watches him Gray, sitting calmly on the witness stand and withstanding the rigorous cross examination of the "ace" of her legal staff, Dana Wallace.

She sits, slumped in her chair, greenish-blue eyes fixed on her one-time "sweetie" as he swears away his own life, and perhaps hers. Maybe it's a womanish intuition but, anyway, theer is a look of apprehension about her that suggests that at last she realizes that the game is up.

As for Judd, he can hardly be said to be defending himself any longer against a charge of murder. He admits it. He already has shown the jury how he swung the sashweight on Mrs. Snyder's husband's unsuspecting head.

They both did it. That's his story, and he's sticking to it.

If he's going to the electric chair, she's going, too, seems to be his attitude.

Wallace is trying desperately to save his black-gowned client. No item is so small that he does not see a possible chance to break down Judd's story or trap him to the benefit of the lady in black.

But no, Judd won't be trapped. "I'm simply telling the truth, sir," says Judd, politely, as Wallace storms. And the angrier Wallace gets the milder came the answers from Gray.

Doggedly, Wallace fights the witness, waiting to pounce on him at the first break. The cross examiner doesn't concede he's licked.

But Ruth Brown Snyder does, if outward appearances are a criterion.

She's whipped and she shows it.

Eligible

Do you want to be an honest-to-goodness queen? Here's your only immediate prospect: Boris, the bachelor King of Bulgaria. Subjects are alarmed, because bachelors are not held in high regard, and Boris is almost thirty-three. But Boris takes another swig of buttermilk, says nothing, and stays single.

DISTRIBUTE AWARD IN MELLETT MURDER SOON IS ANNOUNCED

Trial Of Streitenberger, Formerly Of Osborn, Starts Monday

CANTON, O., May 6.—Distribution of the $25,000 reward for solution of the Mellett murder mystery may come soon after the end of the Floyd Streitenberger trial, which opens Monday, it was announced here today.

With the Streitenberger case disposed of and Louis E. Mazer, punished, cases against all men under indictment will be ended and claimants of rewards will be considered as to their eligibility.

It is expected the larger part of the reward will go to William Betzler, of Massillon, and Steve Kascholk, of Cleveland, whose stories first put detectives on the trial of the murderers. A few days following the Mellett slaying, Betzler told Ora Slater, Cincinnati detective who was working on the case, of Patrick McDermott's suspicious actions while he was staying in Canton, and of Pat's threats and boasts. McDermott convicted, is now serving life in the penitentiary. About a week later, Kascholk furnished further information necessary to tie up Ben Rudner, Massillon hardware dealer, also serving life sentence for his complicity in the crime, and Mazer with the crime and to furnish further evidence against McDermott, which was sufficient to warrant indictments. There will probably be a number of other claimants.

ABANDONED MINES HIDE MUCH LIQUOR

ZANESVILLE, O., May 6.—Abandoned Ohio coal mines are now being used as caches for illicit stills, it became known here this week when state prohibition officers made a flying visit to New Straitsville, Perry County, and discovered six large stills in abandoned mine pits half a mile below the earth's surface. Two stills were in operation, though no attendants were discovered.

State officers declare they are confident the raid and confiscation will cut off the chief source of supply, of a contraband moonshine liquor which has been sold in all sections of the country as "Straitsville Special." This liquor it is reported was made from rye and was three times distilled.

The raid, it is said here, will be a severe financial blow to New Straitsville, as the little town has been quite a mecca during the past several months for drivers of trucks and huge pleasure cars.

HUNGER STRIKER

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—Held in jail on a suspicious person charge, John Green, 28, Cleveland, has been on a hunger strike for over a week. He is growing weak and has been placed under the care of a physician.

MISSISSIPPI HITS AT FINAL BARRIERS IN STRICKEN DELTA

Reports Of Typhoid In Flood Camps Add To Terror

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 6.—Spreading destruction with ever increasing fury, the flood waters of the Mississippi pounded today against the last barrier obstructing their path to the gulf.

Hoping against hope that further levee breaks might be avoided, army engineers and relief directors watching the rush of northern Louisiana flood into the wedge of dikes at the confluence of the Mississippi and Red Rivers maintained a constant vigil for the crevasse which would unleash the inland lake covering the northeast quarter of the state into the nine remaining parishes in the Atchafalaya valley between the Red River and the sea.

More than 1,500 square miles in Avoyelles, Rapides and St. Landry Parishes have been evacuated in anticipation of a break in the Bayou Des Glaises levee near Hamburg.

A second break is threatened in the Sam Bayou at Big Ben, also in Avoyelles Parish, and a third in the Red River protecting wall around Echo, in Raides Parish. Twelve hundred men who have fought the flood from the tops of the Big Bend dikes for more than a week redoubled their efforts today as the waters from the Mississippi crevasses north of Natchez joined with the flood from the Arkansas in Tensas and Catahoula Parishes.

The Milliken Bend crevasse twenty miles north of Vicksburg is now more than 1,500 feet wide. Reports from Hard Times, twenty miles south of here, said that the St. Joseph Lake spillway had grown to 1,200 feet. Waters rushing through these breaks upon Madison and Tensas Parishes added to the havoc wrought by the overflow from the Tensas and Oachita Rivers. Should the Red River levees hold, and thus divert the entire northern Louisiana flood into the Mississippi channel again, the danger point would lie at Angola, La., on the east bank of the river, just below the Mississippi state boundary, where an old levee has been in grave danger since Saturday. With the fate of the southern half of the state in the balance, Secretaries Hoover and Davis arrived here today to set in motion the machinery which is ultimately to restore more than 150,000 refugees in Mississippi and Louiiana to their farms and homes.

Governor Dennis Murphree arrived from Jackson last night to confer with the cabinet officers and Major General Edgar Jadwin, chief of army engineers, before they boarded the steamer, Control, at 11 o'clock for Baton Rouge, where they will discuss relief and rehabilitation plans with former Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, federal relief director in that state. From Baton Rouge, the party will proceed to New Orleans.

Reports of typhoid fever in two Mississippi concentrations camps were received at Red Cross headquarters here today. Although the sick list from the fifteen camps caring for more than 60,000 refugees carried only 262 names, the early development of the dreaded typhoid in two centers called for emphatic orders to all camp directors to take drastic steps to avoid danger of epidemic.

NATIONALISTS ARE AGAIN IN YANGCHOW

SHANGHAI, May 6.—Nationalist headquarters today announced the recapture of Yangchow after heavy fighting in which the casualties were estimated at 4,000 killed and wounded. It was admitted that most of the casualties were sustained by the nationalist forces.

According to the headquarters statement, the nationalists re occupied Yangchow on Thursday after the transfer of large forces of troops over the Yangtse River.

PORTSMOUTH MAYOR TAKES NEW BRIDE

PORTSMOUTH, O., May 6.—Mayor John B. Jones, 79, and his bride, Mrs. T. D. Lawson, 73, are beginning their honeymoon in the bride's mansion here today, following their marriage here last night by the Rev. John Collis Jackson, 82, pastor emeritus of Trinity Methodist Church. Mayor Jones' wife died two years ago. The bride had been a widow for more than ten years.

CITY FACES DEFICIT

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—The city of Cleveland is facing a deficit of over half a million dollars, according to a report of County Auditor Zangerle, to City Treasurer A. J. Damm.

REV. TILFORD MADE PRESIDENT OF LANE SEMINARY ALUMNI

REV. W. H. TILFORD

The Rev. W. H. Tilford, pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Xenia, was re-elected president of the Alumni Association of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, at the annual meeting Wednesday.

The Rev. F. Linn Frett, Columbus, was elected secretary; Marvin F. Ballew, Cincinnati, vice president and Dr. W. Padgett, Paducah, Ky., second vice president and the Rev. J. H. Cowan, Cincinnati, treasurer.

Dr. R. Ames Montgomery, former minister at Xenia, addressed a large banquet of the alumni at Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening at which the Rev. Mr. Tilford presided. The alumni pledged to get 200 churches or people to contribute $100 a year for five years to assure the success of the co-operation plan of theological education which will be instituted next fall with the opening of the seminary.

PHYSICIAN TO READ PAPER AT MEETING

Dr. F. M. Chambliss, Xenia, will read a paper on "Surgical Aspects and Medicine," at the annual meeting of the Ohio State Eclectic Medical Association, at Akron, beginning May 18. Dr. Chambliss graduated from the Eclectic College of Medicine at Cincinnati last June and is vice president of the Alumni Association.

Other speakers on the convention program are Dr. C. J. Baldridge, Hamilton, Butler County health commissioner; Dr. Robert G. Patterson, Columbus, secretary of the Ohio Public Health Association; Dr. C. P. Robbins, Columbus, chief of the division of communicable diseases, Ohio Department of Health; Dr. R. W. DeCrow, Wheelersburg, health commissioner of Scioto County; Dr. W. K. Rubio, Wilmington, Clinton County health commissioner; Dr. W. H. Carey, Bellefontaine, Logan County health commissioner; and Dr. Homer N. Calver, former secretary of the American Public Health Association.

CORONER ABSOLVES SUSPECT OF BLAME

Fred Deger, Osborn, has been absolved from all blame in the suicide of his father-in-law, John Unger, who shot himself at Osborn several weeks ago, by Coroner F. M. Chambliss. Dr. Chambliss has just completed exhaustive investigation of the case leading to Unger's suicide.

Unger committed suicide on the day a hearing was to have been held, following trouble between Unger and Deger. Investigation proved that the bad blood between the two men did not point to Deger's having anything to do with Unger's act, Coroner Chambliss held.

BELLBROOK

L. J. Burton was a Saturday night visitor in the village.

Maude Avey who has been dangerously ill as the result of hemorrhages, is reported slightly improved.

J. L. Myers delivered a new Ford to J. S. Holland one day last week.

Al Shaner, of near Waynesville was a Bellbrook visitor on Saturday night.

Funeral services for Mrs. Josephine Gibbons were held at her late residence on Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock and burial made at Waynesville.

Roger Turner and Grace Graf were quietly united in marriage at Spring Valley on Tuesday of last week, the Rev. T. M. Scaff performing the marriage ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Conner, of near Dayton, atetnded commencement exercises here on Thursday evening.

Zeva Morris, of the Winters Bank, Dayton, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris.

Floyd Harness spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Frank Penewit, of Dayton, was a Sunday visitor in the home of his brothers, George and Oliver Penewit.

Dewey Casey and family, of Falmounth, Ky., are visiting Mr. Casey's parents.

The members of the local ball club held a meeting in the village Tuesday night.

Wilson Bumgardner, of the Manhattan Hotel, and Harry Stake, of the Walton Hotel, were visitors in their home town a few hours on Wednesday.

Funeral services were held Wednesday for Miss Elizabeth Weller at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weller.

The relatives and friends of little James Avey desire to thank their friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown them following the tragic death of their loved one which occurred on the morning of April 23.

Brutus seated in his tent by the flickering candle, could not have been more surprised at the appearance of Caesar's ghost than was Tod Walton, of Spring Valley, on Tuesday night of last week when the door opened and there marched into his presence the Rev. Oliver Soward and his brother Ralph piloted by his friend Arch Copsey. The Two brothers were returning from a visit with their father, the venerable Isaac Newton Soward, now in his 82nd year, who resides with his grandson in Cincinnati. Rev. Soward resides in Defiance, O., where he supervises the work of forty Methodist ministers. Ralph is located in Detroit. It was their first visit in thirty years.

666

is a prescription for
Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria.
It kills the germs.

ORPHIUM

TONIGHT
Hunt Stromberg Presents
HARRY CAREY
In
"THE MAN FROM RED GULCH"
A romantic, thrilling story of gold rush days in the Sierras—an epic of the golden west in 6 reels.
Also Charley Bowers in a 2 reel comedy and PATHE NEWS.
Admission 20c for this picture.

SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT
SANDOW
THE DOG STAR
In
"CODE OF THE NORTHWEST"
A smashing action melodrama of the Northwest Mounted police
Also Kit Guard and Al Cooke in "Wisecrackers."
Admission 20c

SUMMER DRESSES
Just Unpacked

Materials include chiffons plain or lace trimmed, or gaily flowered effects.
$12.50

New notes of lace monogram motifs, new shirrings, long or short sleeves.
$12.50

Come In And See Them.
OSTERLY MILLINERY
37 Green St.

"Dress Well and Succeed"

You Should Look In The Criterion Windows-

if you are looking out for the best in men's suits.

And the best isn't any too good if you are trying to get the best out of life.

This week—our windows are an index to a huge library of the best sellers in Xenia—and it isn't fiction when we add that the value behind each garment is boosting our volume—hour by hour!

Michaels-Sterns Suits for May.

$30 $35 $40

Others from $25 to $50

Lighter Weight Underwear—$1 to $3 a suit.

Fancy Silk Hose—50c to $1.50

The Criterion
Value First Clothiers
22 S. Detroit St. Xenia, Ohio

FIRM LOSES CALENDAR!
NEARLY WRECK THIS AD!

I goes in as usual to see what the firm has in the way of "ideas" for this weeks' advertisement and after probing about in their mental apparatus for a spell comes out with the information that they want the following words said about the following articles:

CHAINS—in case of slippery roads, heavy snows and icy paths.

LIGHTER OIL—the heavy oils are not so good during the winter months owing to their habit of making an engine start sluggishly.

WINTER FRONTS—In order to keep the engine at a high temperature a Winter Front is very very necessary. We have these in all sizes for all makes of cars. Get yours TODAY!

ALCOHOL—We have the strongest alcohol in the whole world and if properly mixed and seasoned will prevent freezing splendidly. Get outfitted NOW!

BATTERIES—Get them tested for the heavy going which cold weather always brings on.

ROBES—We have a very select few which are very wooly and warm. The first purchaser and the LAST purchaser gets 9 per cent OFF!

I have written what they MENTIONED and am very embarrassed at the whole scheme. Yesterday I investigated as to WHY they would want things like this said in MAY and found that the calendar in the shop had not been touched for a couple or more months!

They were still reading the JANUARY and FEBRUARY pages!

I hope you folks out in front will not take this seriouly as it will worry everybody to see an ad of this kind THIS time of year—or so it would seem to ME.

TIRES is what I would talk about if this was MY ad! Gosh but these two chaps sure have plenty of trade on TIRES! And the nice part of it is that when you buy one here you can have the blamed thing patched WITHOUT cost no matter WHERE the dern tire flattens out! So long as you're in the county.
This will never happen again.
Yours truly,
Shorty

THE
CARROLL-BINDER CO

ADAIR'S
Window and Porch Awning's

HEADQUARTERS FOR DUBAN AND VUDOR AWNINGS

We are also exclusive agents for the Wolf Awning Co., manufacturers of exclusive residence awnings and canvas draperies.

The special factory representative will be in our store twice weekly and will be glad to show you the many new creations in his line.

If Interested call Our Store
Estimates Gladly Given

ADAIR'S

SHOP
WHERE THE
Savings are Greatest

COMPARE THESE REGULAR PRICES WITH WHAT YOU PAY

BUTTER, Lb. 48c
NUTLEY OLEO, Lb. 19c
DELMONTE APRICOTS .. 25c
LARGE CAN
CORN or PEAS Standard Pack, 2 cans. 15c
SUGAR, 25 lb. Bag $1.55
RICE, Blue Rose, 4 Lbs. ... 25c
DRIED PEACHES Fancy Muirs, lb 19c
NAVY BEANS, 4 Lbs. 25c
LIMA BEANS California 3 Lbs. 25c
ARGO PEACHES Large Can ... 19c
KIDNEY BEANS, 3 Lbs. ... 25c
CARAMELS Golden Queen, Lb. 10c
GUM-TEABERRY 2 Pkgs. .. 5c
Peanut Buttter Kisses, lb. 10c
SOAP, P. & G., 10 for 35c
Cream Corn Starch 3 qkgs. 25c
Lard Open Kettle Rendered 2 Lbs. 24c

COFFEE
8 O'clock, lb. 35c
WINNER GOLD MEDAL

FLOUR Gold Medal Or Pillsbury $1.15

MILK
3
TALL CANS
25c
WHITEHOUSE BRAND
MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI
4
PACKAGES
25c
SUNSHINE KRISPY KRACKERS
2 Lb. BOX
25c
PACIFIC TOILET PAPER
7 ROLLS
25c

The Great ATLANTIC & PACIFIC Tea Co
8 N. Detroit St. 48 E. Main St. 239 W. Main St.
Jamestown, Ohio Store

LOOK AT THESE

1925 OVERLAND TOURING
Was $300. Now $250.

1922 CHEVROLET F. B. TOURING
Was $175. Now $125.

1923 MAXWELL TOURING
Was $350. Now $250.

1926 STAR "6" COUPE
Was $600. Now $550.

1923 CHEVROLET SEDAN
Was $250. Now $200.

1923 FORD SEDAN
Was $150. Now $125.

1926 CHEVROLET COACH
Was $500. Now $475.

1923 FORD TOURING
Was $75. Now $50.

1924 FORD TOURING
Was $125. Now $100.

1925 FORD COUPE
Was $275. Now $250.

1926 CHEVROLET ROADSTER
Was $400. Now $375.

1925 FORD TUDOR
Was $275. Now $250.

1926 FORD TON PANEL TRUCK
Was $350. Now $325.

1923 FORD COUPE
Was $150. Now $125.

1924 CHEVROLET 4-PASS. COUPE.
Was $275. Now $250.

1923 DURANT 4-PASS. COUPE
Was $250. Now $225.

1923 FORD COUPE
Was $125. Now $100.

1926 CHEVROLET TOURING
Was $400. Now $375.

1926 CHEVROLET COACH
Was $475. Now $450.

We also have many others from $25 up.
Come in and look.
Open Evenings until 9 o'clock.

LANG CHEVROLET CO.
33 Green St.
Trade—Terms

Society-Personal-Clubs

THE NICEST courtesy you can show your guests is to have their visits mentioned on this page. The nicest courtesy you can show your friends is to let them learn of your visits through this page whenever you go away. The Gazette and Republican consider it a courtesy whenever you turn in an item of any kind. PHONE 70.

ENGAGEMENT DATE IS INFORMALLY ANNOUNCED.

Informal announcement is being made of the engagement of Miss Lillian Kunkel, Cedarville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kunkel, east of Urbana, to Mr. Eugene C. Kreider, Philadelphia, Pa.

The announcement was recently made to the Fortnightly Club of Cedarville. The party motored to Clifton, where a steak roast was enjoyed. Before parting, the members were each given a large crepe paper heart, which held a small, winged cupid messenger, clasping in its hand a tiny roll, which bore the names of Miss Kunkel and Mr. Kreider and the date, May 25.

While the engagement has not been a secret among their friends, the announcement came as an interesting surprise. The wedding will be solemnized in Philadelphia.

Miss Kunkel has been employed at the Cedarville Exchange Bank three years. Mr. Kreider is a graduate of Wittenberg College, with the class of 1924 and will be graduated from Mount Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, May 24. The young couple will reside in Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, N. Y., where Mr. Kreider has accepted a call to assume charge of the mission field of that place, immediately after his ordination.

SURPRISE ARRANGED ON BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Mrs. Anna L. Spahr of the Messenger Apartments, was surprised Thursday by a company of relatives and friends who knew it was her birthday and gathered at her home to spend the day with her.

The out-of-town guests were her nephew, Mr. J. C. Purdy and her three nieces, the Misses Bell and Martha Purdy, and Mrs. Haines, all of Hillsboro; Mr. Arnold and family of Dayton; the Misses Harriett and Bertha McCarty, and the Misses Davis of Xenia.

Mrs. Spahr received a number of beautiful gifts also letters and cards from her son and friends who were aware of the occasion.

"ARBOR DAY" PROGRAM GIVEN BY CEDRINE CLUB.

Members of the Cedrine Club answered roll call with the names of their choice flowers, when the club met with Miss Martha Crawford and Mrs. D. L. Crawford, at the home of the former on W. Market St., Thursday.

An "Arbor Day" program was carried out and the club decided to plant a cedar tree in Shawnee Park. Twenty members attended the meeting. After the business session, refreshments were served and a social period enjoyed.

MARRIAGE OF XENIA GIRL BEING ANNOUNCED.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Norckauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norckauer, Hill St., to Mr. Ted Cates, at Santa Barbara, Cal., five weeks ago, is just being announced.

Mr. Cates is employed at Fox Film Studios. Mr. and Mrs. Cates are making their home in Los Angeles. Mr. Cates is a World War Veteran and a graduate of Indiana State University. His home is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Cates graduated from Miami Valley Nurses' Training School and was a nurse at Washington, D. C., during the World War.

COUNTY RECEPTION AT FIRST U. P. CHURCH.

Everything is in readiness for the annual Greene County Junior-Senior Reception, at the First United Presbyterian Church, Friday evening.

Two hundred and fifty people will attend the affair, which is the outstanding social event on the county school social calender.

The main address of the evening will be delivered by Dr. C. E. Turley, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Dayton. Talks and toasts will be given by representatives of the two classes from over the county.

The elaborate banquet will be served by the women of the church.

Music during the evening will be furnished by an orchestra, selected from among the school musical organizations in the county. Slides will be thrown on a screen, to enable the guests to sing the songs.

McKINLEY P.-T. A.

Members of McKinley P.-T. A. are urged to attend the meeting Monday at 3 o'clock, when Miss Mildred W. Sandoe, county district librarian, will talk and officers will be elected.

Mrs. Lura Anderson, 116 W. Main St., left Friday morning to visit relatives at Fort Ancient for the week end.

Superintendent H. C. Aultman spent Thursday in Dayton, attending the sectional meeting of county superintendents from the southwest section with State Superintendent V. M. Riegel and his staff, for the discussion of school matters.

Mr. H. B. Helwig, Detroit, secretary of the Michigan Anti-cigarette Alliance, visited officials of the organization here Friday.

Capt. and Mrs. Edward Laughlin, Wilbur Wright Field, entertained a group of her friends at dinner and bridge Wednesday night.

Mrs. Harold Clark and Mrs. Malcolm S. Lawton, Wilbur Wright Field, entertained guests for eight tables of bridge at the Grey Manor, Dayton, Thursday afternoon. Tea was served after the games.

Major and Mrs. A. W. Robbins, Wilbur Wright field, have as their week end guests, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Tostom, Attica, Ind

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence V. Curlett and two children, Bernice and Stanley, Alhambra, Calif., arrived in this city Wednesday and will spend two weeks visiting Mr. Curlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Curlett, W. Third St.

BEREAN BIBLE CLASS ENTERTAINED THURSDAY

The home of Mrs. John G. Eavey, Pleasant St., was thrown open Thursday evening to members of the Berean Bible Class, First Reformed Church. Thirty-six members of the class attended.

The devotions were in charge of Miss Lena Hetzel and after the business meeting, a social time and games were indulged in. A dainty refreshment course was served.

The hostess was asisted by Mrs. J. A. Yoder, Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Mary K. Sutton and Miss Grace Simbro.

Miss Mary Alice Neil, London, O., arrived Friday evening to spend the week-end with Miss Ruby Johnston, W. Market St.

Mrs. F. L. Smith, N. King St., sailed Tuesday from New York for Europe, where she will spend several weeks. She will be joined in France by her brother, Dr. William Hagenbaugh, who has spent the past two years abroad. They will travel extensively on the Continent before returning home.

Miss Betty Scofield, Jamestown Pike, is recuperating nicely at McClellan Hospital, following an operation, performed last Monday.

Mrs. Charles Orr and Miss Aletha Collins, Cleveland, who have been visiting in the city, are leaving Monday for their home. Mrs. Orr is staying at the home of Mrs. C. L. Spencer and Miss Collins, with Mr. and Mr. John G. Baldner.

Mrs. J. E. Daly, Mrs. C. R. Stearns, Mrs. John O'Brien, Miss Kathryn O'Dea, Mrs. Charles Haas, Mrs. William Hayes, Mrs. J. R. Laycock, Miss Jessie Marsh and Mrs. William Rickles and son, of this city, attended the party of the Pennsylvania Aid Society at the home of Mrs. Shorten, Fort Thomas, Ky., Thursday.

Mrs. William Pickles, who has been seriously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ida Watt, E. Main St., is slowly recovering.

Work in the second degree by Stupen Lodge, Dayton, is scheduled for Saturday night at a meeting of the I. O. O. F. lodge in Spring Valley.

Mr. C. W. Wilson, Spring St., left Thursday morning for Zanesville, where he will spend two weeks with his nephew, Mr. Mont Fulton.

Mrs. J. B. Watt, E. Church St., has arrived from California, where she spent the winter with Mr. Watt and Mr. and Mrs. John Force, Rochester, N. Y. She was accompanied on the return trip by train by Mrs. Force and Mr. Watt and Mr. Force will arrive Friday evening by motor. The party spent the winter in California, at Santa Monica and other resorts.

Miss Martha Carpenter, Tusculum, Cincinnati; Miss Marguerite Kohl, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Carl Myers, East Heights, O., and Mr. Herman Teaslack, and Mr. J. G. Bellangee, Cincinnati, are spending the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kohl, N. King St.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Custis and little daughter Wanda and son, John William, of Cleveland, arrived in Xenia Thursday evening to spend ten days visiting relatives.

The Antioch Players presented "Pinafore" for the pleasure of the Urbana Community Players' Club, Friday evening.

Mr. Isadore Hyman has taken a position with The Brown Furniture Co. He was at the Dayton branch for a time and is now with the Xenia store.

The Gleaner Sunday School class party which was to have been held Monday, May 9, at the home of Mrs. Charles A. Bone, N. King St., has been postponed until the following Monday, May 16.

Dr. W. C. Williamson, Monmouth, Ill., who has been visiting friends for the past week in Xenia, returned to his home Thursday night

Mrs. Isaac McCann, near Jamestown, underwent an operation at McClellan Hospital, Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Brien and two sons, Robert and Charles, Junior, N. King St., spent Thursday and Friday in Cincinnati, with relatives.

Mrs. Howard Norris, Hill St., has been confined to her home by illness several days, suffering from a complication of ailments.

Mrs. Anna Simon, E. Market St., left Friday for Columbus to spend the week-end.

The Rev. James P. Lytle, pastor of the First U. P. Church, and Mr. Herman Eavey, an elder, have been appointed commissioners to the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, to be held at Washington, D. C., the last week of this month. They are to serve as representatives of the Presbytery of Xenia. The Rev. Mr. Lytle was elected moderator of the Presbytery at a recent meeting held in Columbus.

Funeral services for Mrs. Milo Bowman, (Rosanna Hurley) daughter of Mrs. Hortense Hurley, Chestnut St., will be held at the home in Lewisburg, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The funeral cortege will leave Lewisburg at 11:30 to como to Xenia, where services will be held at Woodland Chapel at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Burial in Woodland.

Mrs. Winifred Armstrong, W. Second St., is serving as librarian at the O. S. and S. O. Home, filling out the year in place of Miss Earll, who has resigned.

FRANKLIN BANKERS ARE UNDER ARREST

DAYTON, O., May 6.—C. W. Munger, former cashier, and Cliff L. Berger, former assistant cashier of the bank at Franklin, Hamilton County, which was closed by the state banking department last February, were arrested here today on capiases issued on federal grand jury indictments, charging violation of the national banking laws. It is presumed the indictments were included in a number of secret bills returned by the federal grand jury in session here. Both men were attempting to arrange bond this afternoon.

OVERHEATED IRON BLAMED FOR BLAZE

Fire originating in the attic at the home of Chester Hinkle, 614 N. Galloway St., about 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, resulted in $20 damage before it was extinguished by firemen with chemicals.

An electric iron left on the ironing board, caused the blaze when it became overheated. The board was burned and the flames spread to the floor and to the stair balustrade.

BOY SCOUT CABIN NEAR COMPLETION

Boy Scout cabin being erected north of Cox Memorial Athletic Field is rapidly being completed due to the efforts of the three troops and volunteer workers. Work is going on every evening and the prospects are it will be finished in a few days.

It will serve as a meeting place for the Scout troops and a storehouse for equipment.

Troop No. 2, at a recent meeting, elected Robert Adair, senior patrol leader; Robert Buell, junior patrol leader; Birch Bell, scribe, and Charles Adair, quartermaster.

ASK FORECLOSURE

Foreclosure of mortgage is sought in a suit filed in Common Pleas Court by The Home Building and Savings Co. through Attorney Harry D. Smith against John P. Karl, Blanche E. Karl, with the American Loan and Realty Co. named co-defendant.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Jerry B. Jackson, 1111 E. Market St., Xenia, chauffeur, and Eolian Harris, 818 E. Market St., Xenia.

ON THE AIR FROM CINCINNATI

WSAI:
7:00-8:00—Goldman Band Concert, New York.
8:01—Time Announcement, New York.
WFBE:
5:30—Readings, Anna M. Lucas.
5:45—Pianologue, Ursula Laymon.

SHARP DAMAGE SUIT REACHES JURY LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

(Bulletin)

The jury in the Beair versus Sharp $10,000 damage case returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, Morris Sharp, former sheriff at 2:40 o'clock Friday afternoon. The jury deliberated thirty minutes.

Jury trial of the $10,000 damage suit of Samuel LeRoy Beair against former Sheriff Morris Sharp and The Fidelity Deposit Co., Maryland, his bonding company, which entered its second day in Common Pleas Court Friday, reached the jury early in the afternoon.

About eight witnesses were examined Thursday and several depositions taken. Suit is based on Beair's contention he was permanently crippled when shot in the leg by Patrolman Charles Thompson, member of the sheriff's posse, whom he had deputized, February 25, 1924, when the officers sought to arrest Beair on a liquor charge.

Motion by defense counsel to dismiss the case on the grounds the officer was acting independently of the sheriff when he fired the shot, was overruled by the court, Thursday.

Patrolman Thompson testified the bullet hit Beair accidentally as he only fired to scare him into halting when he tried to escape from the officers.

The case hinges on whether a sheriff can be held responsible for the acts of his deputies, or whether there can be extenuating circumstances. A precedent is expected to be set by the jury's verdict in the case.

OPPONENTS OF GAS RATE TO PETITION FOR REFERENDUM

Petitions requesting city commission to repeal the recent ordinance permitting The Ohio Fuel Gas Co, to increase its rates here are being printed for circulation by a committee of which J. J. Downing, photographer, is a leader.

Other members of the committee are: H. L. Binder, Attorneys William Howard and Frank H. Dean and George Kaiser. They hope to obtain 450 signatures on the petitions to be presented to the commission before the ordinance becomes effective May 13.

Failure to repeal the ordinance will result in a special election if the petitioners so request. Such an election, city officials estimate, would cost the city $1,500.

Commissioners passed the ordinance after an exhaustive research indicated that:

1. Appeal to the state utilities commission, precedent indicated, would be both futile and costly;
2. The gas company would either apply for a much larger rate or allow Xenia service only in sufficient quantity to keep its franchise and divert its main supply to other cities.

JUNIOR BUSINESS TEAM WINS FORFEIT

Junior Business Men were victorious in their first start in the Xenia Playground League Thursday afternoon, winning by a forfeit when the Senior Business Men failed to appear for the scheduled game at Cox Memorial Athletic Field.

This completes the first round of play with the Rotary Club, Central High School and Junior Business Men each holding one victory.

The schedule for next week is likely to result in changes in the standing.

Rotarians meet the Senior Business Men Monday night, Junior Business Men play Central High Thursday evening, and the Scouts and Kiwanians meet Friday night.

HEADACHES ARE A WARNING SIGN

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will relieve constipation safely, permanently!

Headaches, pimples, spots before the eyes, insomnia—are all symptoms of constipation. They are serious enough in themselves—yet they are often forerunners of worse to follow. Constipation is the cause of more than forty diseases. It spares neither young nor old.

Yet it can be relieved—more, prevented! Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to bring relief. Kellogg's is 100% bran. It produces results no part-bran product can equal. That is why doctors recommend it.

Serve ALL-BRAN often. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily — in chronic cases, with every meal. Delicious with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey for an extra treat.

Use it in cooking. In soups. Sprinkled over other cereals. Delightful recipes on the package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers. Served by hotels, restaurants. On dining-cars.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

BARGAIN
MAYTAG WASHER

This washer is late model and just like new. Special price and terms this week only.

ADAIR'S
319 R.

ZINNIA SEEDS
FOR SALE
By The
GARDEN CLUB
Also At
C. A. Kelble's Store
W. Main St.

ATLAS HOTEL SOLD TO BUS LINE OWNER

Sale of the Atlas Hotel, S. Detroit St., by George V. McCorkle, Chillicothe, O., to Carl Fent, Jamestown, bus line operator, was announced Friday.

The new owner operates bus lines between Xenia and Washington C. H. and Springfield and Washington C. H. He will take possession in the next few days.

His plans for operation of the hotel were not announced.

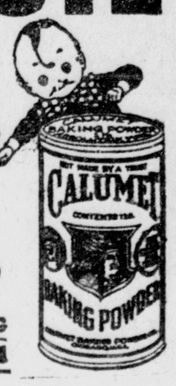
McCorkle has been proprietor of the hostelry for the past six weeks and has made no future business plans, he said. The hotel has changed ownership at least five times in the past few years.

NO SUBSTITUTE

For Calumet quality—purity or economy—for the pure, wholesome bakings it produces. Your guarantee against failure—against waste.

CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER

MAKES BAKING EASIER—IT'S DOUBLE ACTING
Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand



Don't Wait — Take Advantage of Our

Remodeling Sale

NOW

REDUCTION IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Table Oil Cloth. Yard 10c

Matches. 3 Boxes 10c

Sun Brite Cleaner 2 cans 9c

Oil Mops 5 ft. handle 39c

Water Glasses 2 for 5c

Window Shades. Tan, 36 in. wide. 5 ft. long 39c

Alarm Clocks Guaranteed 1 year 79c

Men's Overalls. All sizes 95c

Saturday 2 p. m. Ladies' and Children's Union Suits 10c

Men's Balbriggan Union Suits. Short sleeves, long legs. Suit 79c

Here is an extra special bargain. Grass Rugs. 8x10 and 9x12 ..... $3.98

Wool and Fibre Rug 9x12 ..... $5.98

Congoleum Mats. 3 ft. wide. 6 ft. long. A real bargain 79c

famous
CHEAP STORE

DR. W. B. CALDWELL AT THE AGE OF 83

"Purges" and "Physics" Bad for Old Folks

While Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for forty-seven years, knew that constipation was the curse of advancing age, he did not believe that a "purge" or "physic" every little while was necessary.

To him, it seemed cruel that so many constipated old people had to be kept constantly "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin he discovered a laxative which helps to "regulate" the bowels of old folks. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin not only causes a gentle, easy bowel movement but each dose helps to strengthen the bowel muscles, shortly establihing natural "regularity." It never gripes, sickens, or upsets the system. Besides, it is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

If past fifty, buy a large 60-cent bottle at any store that sells medicine or write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE and just see for yourself.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

Tales Off The Reel

VOL. 1. FRIDAY MAY 6, 1927 NO. 31

We wish that shaving was as easy as smearing on a little rouge.

—

In order to combat some insinuations we feel that we must make an announcement. We have been in the grain and feed business in Greene Co. for 34 years. During all of that time we have been car-load buyers of feeds and grains. We have also, all of that time, been car-load shippers of grain, and part of that time, car-load shippers of certain feeding stuffs. Our prices are always in line considering the quality of the feed. Candidly we must have a fair profit if we are to stay here, and so must all others. We thank you for your attention and hope you will investigate our prices and goods before assuming anyone has a corner on the car-load business locally.

—

The bearded lady with Ringling's circus, they tell us, recently died. She left a wife and four children.

—

Just received some Ubiko Pig Meal. Moderately priced in spite of the quality.

—

Fifty Years Ago

Nobody ever got a wrong number.
Nobody ever got an electric light bill.
Nobody ever had a flat tire.
Nobody ever cussed static.
Nobody read the titles out loud at the movies.

—

Don't forget our last weeks' warning on coal prices. Buy it now!

—

"What time is it, "Fred's watch isn't Maude?" asked her father from the top of the stairs.
going."
"Well, how about Fred?"

—

Do you know it is cheaper to feed Semi-Solid Buttermilk than liquid Buttermilk? Ask us about it.

—

Epitaph

Here lies the left leg of William McSwipe,
The rest of him couldn't be found,
He sat on a powder keg smoking his pipe.
And the wind blew the ashes around.

ERVIN MILLING CO.
Grain Merchants
Phone 263-R-1

BIJOU THEATRE, SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT

THE ROMANTIC STORY of a brave miss who won the right of way to a man's heart and valiantly fought her right of way along the Sante Fe trail—

Neither wind, rain, snow nor sand could balk this determined girl in the most thrilling automobile race across the continent ever screened — You'll talk of it for days and days.

JOHN C. FLINN PRESENTS
PRISCILLA DEAN
IN
"The Speeding Venus"

Romantic

Charming

Amazing

WITH ROBERT FRAZER & DALE FULLER
ADAPTED BY FINIS FOX FROM THE STORY
BEHIND THE WHEEL BY WELFORD BEATON
DIRECTED BY ROBERT THORNBY
PRODUCED BY METROPOLITAN PICTURES CORPORATION
RELEASED BY PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

Last Time Tonight—CLARA BOW in "IT"

FREE CANDY Saturday Matinee To Boys And Girls

EDITORIAL

The Evening Gazette and The Morning Republican published daily except Sunday at the Gazette Building, South Detroit Street, Xenia, Ohio, by the Chew Publishing Company, Inc. Entered as second-class matter under act of March 3rd, 1879, at the Postoffice, Xenia, Ohio.

Members of "Ohio Select List" Daily Newspapers. Robert E. Ward, Inc., Foreign Advertising Representative, Chicago Office, No. 5 South Wabash Avenue. New York Office, 501 Fifth Avenue.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	6 Mo.	1 Yr.
In Greene County	$ .40	$1.00	$1.90	$3.50
Zones 1 and 2	.45	1.15	2.15	4.00
Zones 3, 4 and 5	.50	1.30	2.40	4.50
Zones 6 and 7	.55	1.45	2.65	5.00
Zone 8	.60	1.50	2.90	5.50

By carrier in Xenia, 15 cents Per Week. Single Copy, Three Cents.

TELEPHONE

Business Office—111 Editorial Rooms	70
Advertising and Business Office	111
Circulation Department	800
Editorial Department	70

CAN'T COME BACK

Can a Criminal come back to Society?

"No," declares Theodore Dreiser, author of "The American Tragedy."

"In all my experience," he says, "I have never known a case of a thoroughly successful come-back, when a former criminal was allowed to take his place in Society and received into it. It is not so much the failure of Christianity, as the fact that human nature and Society have not reached the stage of enlightenment or willingness to accept the ex-criminal. Human nature and Society constituted as they are, are such as to prevent an absolute come-back and this is more in evidence because of the fact that the modern teachers of Christianity have failed in their mission of forgiveness, and also because it is invariably found that those who profess deep faith and a Christ-like spirit are the first to shun and scorn the really conscientious unfortunates, or innocent victims of circumstances, who are genuinely desirous of completely blotting out their hideous past by sincere service in the cause of humanity at large.

"But," adds Dreiser, "everything is not lost. Many prison workers and deep students of criminology feel that a spirit of understanding will sooner or later overcome these obstacles in the way of the ex-criminal."

Alexander M. Hadden, Vice-President of the International Students League at Geneva, takes issue with Dreiser. He says that "religion gives men back the courage to come back sincerely, regardless either of the severity of their offense or the harshness of its penalty."

TOO POOR TO FIGHT

Japan's weakened financial condition definitely removes her from any possibility of being a war opponent to the United States is the opinion of "The Independent."

"If an unprejudiced firm of accountants," this magazine says, "were to audit Japan's books, its reports might rid a vociferous American minority of the notion that the island empire of the Mikado is a serious menace to the peace of the world.

"For years cool observers have believed that Japan has been traveling beyond her strength, and the fact that a bank crisis is enough to bring on a government crisis indicates that her finances are at present under severe strain. In the political field one can see reflections of this weakness; in all her international relations, even in China, Japan is walking softly and spending little.

"A succession of earthquakes has hit Japan hard. But behind the earthquake is a history of rapid industrial development on the basis of scant natural resources, huge loans, heavy military expenses, and an unhealthy partnership between government and big business. As an industrial state, Japan is as yet raw and unseasoned. Trials are before her, of so critical a nature that years must pass before she can afford war on a huge scale. The ending of her alliance with Great Britain robbed her of a sure drawing account in time of war. The situation revealed by the last Cabinet crisis ought to dispose effectively of the remnants of the Japanese war scare, so dear alike to yellow journals and the 'big-navy' champions."

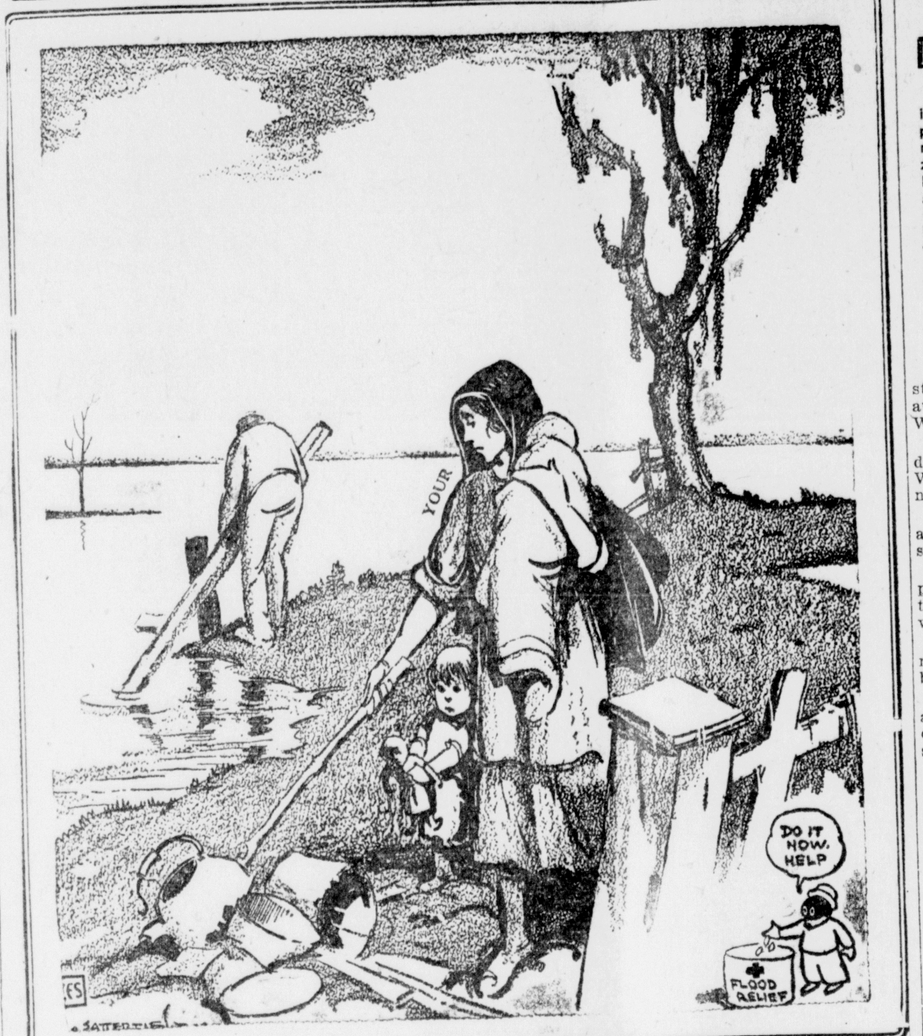
MUST DO STILL MORE

We modern Americans have grown very proud of the way in which we have "tamed nature." We tunnel through mountains, we fly through the air, we obliterate deserts with irrigation, we send music through the skies; and we feel that we have pretty well triumphed over the forces of nature.

But there is one thing that we have not conquered. It is the Mississippi River. For two centuries we have been fighting it. And we seem no nearer to victory now than when we began. It is still out of our control. It still takes its toll of lives and property in spite of all that we can do to stop it.

Will we ever gain the mastery? Perhaps not; but we must redouble our efforts, at all events. We must do more than we have yet done.

Home Is Where The Heart Is



KELLYGRAMS

by FRED C. KELLY

WE MUSTN'T BE NATURAL

I learn from an advertisement for a big ocean liner, in a current magazine, that it is no longer necessary, in crossing the Atlantic, to occupy a stateroom that looks as if it were part of a boat.

The higher-priced stateroom, this advertisement pleasantly assures me, has walls of imitation stone and the whole effect is evidently more suggestive of a lounging room at a country club than anything built to ride on the bounding billows.

A night or two ago, a friend spoke enthusiastically about his new summer home, which is to have bunks instead of beds, port holes for windows, and various other items to give the place the appearance of a boat.

Our electric lamps are imitations of old-fashioned oil lamps, or of candles. A brand new home which might be expected to contain all the latest novelties, is furnished entirely with antiques.

A company manufacturing a compact little heating plant suitable for use right in the living room has the outfit designed to resemble a talking machine. Is a talking machine any better than a stove? Just what is inferior or depraved about a furnace that it should try to be something else? And why should a radio outfit look like a piano?

Even the food we eat is hard to recognize. A hostess is never more pleased than when you can't guess the ingredients of a dish she has set before you.

A girl who has her hair changed from brown to blonde is no more attractive than before, but she seems to derive satisfaction from the knowledge that she is at least different than nature intended. And the average woman uses so much rouge and lip stick paint that her coloring would not be beautiful, even if natural. But each one must imagine that in misrepresenting ourself, she has achieved something.

Yesterday I talked with a young woman I used to know when we were kids out in Ohio. She might be expected to have the broad accent of the middle west, but I notice that she has taken to dropping her r's and is evidently trying to acquire the drawl of a southerner.

Not even the family dog has been permitted to be himself, but usually has his tail, ears or hair clipped to disguise his true nature.

Jut why do we thus strive to have everything, ourselves included, give the impression of being what it isn't?

What is the objection to being natural?

Keeping HEALTHY

by Dr. A. F. Currier

©EPS

GLANDS

This article is in response to a request for information.

The salivary glands are a very important element of the structures of the mouth.

There are three pair of them, one under each ear, one under each side of the lower jaw, and one under each side of the lower aspect of the tongue.

The material which they secrete or manufacture is called saliva. It is composed almost entirely of water, but it also contains a small quantity of a ferment called ptyalin which has a weak digestive action upon starchy foods taken into the mouth, converting a small portion of them into sugar at the beginning of the digestive process.

The saliva moistens and to a certain extent dissolves the food as it undergoes mastication preliminary to its being swallowed. It also keeps the mucous membrane of the mouth moist and soft facilitating the use of the tongue and the act of articulation.

It is always called forth by the presence of food in the mouth. Sometimes the mere smell of food or the talk of food or even the thought of it "makes the mouth water," that is excites the flow of the saliva. It is therefore a very essential secretion and when it is cut off or dried up from any cause whatsoever the dryness of the mouth which follows it is not only extremely uncomfortable but may have a bad effect upon digestion and indirectly upon the general welfare of the body.

One or more of the glands may be so diseased that the supply of saliva is thus cut off, constituting a disease which is known a xerotomia.

Fortunately the disease is not a common one. It occurs almost entirely in women, seldom happens after the fiftieth year and must be a very trying condition, for it seriously interferes with speech.

In such cases the tongue i red, cracked, and dry, the inide of the cheeks and the palate are also dry, and the mucus membrane of the mouth is pale and shining.

It is accompanied by arrest of the secretion of tears and of the ordinary discharge of mucus from the nose. Not only are these uncomfortable conditions present but the entire skin may be dry and the teeth which develop mentally are a part of the same structure as the skin are defective and easily broken.

The act of swallowing in such cases is extremely difficult and one can easily imagine a disturbed general condition with loss of weight and other important symptoms as logical consequences.

There is probably a diseased situation at the bottom of this trouble which is not yet fully understood.

It may persist through life and about the only drug which appears to have any influence upon it is pilocarpin which acts as a direct stimulant to the secreting power of the salivary glands.

Much more frequently are these glands subject to excessive secretion producing the condition known as ptyalism.

In such cases the flow is continuous, sometimes watery and sometimes thick with mucus.

It may be produced by unusual nervous impressions, by the smell or sight or thought of food, especially when one is very hungry. It is very frequently present in children who are teething, in women who are pregnant, and in diseases of the stomach.

It may occur as the result of poisoning with mercury, iodine, copper, and with pilocarpin as mentioned above.

Ptyalism or salivation from mercury was formerly an extremely common result of the injudicious administration of this substance in malaria, syphilis and other diseases.

It was reprehensible practice to use mercury in this manner though it was very commonly done and by those who should have known better. It frequently happened that the teeth were permanently loosened or lost as a result of such treatment.

It is desirable in treating salivation to improve the general condition by an abundance of good food, to use an astringent mouth-wash and gargle like chlorate of potash or alum and to apply a mild galvanic current. The salivary glands and their ducts may be the seat of stones which form within them and necessarily arrest the flow of saliva.

These stones may be as large as a marble or even larger, are composed of phosphates and carbonates of lime, magnesium and soda and usually have clumps or masses of bacteria as nuclei around which the stones are formed. These elements of course are taken from the blood as it circulates through the glands.

These glands are also the seat of tumors, either fluid or solid, some of which are benign and may be removed, while others are malignant and irremovable.

Ask Dr. Currier that medical question that has been puzzling you. Confine your letter to fifty words and send stamped, addressed envelope for reply. He cannot of course, make individual diagnoses, and he reserves the right to decide as to the propriety of queries.

How to Achieve Beauty

WRINKLES

Wrinkles are the record of thousands of emotions to which we have given facial expressions.

Perfectly healthy skins have great elasticity and having been strained or pulled in any direction, tend to resume their natural shape with no more difficulty than any other elastic surface offers to pressure. But few skins are thoroughly healthy and just as you lose the alertness and elasticity of your step at the first sign of general ill health, so when your skin is below par, the elasticity goes out of it and every wrinkle you give your counutenance in worry, or anger or any other emotion, leaves its trace.

So, to prevent wrinkles, leave the skin as firm and healthy as possible and try to save your facial emotions for occasions when will be appreciated. Many women you need them and when they have the habit of sitting sewing or reading and wrinkling their brows at the same time until gradually the lines become permanent. Therefore aim for a reposeful expression while engaged in anything of this sort.

Don't let frown lines between your eyes deepen when you face a glaring light or the bright sun. If however, you already possess wrinkles, try to eradicate them. Stop doing the things that put them there.

Now don't misunderstand me, I do not advocate a smooth expressionless face that is almost masklike. On the contrary, pleasing lines that express and denote character are something I admire very much.

You see under the thin covering of the outer skin there lies a cushion of fat and under this lies the delicate small muscles and it is movement of these muscles that give us changes of expression. So if these muscles are only exercised to give out a pleasing attitude toward life the lines that form as a result cannot help but be happy expression lines. But when people become greatly enraged or go through life with a gloomy down-trodden outlook on life the play of these muscles in the facial expression cannot but be unlovely.

One great aid for stimulating wrinkles is good circulation of pure blood to feed the impoverished skin from within and the abundant use of rich feeding creams from without and, most of all, serene, steady nerves.

MAKING MODERN MENUS

MRS. BROWN: "I wonder, Mrs. Jones, if you can tell me whether rhubarb is a vegetable or a fruit?"

Mrs. Jones: "My dear, that has puzzled horticulturists for many years. I, myself, am content to leave the riddle unsolved as long as I can have all the rhubarb I want. We are very fond of—"

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

Two cups soft stale breadcrumbs, two tablespoons butter, one bunch rhubarb, one and one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix breadcrumbs with melted butter, put a layer in greased baking dish, add a layer of rhubarb sprinkled with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Repeat until material is used, having crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven about twenty-five minutes until rhubarb is cooked and crumbs browned.

IT WAS IN the PAPER

Did you READ it?

Here are six questions dealing with news events of the past few days which have been reported in The Evening Gazette and The Morning Republican. Can you answer them accurately? If you can, you may claim credit as a really intelligent reader; but if you fail, that means you merely skim the news, as so many people do. Answers on Classified Page.

QUESTIONS

1. The uncle of what cinema star was burned to death in an attempt to save possessions? What was his occupation?

2. What man on trial for murder has been deserted by his wife? Who will take her place as a witness in his behalf?

3. What rich man has donated a large sum to an American law school? Upon what contingency?

4. What foreign aviator whose plane was wrecked in this country has received a duplicate? By whom is it guarded?

5. What British oil magnate died recently? For what is he remembered here?

6. Where was a plot to kidnap a grandchild of a millionaire discovered? For what was the ransom money needed?

Many Minds

SIGNIFICANT SAYINGS OF THE DAY

"In our international intercourse we must hold ourselves up to high standards of justice and equality. We should be slow to take offense and quick to grant redress. The world knows that the whole genius of America always calls it to the support of the universal rights of humanity."—Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

"We of the liberal party believe there is no definite panacea for political ills, but we do hold the means of attaining the end is as important as the end, and we do not therefore stoop to questionable means. Democracy is on trial. The principle of dictatorship is slowly and insidiously going through the world."—Phillip La Follette.

* * *

"Capital punishment is an unworkable law. Only about one per cent of those who kill are executed. Society is not through when it kills the murderer. Facing death at the hands of the community, the condemned man or woman becomes the object of hysterical admiration. Hate and suspicion have been sown."—Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slaten.

* * *

"We have prosperity and we have peace—peace for nearly nine years—peace that shall remain unbroken so long as we resolve it shall be unbroken. And with this peace we should take adequate part in reshaping conditions of the nations of the earth."—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

* * *

"The Christian ministry is the only vocation I know of that is doomed to financial failure from the outset. Each of us who is in business sometimes thinks he is a pretty poor business man. But we manage to ring from the old earth a pretty good living. It is expected of us. But, nobody wants a money-grubbing minister."—Walter L. Gifford.

* * *

"The only trouble of being in your nineties is that all your associates are gone and you have no one to play with. Old people like to have their playmates."—Chauncey Depew.

Little Old New York

NEW YORK, May 6.—A Cologne King named a new "scent" in honor of a chorus girl, advertising that the extract of begonia, or whatever it was, possessed the same "characteristics" as the lady in question.

She said she wouldn't have given a cold, smooth clam if he'd asked her permission to plaster her name and her "map" on his cologne bottles. But she objected to being taken for granted, my dear, and accordingly brought suit.

"A lady is entitled to SOME privacy, ain't she?"

* * *

New York has entered the annual Daylight Saving period, to the accompaniment of the dignified protest of theater men. Long experience has shown that night lures the customers into the show places, while daylight at 9 p. m. keeps them out on the beaches, in their cars, and sprawling on the verandas of country clubs.

* * *

Calamity Burke, who used to be managing editor of a Booze Bazaar in the environs of Park Row was entertaining some newspaper men in a speakeasy the other night with a detailed rehearsal of the long list of "outrages" he and his Brethren in Booze have been forced to endure since Prohibition became more or less effective. When he came to the Salvation Army he had this to say:

"They used to take the dimes and quarters and dollar bills of the hooch hounds lined up at the bar; and it was with the dough they collected from our saloons that Pussyfoot Johnson was able to put the Camel Law across. If that ain't fancy footwork, tell me what is!"

Whether or not the Worthy Brother's viewpoint is legitimate, his rehearsal, at least, is interesting.

* * *

Chauncey Depew had another birthday recently. He was ninety-three, and his old and faithful friends, the scribes, scrambled into his private office to kid him into the belief that he's really and truly going to live to be a hundred. Just why anybody should want to hang on to be a hundred is a mystery. But believe it or not, that is Chauncey's ambish, and as such is respected.

Last year the ranks of the birthday-greeting scribes included a gifted young female cub who had often heard of Mr. Depew but had never seen him. She was tickled to death to find herself face to face with the greatest after-dinner speaker of all time.

Oh, please tell me, won't you, dear Mr. Depew," she gurgled, "what's your idea concerning the double standard of morality?"

"My good young lady," murmured the frost-rimmed senator with a reminiscent smile, "when you slip past ninety, it's astonishing how little or double standard bothers you. Wait seventy years or so, and see if I'm not right!"

Twenty Years Ago - 07 - '27

Country home of William Johnson, northeast of Yellow Springs, was destroyed by fire this morning.

Steps are being taken to put the city in the best possible sanitary condition before the Board of Health makes its inspection.

Mr. Fred Baldner is relating an amusing story of the theft of a fifty-foot row of gooseberry bushes from a vacant lot he owns on Spring Hill.

Ova Belcher, former Xenian, who has been employed in the wholesale drapery department in the Marshall Field Co., Chicago, has been promoted to be city buyer in the same department.

Herman C. Holland, this city, will graduate from the Western University of Pharmacy at Pittsburgh, May 15.

WIFE PRESERVERS

Use two wooden or agate spoons instead of a fork to turn the roast and you will not lose any of the meat juices.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

FRESH FROM THE GREENHOUSE

Lovely Potted or Cut Flowers FOR Mothers' Day

OUR UPTOWN STORE

Will be in the first room east of the Xenia National Bank.

Come in and get our low prices.

L. SCHARDT & SON

Greenhouses, Bellbrook Ave.

NOTICE

Xenia, Ohio
May 5, 1927

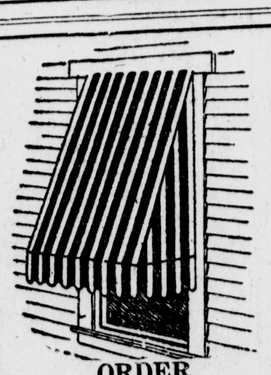
Notice is hereby given that Ringer & Son, Xenia, Ohio, has filed in the offices of the Secretary of State of Ohio, and the clerk of the Common Pleas Court of Greene County, Ohio, a certificate duly sworn to for Registration of Bottles used by said Ringer & Son, for the distribution of milk and cream in Greene County, Ohio.

RINGER & SON
By John Ringer.

REAL Rug Cleaning

Ivory soap shampoo will not injure the finest nor cheapest rug.
Dry Cleaning—Shampooing Sizing.
CALL 330-W.
M. A. ROSS

FOR SALE
Grottendick
HOMESTEAD
215 W. Second St.
Inquire at residence.



ORDER AWNINGS NOW
Samples shown and prices given on request
Galloway & Cherry

Dollar Day
Saturday

About 300 fine shirts, Ide, Ambassador and other good makes. Collar attached styles. Madras, Broadcloth, Rep, Satin, and Percales. Limit 3 to customer.

$1

Made to Measure Suits
$25.00 up to $60.00

Phone 604 R.
De Mint's Toggery Shop
Cleaning Dyeing Pressing

UNDEFEATED LEAGUE TEAMS TO MEET ON DIAMOND HERE SUNDAY

Three close games are in prospect as the third week of play in the Buckeye League is resumed Sunday afternoon on the Xenia, Harshmanville and Beavertown diamonds.

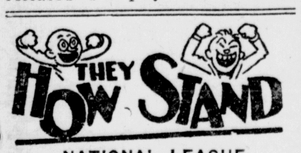
Xenia Reserves and the Dayton Police, the two undefeated teams of the league, will meet at Washington Park to remedy this situation, and one club must tumble from the summit.

Both clubs have registered two victories, the Police holding a 10 to 2 victory over Harshmanville, a team the Reserves slaughtered 15 to 4 last Sunday.

"Lefty" Leeper will probably pitch for the Police with DeWeese behind the plate. Payton, a Springfield pitcher, who replaces Bob Herman as the regular Reserve pitcher, will be Xenia's pitching selection against the cops, Weller catching.

A revamped Harshmanville nine will try to atone for two defeats against the Beavertown team. Sam Harshman is understood to have released six players and added Green for the catching assignment. Wolbert for first and Scott in the outfield. These changes and additions are expected to make the team well fortified in every position.

Osborn Miami Cements will play Bellbrook on the Beaver diamond. McMichaels and Davis will probably form the Bellbrook battery, with Regan, a Xenia boy, or Atkinson, pitching, and Dennis on the receiving end for the Cements.



NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis	12	6	.667
New York	13	7	.650
Pittsburgh	10	8	.556
Philadelphia	8	7	.533
Chicago	8	8	.529
Boston	9	9	.500
Brooklyn	7	14	.333
Cincinnati	5	14	.263

Yesterday's Results.

New York 4, Brooklyn 1.
St. Louis 4, Pittsburgh 2.
Philadelphia-Boston, rain.
Cincinnati-Chicago, not scheduled.

Today's Games.

Cincinnati at Boston.
Chicago at New York.
St. Louis at Brooklyn.
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	12	7	.632
Philadelphia	11	7	.611
Chicago	12	9	.571
Detroit	9	8	.529
Washington	10	9	.526
St. Louis	8	8	.500
Cleveland	8	12	.400
Boston	4	14	.222

Yesterday's Results.

Washington 6, New York 1.
Detroit 3, Chicago 2.
Boston 3, Philadelphia 2.
Cleveland-St. Louis, rain.

Today's Games.

No games scheduled.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

	W.	L.	Pct.
Milwaukee	11	6	.647
St. Paul	10	7	.588
Toledo	9	7	.533
Minneapolis	9	8	.529
Indianapolis	9	8	.529
Kansas City	9	9	.500
Louisville	6	11	.353
Columbus	6	13	.316

Yesterday's Results.

Columbus 10, Minneapolis 2.
Milwaukee 5, Louisville 0.
Toledo 6, St. Paul 1.
Indianapolis-Kansas City, (wet grounds.)

Today's Games

Toledo at St. Paul.
Columbus at Minneapolis.
Indianapolis at Kansas City.
Louisville at Milwaukee.

DONAHEY EXPECTED TO SIGN AIGLER ACT

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Indications today were that Governor Vic Donahey will attach his approving signature to the Aigler bill increasing the corporation franchise tax, and the Kumler bill, boosting the state excise tax levied upon certain public utilities.

The governor has until Tuesday midnight to act upon these two measures, appropriating bills and the Norton bill, recodifying the Ohio's highway laws.

Unless the legislature, after it re-convenes here Monday, makes certain changes in the Norton bill, so as to eliminate provisions objected to by Donahey, the governor will veto the bill, it was stated.

Appropriation measurers now being considered by the governor include the Williamson bill, appropriating about $53,000,000 for state governmental expenditures during the 18-month's fiscal period ending December 31, 1928.

QUOIT TEAM WILL PRACTICE FRIDAY

Members of the Xenia Quoit Club are urged to attend a practice session Friday night in preparation for the opening game of the season in the Miami Valley Quoit League against Riverdale of Dayton, next Monday night in Xenia.

Local pitching grounds on E. Market St., have been moved to a new location on the same property and entirely rebuilt. Many improvements have been made to beautify the grounds.

President James Hughes is anxious to have as many pitchers out for practice Friday as possible, to get in form for league games.

CHAMP DESERTER GONE AGAIN

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Ohio's champion deserter, according to Fort Hayes officials here, is gone again, police were notified today, when asked to search for Hallock Sayler, 23, Lucasville, Scioto County.

According to records at the army barracks, Sayler enlisted at Ft. Thomas, Ky., Nov. 20, 1924 and has deserted three times since, in fact, army officials here say, Sayler has deserted so successfully they have had time to sentence him only once when he was given a year in the guardhouse and a dishonorable discharge.

Sayler, according to the post records, escaped Thursday, while awaiting sentence for his desertion of March 23, 1927.

CARRIED MILE ON ENGINE PILOT—UNHURT

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—Carried for almost a mile on the pilot of a locomotive after the truck he was driving had been struck and demolished at Bay Village by a fast Nickel Plate passenger train, pulled by two engines, Hugo Gemmer, 33, Cleveland, was alive and conscious here today. He spent a fairly restful night in Lakewood Hospital, and although seriously injured, physicians say there was no skull fracture, which is in Gemmer's favor.

Driving a National Biscuit Company truck, loaded with cakes and crackers, Gemmer was on his way to Lorain late yesterday when the accident happened.

E. S. Cloud, engineer of the head engine, said he blew the whistle for the crossing as usual, but saw the truck, which he expected to stop, pull directly into the path of the flyer, which was reported running at a speed of approximately sixty miles per hour.

REAL ESTATE

Lawrence W. Yowler to Henry S. Bagley, Sr., property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

George H. Snyder to Warren T. Morris, three tracts of property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

George L. Huffman to Laura E. Huffman, property in Jefferson Twp. $1.00.

William Henry and Rosa E. Henry to Harry R. Tavenner, property in Yellow Springs Village, $1.00.

John Henry to Harry R. Tavenner property in Yellow Springs Village, $1.00.

David T. Jones to E. A. Harris, property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

W. J. Kennedy and Theresa M. Kennedy to Arthur St. Claire Garwood, city property, $1.00.

Arthur St. Claire Garwood to W. J. and Theresa Kennedy, city property, $1.00.

Elmer H. Smith and Martha L. Smith to G. M. Keach and Nina Keach, property in Silvercreek Twp., $1.00.

Samuel Engilman to George Deger, property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

Forest F. Fogle and Eva Fogle to Elizabeth M. Furray, property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

Leslie E. Smith to the Roxanna Grain Co., property in town of Claysville, Greene County, $1.00.

Farrel E. Spahr to H. Alva Stephens and Clara J. Stephens, property in New Jasper Twp., $1.00.

The International Development Co. to Frank and Teresa Trotta, Gus Groeske, Charlotte B. Lee, James G. and Katherine A. Wilson, property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

DAILY MARKETS

LIVE STOCK

PITTSBURGH LIVESTOCK

Cattle—supply, light; market, steady; choice, $11.75@12.40; prime, $10.35@10.75; good, $10.25@10.75; tidy butchers, $9.50@10; fair, $8.50@9.50; common, $7@8; common to good fat bulls, $6@8; common to good fat cows, $3.50@6.50; heifers, $7.50@8.50; fresh cows and springers, $50@$100; veal calves, $13.

Sheep and Lambs—supply, 1,800; market, steady; good, $9.50; lambs, $16.25; spring lambs, $22.

Hogs—receipts, 2,000; market, lower; prime heavy hogs, $10@10.25; heavy mixed, $10.50@10.75; mediums, $10.90@11; heavy yorkers, $10.90@11; light yorkers, $10.90@11; pigs, $10.90@11; roughs, $8@8.75; stags, $5@7.

CHICAGO LIVESTOCK

Hogs—receipts 18,000; market steady; top $10.50; bulk $9@10.25; heavy weight, $9.60@10.25; medium weight, $10@10.45; light weight, $10@10.50; light lights, $9.90@10.40; packing sows, $8.60@9.25; pigs, $9.25@10.25.

Cattle—receipts 2,000; market steady; calves: receipts 1,000; market steady; beef steers: good and choice, $12@14; common and medium, $8@11.50; yearlings, $8-50@12.75; butcher cattle: heifers, $6@11; cows $6@9; bulls, $5.75@8; calves, $9.50@13; feeder steers, $7.50@9.50; stocker steers, $7@9; stocker cows and heifers, $5@7.

Sheep—receipts 7,000; market steady; medium and choice lambs, $16@17.25; culls and common, $12@14; spring lambs, $14@18; yearlings, $12@15; common and choice ewes, $5@9.50; lambs clipped, $14@16.

CINCINNATI LIVESTOCK

Hogs—receipts 5,200; held over 2,137; market steady; bulk quotations: 250-350 lbs., $9.25@10; 200-250 lbs., $10@10.50; 160-200 lbs., $10.40@10.50; 130-160 lbs., $10.35@10.50; 90-130 lbs., $9.50@10.50; packing sows, $8.25@8.75.

Cattle—receipts 400; calves 650; market steady. Veal slow, top, $12.50; quotations: beef steers, $9@10.50; light yearling steers and heifers, $8.50@10.50; beef cows, $6@7.25; low cutter and cutter cows, $4@5.50; vealers, $8@11.50; bulk stock and feeder steers, $8.50@9.

Sheep—receipts 500; market steady. Quotations: top fat lambs, $14.50; bulk fat lambs, $12.50@14.50, bulk cull lambs, $6.50@10.50; bulk fat ewes, $5@7; bulk spring lambs, $16@19; bulk cull spring lambs, $15@16.

XENIA LIVESTOCK

Greene County Livestock Shipping Assn'.

Heavies—$9@9.25.
Mediums—$9.25@9.75.
Lights—$9.75@10.
Roughs—$7@7.75.
Calves—$9.25.
Sheep—$4.50.
Lambs—$12.00.

DAYTON

Receipts, 4 cars; market, steady.

Heavies, 300 lbs. up	$9.75
Heavies, 250-350 lbs. up	$10.00
Mediums, 140-250 down	$10.25
Pigs, 150 down	$8@10.00
Stags	$5@6.50
Sows	$7@8.25

CATTLE

Receipts, 10 cars; market, strong.

Best fat steers	$9@9.50
Veal calves	$7@11
Medium butcher steers	$8@9
Medium butcher heifers	$7@9
Best butcher heifers	$7@9
Best fat cows,	$6@7
Bologna cows	$3@4.50
Medium cows	$4@5
Bulls	$6@7

SHEEP

Spring lambs	$10@14
Sheep	$2@3

Inconvenience? Yes; But Never Pain

Menstruation is Nature—but menstrual pain is NOT natural, and not necessary. Science has conquered the painful part. In a harmless—yes, healthful—little tablet called midol.

Midol is a more remarkable means of relieving such pain than even a habit-forming drug. It acts directly on the organs affected by menstruation, and relief comes in five to seven minutes.

Don't have another day of forced quiet, of pain, low spirits or even discomfort! Midol is effective twelve hours or more. Yet it does not depress the heart, is not narcotic, and is utterly harmless. All druggits, 50 cents, in thin aluminum box that fits the smallest purse.

Midol
Takes Pain Off the Calendar

GRAIN

DAYTON

Flour and Grain
(By the Duret Milling Co.)
(Prices being paid for grain at mill).

Wheat, No. 1, New, $1.20.
Rye, No. 2, 90c per bushel.
Corn, 75c per 100 lbs.
Oats, per bu. 48c.

PRODUCE

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

BUTTER:
Extra, 45@47c tub lots.
Extra firsts, 45 1-2@46 1-2c.
Firsts, 42@43c.
Packing stock, 28c.
Eggs, extra, 26c.
Extra firsts, 25c.
Firsts, 23@23 12c.

LIVE POULTRY:
Heavy fowls, 29@30c.
Live fowls, 25@26c.
Leghorn fowls, 18@20c.
Heavy broilers, $45@48c.
Springers, 45@48c.
Leghorn broilers, 22@23c.
Roosters, 17@18c.
Geese, 20@22c.
Ducks, 30@33c.

POTATOES:
Ohio's, $1.40@1.50.
Cobblers, $4@5 in 150 lb. bags.
New Jersey, $1.40 per hamper.
Idaho, $4.50 per 110 lb. bag.
Michigan, $4.00 per 150 lbs.
Minnesota, $3.75@4 per 150 lbs.
Home grown, 90c per half bushel basket.
Wisconsin, $4.25@5.35, 150 lb. bag.
Sweet Potatoes, Jersey, $1.40 per hamper.
Oleo, high grade animal oils, 25@25 1-2c. lower grades, 20@22c.
Cheese, York State, 27c@30c.
Apples, Baldwins, $4.50@5.25.
Tomatoes, $4@5 per 10 lb. basket.
Strawberries, Louisiana, $3.50@3.75 per 24 qt. crate.
Alabama, 24 qt. crate $2@3.25.
Mississippi, (Klondike) 24 qt. crate, $3@4.
Arkansas, 24 qt. crate, $2@3.25.
Louisiana, 24 qt. crate $3.50@3.75
Tenessee, $2@3.25.
Cabbage, 60c@65c per 1-2 bu. basket.
Cucumbers, $4.50@5 crate.
Onion, Ohio Yellow, $2.50@3 per sack, Green, 10c per bunch.
Rhubarb, home grown, 25@35c.
Sweet corn, Texas, $1.50@2.25.

DAYTON PRODUCE
Retail Price
(Corrected by The Joe Frank Co.)

Butter, 50c.
Eggs, 25c doz.
1927 fries, 60c lb.
Spring ducks, 29c.
Live roosters, 22c lb.
Live hens, 30c lb.
Turkeys, dressed, 75c lb.
Turkeys, live, 60c lb.

Prices Being Paid at Plant for Live Poultry and Eggs

Eggs, 20c per dozen.
Hens under 4 lbs., 25c.
Hens over 4 lbs., 25c.
Leghorn fries and hens, 25c lb.
1927 fries, 33c lb.
Turkeys, 40c lb.
Roosters, 12c lb.
Spring ducks, 20c lb.
Geese, 13c lb.

Butter
Butter, 46c wholesale.
Milk Producers' Association)
(By Miami Valley Co-operative

Retail Price
XENIA
Heavy hens, 23c.
Young roosters, 15c
Leghorn fries, 23c.
Eggs, 19c.

Mrs. Wm. Taylor

Women, Why Suffer Needlessly?

"During my early married life I was very delicate," said Mrs. Wm. Taylor of 209 Crystal Ave., Findlay, Ohio, "did not have a bit of health, was very weak and sickly. Finally during motherhood, I was so miserable I could not do anything. I doctored but got no relief. My doctor told me he could do nothing more for me and advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it not only strengthened me but my child was a fine, healthy, strong baby—weighing ten pounds. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the most wonderful help in motherhood of any medicine a woman can take. I always recommend it."

Many doctors advise the use of "Favorite Prescription" because they know in almost every case it shows results. Druggists sell it in both fluid and tablet. —Adv.

VULCANIZE

IT SAVES TIRE EXPENSE

A blown-out or badly cut tire may often be saved for thousands of miles of service. We specialize on Balloon Tire repairs.

TAILORED TIRE REPAIRS
NOT THE BULGY, DISCOLORED KIND

The investment in your tires is worth the protection of occasional inspection. Grit and moisture work into minor injuries and cause ply separation—quick, inexpensive repairs can often be made while you wait. Let us inspect your tires frequently.

Xenia Vulcanizing Co
102 East Main St.
CALL 1098

YOU PAY LESS AT KENNEDY'S
SHOE STORE
39 West Main Street

GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY

Copyright 1925
Keyes Religious News Service

Church Services

SECOND U. P. CHURCH
Market and West Sts.
H. B. McElree, Pastor

Bible School, 10:00.
Morning Worship, 11:00.
Y. P. C. U., 6:30.
Evening worship, 7:30.

The evening service will be a union service of all the churches of the city held in the Friends Church. The Rev. D. A. Sellers will bring the message of the evening.

FIRST U. P. CHURCH
East Market at Collier
James P. Lytle ,Pastor

Come to church! Worship and work!

10 a. m. The Bible School, C. M. Ervin, Supt.

11 a. m. A Mother's Day sermon: "Virtues—Virile or Vicious?"

6:30 p. m. The Y. P. C. U. meeting.

Union service, Friends Church, 7:30 p. m.

The "Flood Fund" offering recieved last Sabbath morning was $120.50.

Wed., 7:30 p. m., mid-week meeting.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Willoughby N. Shank, Pastor

"It has been said that genius always came of the male line. This is a mistake. No great man ever was born who didn't have a great mother."—Robt. G. Ingersol on Shakespeare.

Sunday School at 9; Mr. Chas. A. Bone, Supt., Mr. Carl Pramer, Asst. Supt. Classes for all grades.

Preaching at 10:30, subject, "Mother of Mine."

Epworth League at 6:30.

Union serivces at Friend's Church at 7:30.

"A mother is not the best who will not let a child grow up; who does all the talking; makes all the decisions, and meets all the issues."—The Survey.

FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
W. Main St.
Where you will feel at home.
C. E. Engelhard, Pastor
"MOTHER'S DAY"

9:15 A lively growing Sunday School. C. F. Mellage, Supt. Interesting and friendly classes for every one. Come.

10:30 We cordially invite you to attend this inspiring public service in honor of the mothers.

6:30 p. m., Luther League. Come.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Market and King Sts.
Rev. Wm. H. Tilford, Minister

Sunday services—"Mother's Day" 1927:

9:15 a. m. Mothers will have charge of the Sunday School and teach the classes and superintend the whole matter. Fathers and mothers invited.

10:30 a. m., Morning worship: "Mother's Day Song— Mr. Ray Cox. Sermon: "A Tribute to Motherhood". Honor your mother by attending this service.

7:30 p. m., union services, Friends Church—Rev. D. A. Sellers preaching.

THE U. B. CHURCH
West Third Street.
MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

10:30, display by the Banner Class.

At 10:45, hour of devotion. Pastor's sermon on "Our Mothers."

Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.

Special program by the Missionary Society at 8 p. m. Mother and daughter program of pantomime character.

Wednesday evening prayer service will be followed by official board meeting. Annual election of officers. All members requested to be present. Ever member canvass, Sunday, May 15.

K. K. K. MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

A Mother's Day program of varied features will be held at the Tabernacle, East Third Street, at 2:30 p. m., Sunday. The Dayton Glee Club will render several selections. Rev. Smith, Baptist pastor of Brookville will speak. The public is cordially invited to this service.

SAMARITAN ARMY INC.
50 Columbus Ave.
Captain Mary Mendenhall
Officer in Charge

Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
Praise meeting, 3:30 p. m.
Battle for souls, 7:30. p. m.
Everybody welcome.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Church School at 9:15 a. m.

Morning service and sermon at 10:30.

Young People's Society at 6:30 p. m.

Union service at Friends Church, 7:30 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
R. E. Brown, Minister

Sunday School, 9:30.

Morning worship, 10:30. The pastor will preach on "Modern Idols and Their Worshippers."

Let us remember that Sunday is the Lord's Day and we should spend part of it in the Lord's House.

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH
North Detroit at Church St.
David A. Sellers, Pastor

9:15 a. m., the new Supt, Mr. H. E. Eichman will be in charge of the opening services. There will be an election of new officers, let us make it "A Bigger and a Better School."

10:30 a. m., morning worship. A special duet, "My Faith Looks up to Thee" by Bassford will be sung by Mrs. John Watkins and Miss Julia Peterson. In remembering Mother's Day the Pastor will speak on the theme, "The Prevailing Mother," Matt. 15: 21-28.

7:30 p. m. union service at the Friends Church at which the pastor of this church will be the speaker. Subj., "How May I Know I Am a Christian?"

8:00 p. m. Wednesday, prayer and Bible study. Come to "The Friendly Church on the Corner."

TRINITY METHODIST
V. F. Brown, Pastor

Trinity, always welcome, extends an invitation to Mother's Day services. Sunday School, with a good orchestra to assist, meets at 9:15.

Public worship, with sermon by the pastor, 10:30 a. m. The sermon will be appropriate to Mother's Day, and you will be helped by hearing it.

At the evening hour of 7:30, Trinity joins in the union services at the Friends Church, and Rev. D. A. Sellers of the Reformed Church will preach.

Mid-week services, Wednesday evening, 7:30.

Better come.

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
Corner Orange and Bellbrook Sts.
F. H. Landgrabe, Pastor

Sabbath School, 9:15.

Morning worship, 10:30, subject, "How to Keep Sanctified."

Y. P. S., 6:30.

Evangelistic service, 7:30.

Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Everybody welcome.

FRIENDS CHURCH
Chestnut and High Sts.
Russell Burkett, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:30. Classes for all ages. L. L. Jordan, Supt.

Morning worship, 10:30. Appropriate services for Mother's Day. Sermon by the pastor. Special music.

Christian Endeavor, 6 p. m.

The union services of the city will be at this church Sunday evening at 7:30. The Rev. D. A. Sellers will bring the message. The Aechie Harrod Concert Party, colored singers, will be present at this service singing negro spirituals, fifteen minutes before and fifteen minutes after the sermon.

Good Samaritan class social Tuesday evening at McKinney cottage at the pumping station.

Ladies' Aid, Wednesday afternoon.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.

Miami Quarterly meeting will be held at the Xenia Friends Church Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Meeting of Ministry and Oversight Friday morning at 10:30. Quarterly meeting session Saturday morning, 10:30. Dinner will be served in the basement.

Sunday School rally will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. W. W. Rowe, pastor of the Central Reformed Church of Dayton, will bring the message. Special music.

Everything Electrical
—AT—
H. E. EICHMAN
Phone 652 52 W. Main St.

This Page Is Made Possible By These Business Firms Who Believe That The Church Represents The Greatest Force For Good

Have You Tried our
TWIN LOAF BREAD
All Grocers Handle It.
BURNS BAKERY
113 E. Main St.

For Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET
So Smooth—So Powerful
LANG CHEVROLET CO.
33 Green St.
Phone 901

KODAKS AND FILM
All needed supplies for Kodaks and all other makes of Cameras.
SAYRE'S DRUG STORE
Xenia, Ohio.

THE STOUT COAL CO.
J. J. Stout, Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.
High Grade Domestic Coal and Coke
Also Cement, Lime and Builders' Supplies
Office and Yards—
Washington St. and Home Ave.
Phone 22

Everything Electrical
—At—
H. E. EICHMAN
52 W. Main St.
Phone 652

DR. G. W. KUHN
— Dentistry—
Exodontia and Plate Work a specialty
Hours 8 to 11:30—1 to 5
26 S. Detroit. Kingsbury Bldg.
Bell Phone 62-W.

GLASS
Auto Windshields and Side-lights. Installed Quickly.
FRED F. GRAHAM

Go to Church Sunday.
Rent a Safety Deposit Box with Us Monday.
CITIZEN'S NATIONAL BANK

STATE COMMITTEE WANTS H. A. HIGGINS ON ELECTION BOARD

Settling a factional dispute in the ranks of the Democratic Central Committee in Greene County, the State Democratic Central Committee, at a meeting Thursday in Columbus, recommended Harry A. Higgins, Xenia, for appointment to the Democratic vacancy on the Greene County Board of Elections.

Acting on this recommendation, the appointment will be made by Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown after he has received certification of the committee's action. The term of office is for two years and the new appointee succeeds Edward Wood, Xenia, whose term expired.

One committee faction, claiming to be the rightful executive committee, had recommended Higgins for the appointment. The other faction, also claiming party control, certified the name of Wood for re-appointment.

Brown, in making his list of appointments to county boards over the state, referred disputes to the respective party state central committees, for decision. Higgins was formerly a Democratic board member.

When the official appointment is made, the new board will probably meet to effect permanent organization by the election of a chief deputy and clerk.

CAESARCREEK HIGH GRADUATES CLASS OF TEN THURSDAY

Xenia High School Orchestra furnished music at the commencement exercises of Caesarcreek High School, Thursday night.

The following students receievd diplomas: Mildred Malvinia Carle, Robert L. St. John, Sarah Aletha Conklin, Elden Earl Heinz, Clara Wilmina Peterson, Donald H. St. John, Grace Liming, Forrest D. Ellis, Wilma Irene Shambaugh, and Clarence L. Ary.

L. C. Dick, London, superintendent of Madison County Schools, delivered the class address. Invocation and benediction were pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Chancellor. The "class will" was read by Wilmina Peterson, the "class history" by Grace Liming, the "class prophecy" by Aletha Conklin, and the valedictory by Mildred Carle.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The orchestra journeyed to Caesarcreek Thursday night to play at commencement exercises at Caesarcreek High School. Personnel of the orchestra: Emma LaMar, piano; Dorothea Pagett, Lucile Ireland, Marian Moser, Lucy Stout, Charles Karch, Julian Doggett, and Dena Watkins, violins; Anna Mae Toops, cello; Hubert Glass, saxophone and clarinet; Roger Pagett, cornet, and William Harrison, drums. Principal Shank is directing the orchestra in the absence of Mr. Whitworth.

The Latin Club held it regular meeting Wednesday.

Miss Roxie Channel, faculty member, and Miss Gladys Beals, student, left Friday for Columbus where Miss Beals is entered in the state short-hand and typing contests. She recently placed third in the sectional meet in Dayton, thus winning the right to participate in the state meet. The Xenia party joined a group from Steele and Stivers of Dayton on the trip.

The "Syncopating Music Makers," the school's only jazz orchestra, furnished the music for an entertainment given by Spring Hill school in the auditorium Wednesday night.

In preparation for the concert Friday, May 13, the glee clubs are holding many extra practice sessions. They hope Friday, the thirteenth will not prove unlucky and are urging patrons to purchase tickets.

Two weeks of play find the seniors and juniors tied for first place in the intro-mural recreation ball league, the sophs and faculty in second position, and the lowly frosh in last place. Although tied in the percentage column, the seniors are actually the leaders, having won two games and the juniors one. Neither team has met defeat. The faculty dropped out of a first-place tie by unexpectedly losing to the sophs Wednesday. The standing:

Team.	W.	L.	Pct.
Seniors	2	0	1.000
Juniors	1	0	1.000
Sophomores	1	1	.500
Faculty	1	1	.500
Freshmen	0	3	.000

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 5.—What's in a name? The second break in the town of Hard Times, a tiny village in Tensas parish, which had never had a day's bad luck in its life until the levee broke.

The devouring Mississippi poured into the hapless village and on its destructive way with a mighty roar to the next town. The next town was Waterproof, a village of 325 souls immediately south of Hard Times. Both are now under water.

EAST END NEWS

Mrs. Mary Beckley, of Cincinnati is the guest for a few days of friends here.

Miss Carolyn Ward, of Indianapolis, stenographer for Doctors Hummon and Stewart of that city, is visiting for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, E. Market St.

Mr. Archie Harrod, tenor singer and Miss Matilda Walton, contralto of the Famous Jubilee Concert Company, will appear at the Zion Baptist Church, E. Main St., Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. These charming entertainers have made for themselves an enviable reputation. So successful were they in the states that they crossed the water and for a period of two years they sang their way into the hearts of the people of England, Australia, Trinidad, the Bermudas and Hawaii. Mr. Harrod is also the recitor and pianist and his many years of experience peculiarly fitted him for successful work. Hear them.

Mrs. Fannie Hall and son Charles of E. Church St., are the week end guests of Mrs. Mamie Custer, Middletown, O.

The Mite Missionarmy Society of the St. John's A. M. E. held a splendid session at the home of Mrs. Mattie Price, E. Church St., Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Price, as hostess royally entertained the ladies at the close of the session.

Rev. A. M. Howe and Rev. J. H. Harris of E. Market St., attended the Western Union Ministerial Institute at the Zion Baptist Church, Cedarville, Thursday.

Mrs. Emma Curry and Mrs. Charles Lockett of Springfield, were visitors here Thursday.

Mrs. Lillie Pegg, of Chicago, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McKnight, E. Second St.

The Zion Baptist Missionary Society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Patti Smith, E. Main St. An excellent attendance and much interest was had. The Springfield District President, Mrs. Emma Curry, in company with the treasurer of the district, Mrs. Chas. Lockett, was present and gave many helpful suggestions and encouraging words. Plans were made and delegates elected to the district meeting the 28th and 29th of May with the Zion Baptist Church, Yellow Springs. Mrs. Lucy Brown and Mrs. M. D. Hilliard were sent as the messengers.

C. M. E. MISSION
East Main St.
Regular services Sunday.
Sunday School usual hour, 9:30 a. m.

We will observe Mother's Day. Go to church Sunday if for nothing else, for the sake of mother.

Most churches will have three services.

Come to our prayer and class meeting every Wednesday evening, 7:30 p. m.

J. H. Hargrave, Sect.
Alvin M. Atkins, Pastor.

MIDDLE RUN BAPTIST CHURCH
W. C. Allen, Pastor

11:00 a. m., theme: "Mother and Her Bible."

1 p. m., Sunday School. J. T. Rountree, Supt.

2:30 p. m., the G. U. O. O. F. will have their thanksgiving services. Sermon, Rev. O. O. Jones, of London.

7:00 p. m., B. Y. P. U. M. L. Allen, president.

8:00 p. m., worship and impromptu program. All are made welcome.

THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH
A. McClintock Howe, Minister

9:30 a. m., Bible School. H. W. Gales, Supt., with Mrs. A. McClure, assistant superintendent. Everybody ought to know what our blessed Lord has to say in His word. Come and study the word with us. You are welcome to this school.

10:45 a. m., worship and sermon, (Special.) This being Mother's Day. Immediately following the morning message, the hand of fellowship will be given new members, and the Lord's supper will follow. It is hoped that every member will be present.

6:30 p. m., B. Y. P. U. Mrs. Elizabeth Simms, with Mrs. Dorothy Wynn as vice president. Those who were present on last will not forget the inspiring service, and the helpful discussion of the program by Mr. Lamont. We are looking for you on this Sabbath B. Y. P. U. hour, as a treat is in store for all who will attend.

7:45 p. m. This being Mother's Day, a special program will be rendered in memory of and as a tribute to Mother. The women of the church will have charge of this service. It is asked that each person bring a plant or flower of your choice for the occasion. Those bringing potted plants will designate same by writing their names on a card, and put same in or on said plant, and at the evening service you can take or dispose of same as you wish. Committee in charge.

Mrs. Cora Kelcy, Mrs. Isadore Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth Simms, Miss Maude Nickens, Miss Lucile Shenault, Mrs. W. L. Collins.

This is the evening for the Penitentiary Quartette, Friday evening, May 6. Come and meet your friends.

Feminine Charm Disappears When

the nose has an ugly shine. Keep the skin looking like a peach with this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called Mello-Glo. Stays on indefinitely—so pure and fine—prevents large pores—keeps your skin youthful. Get this new wonderful Face Powder MELLO-GIO at the toilet counter today.—Hutchison & Gibney. —Adv.

PANSIES FOR MOTHER'S DAY

and other potted plants.
R. O. Douglas
Phone 549-W.
Cor. Monroe and Washington Sts.

MOTHERS' DAY FLOWERS

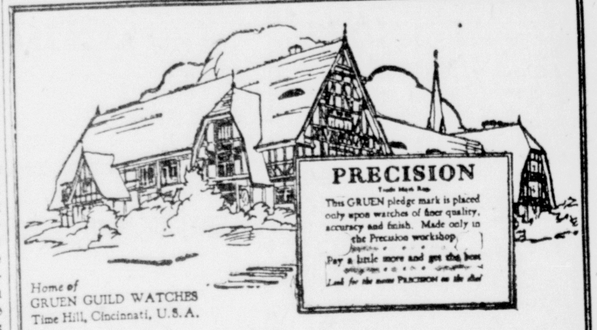
Fine selection of beautiful Cut Flowers and choice Potted Plants. Uptown Store in room in Steele Building. Our prices are low.

J. J. Lampert

See These Before You Buy

1925 Star Sedan
1925 Ford Sedan
1926 Star Coupe
1926 Star Four Coach
1925 Ford Coupe
1926 Dodge Coupe

Johnston Motor Sales
109 W. Main St., Xenia, Ohio



Home of GRUEN GUILD WATCHES
Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.

Gruen—the most extensive variety of watches in America

At our store you can choose a Gruen Watch for every member of the family.

The Guild provides a watch specially suited for every man, woman, boy or girl.

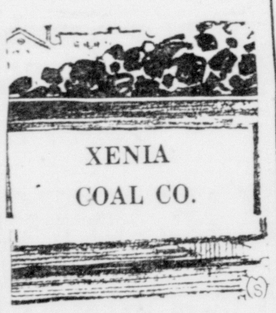
We invite you to come in and inspect our display—prices, $25 to $500.

TIFFANY
Jewelry Store

SKIN ABRASIONS

are painful and dangerous. Heal them quickly and prevent infections with

Resinol



XENIA COAL CO.

SENSIBLE

That is what you are when you insist on getting finest quality coal, full weight and right prices! You are sure of all three when you order your coal here. Remember this when planning to lay in your next season's supply at low spring prices. You will save money if you order soon.

PHONE 130

THE XENIA COAL CO.
W. 2nd St. at Pa. R. R.
Cement—Lime

Regain Health this Way!

There is a right way to regain health—if you are anemic, weak, nervous and run-down, because of thin, watery blood and deficient gland activity.

The way is easy, pleasant, prompt. It is scientific, for it deals with supplying the elements needed by the system. The method has been used successfully 15 years. The use of Cadomene Tablets has grown to over one million a week, by users telling others how effective the method is. There are people in your own circle who have regained lost health. Your doctor or druggist can tell you of "the miracle-like" recoveries of thin, anemic, weak, nervous-run-down folks.

Take from your food all calcium, phosphorus, iron and magnesium—and you wither and die. Reduce the amount your blood and glands should have, and you soon become afflicted with Nerve Trouble, Gland Trouble, Anemia, Weakness, Digestive Disorders, Infected Teeth, Headaches, Lowered Vitality, Fatigue, a tendency to have "colds" frequently and a general lethargy of mind and body.

The "Balance" or level of your system is upset, due to modern methods of preparing foods from which vital elements have been taken. Cadomene gives back this lost balance promptly. Six to eight weeks' use is time enough to produce a delightful buoyancy of spirit and reserve strength. Simply take three to six tablets daily as per directions.

Cadomene Tablets is not a cheap "catch penny tonic", but an efficient enricher of the blood and a potent strength-inducing agent. Go, try it now. Learn that you can be well and strong. Druggists everywhere sell Cadomene on a guarantee of delightful satisfaction or money back.

Rheumatism

Relief of Pain? Get relief safely, quickly by using Su-thol Tablets, the remedy evolved by German and American science. A proper diet and Su-thol will soon rid the system of the poisons that cause the pain and distress. Gratitude then fills your heart.

Try Su-thol (soothe-all) for a few days and see how greatly they benefit you. The cost is trivial, the relief prompt and the results amazing!

Six 25c tubes in each $1.00 package at leading drug stores.

LIFE!

Guarantee life to baby chicks. Raise *every* livable one!

Pratts is the complete baby food for baby chicks . . . made from the finest grain products . . . mechanically predigested . . . furnishes completely everything needed for bone, flesh and muscle,

If you want chicks to live, thrive and grow into strong, sturdy egg producers, start them on Pratts and follow up with Pratts Buttermilk Growing Mash.

Avoid chick losses by using

Pratts
BUTTERMILK
BABY CHICK FOOD
Sold and Guaranteed by

C. L. BABB HARDWARE STORE

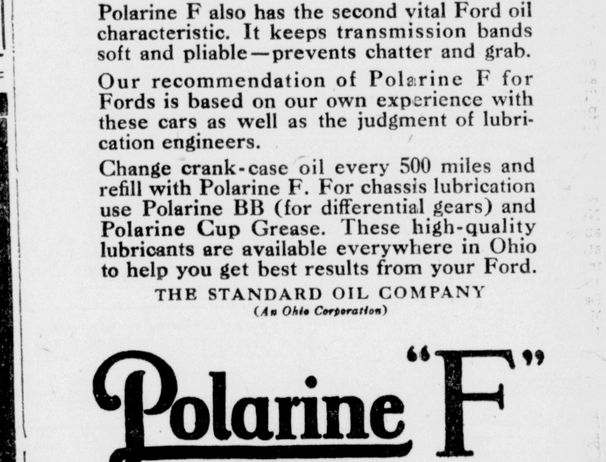
MAKE your feet comfortable. Wear Florsheims and you will have easy going from morning to night. That's worth a lot to you.
$10
FRAZER'S
SHOE STORE
11 E. Main St., Xenia, Ohio.

For Mother

Remembrances mean much to Mother, for they are tokens of your thoughtfulness and affection. She is certain to appreciate a gift of delicious candies, attractively packed in a special box designed for the occasion.

Xenia Candy Kitchen

Make sure today, that you are using the right oil in your Ford.



Smoothness and economy depend upon the oil you use

Only a specially-compounded light-bodied oil—Polarine F—can give best results in your Ford. There are several reasons why this is so.

The Ford motor is a high speed motor and requires an oil which flows freely and quickly to all engine parts.

It is a high compression motor in which carbon formation is more serious, hence an oil of low carbon tendency is required.

Its bearing construction requires an oil light enough to penetrate quickly to bearing surfaces, yet of sufficient body to withstand heat and pressure.

The splash system of lubrication is used, requiring a light-bodied oil which will atomize readily when splashed by the connecting rods.

Polarine F also has the second vital Ford oil characteristic. It keeps transmission bands soft and pliable—prevents chatter and grab.

Our recommendation of Polarine F for Fords is based on our own experience with these cars as well as the judgment of lubrication engineers.

Change crank-case oil every 500 miles and refill with Polarine F. For chassis lubrication use Polarine BB (for differential gears) and Polarine Cup Grease. These high-quality lubricants are available everywhere in Ohio to help you get best results from your Ford.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(An Ohio Corporation)

Polarine "F"
for FORD Cars
3 Grades Polarine *for Other Cars*

RED CROWN GASOLINE

Look for the Red Crown Sign. *In a wilderness of pumps—hundreds of brands and many prices—the Red Crown Sign blazes the way to uniform power and satisfaction. You get gasoline value to the last cent's worth when you stop at a Red Crown pump. 600 Service Stations, thousands of dealers.*

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

7 in. O. S. Wheel for Ford
$1.98

FAMOUS AUTO SUPPLY
Yellow Front Phone 1100

Moser's Shoe Store

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS Sale

Prices Cut Below Wholesale Cost

LADIES' PUMPS, OXFORDS AND SLIPPERS

1 Big Lot Ladies' Pumps, Oxfords and Slippers. Blonde, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers, Satin, Fancy and plain ties, 1 and 2 straps, spike, cuban and low heels. Values to $10.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR ___ $2.69

LADIES' NEWEST STYLE DRESS SLIPPERS

Our entire line of Ladies' newest style Dress Pumps, Ties, Oxfords and 1 and 2 strap slippers. Blonde, Patent, Parchment, Rose Blush, and tan leathers. Spike and cuban heels. Values to $9.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $4.98

CHILDREN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS

1 Lot Children's Shoes and Oxfords in Patent leather, black and tan, lace, 1 and 2 strap. Footform lasts and flexible soles. Values to $2.00. SALE PRICE--A PAIR _____ 98c

MEN'S DRESS SHOES AND OXFORDS

The well known Walk-Over, J. P. Smith and other good makes of high shoes and oxfords. Black, brown and tan leathers. Rubber and leather heels. Values to $12.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $3.98

MEN'S HIGH GRADE DRESS OXFORDS

Our entire line of Men's Walk-Over and J. P. Smith Dress Oxfords in Black and Tan leather. Leather and rubber heels. All new styles. Values to $9.50. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $5.95

MEN'S TENNIS SHOES

1 Lot Men's good Tennis Shoes in plain white, white with gray trim and white with brown trim. Lace to toe. Values to $4.50. SALE PRICE—A PAIR _____ 98c

HUNDREDS OF OTHER BARGAINS
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!

Moser's Shoe Store

HAMILTON MAN HEADS DISTRICT LOAN GROUP

OFFICERS ELECTED WHEN CEDARVILLE ENTERTAINS GROUP

Many Addresses On Program Of Meeting On Thursday

Officials of fifty-seven building and loan companies in six southwestern Ohio counties, comprising District No. 2 of the Ohio Building Association League, representing financial institutions with total assets of $156,757,977, reported a 15 per cent increase in business during last year at their annual spring meeting in Alford memorial gymnasium at Cedarville College Thursday.

More than 125 delegates were present for the all-day session including officials from Greene, Butler, Clark, Montgomery, Preble and Warren Counties.

Charles J. Parrish, Hamilton, was elected president of the group for the coming year, succeeding Andrew Jackson, Cedarville, at the business session in the morning. Other new officers chosen were: C. A. Fay, Springfield, vice-president, and Edward F. Worndorff, Hamilton, secretary.

Retiring officers are: President Andrew Jackson, of the Cedarville Building and Loan Association; Vice President C. J. Parrish, of the Hamilton Homestead and Loan Co., and Thomas J. Kennedy, of the Xenia People's Building and Savings Association.

Address of welcome was delivered after the meeting convened at 10 a. m. by Dr. W. R. McChesney, president of Cedarville College, Mr. Parrish making the response.

Reconvening at 1 p. m. after the noon adjournment, the speaking program for the afternoon included twenty-minute addresses by J. Ben Wilberding, Cleveland, O., president of Ohio Building Association League, on "Good Work:" "In the Ranks," by Paul P. O'Brian, Dayton, first vice president, Ohio Building Association League; "National Taxation," Congressman Roy J. Fitzgerald, Dayton, O.

"Impressions," by Walter Locke, editor-in-chief, The Dayton Daily News, Dayton, O.; "Meeting Issues," J. W. Tannehill, Columbus state superintendent of the building and loan department; "State Taxation," Senator Miles S. Kuhns, Dayton; "Progress," Senator L. T. Marshall, Xenia, and "On the Job," James A. Devine, Columbus, secretary, Ohio Building Association League. Mr. Devine did not appear until late in the afternoon due to a slight attack of indigestion in the morning which threatened to prevent his attendance.

Delegates enjoyed a chicken dinner at 12 o'clock prepared by women of the Advisory Board of Cedarville College. Musical entertainment was supplied by the Cedarville College Glee Club. Andrew Jackson, president, presided at the meeting.

The next spring meeting of the district will be held the first Thursday in May, 1928, probably at Hamilton. The meeting place and date for the fall meeting of the group will be set by the new officers of the district.

Building and loan companies in Greene County represented at the meeting, were: the Cedarville Building and Loan Association, Cedarville, and the Home Building and Savings Co. and People's Building and Savings Co., Xenia.

FAYETTE COUNTIAN GIVES COLLEGE LAND

Charles L. Persinger, Fayette County, has deeded to Wilmington College a tract of nearly 400 acres, near New Holland, on the Washington C. H.-Circleville Highway.

The gift was made under substantially the same terms as that of 240 acres near Mt. Sterling deeded to the college some time ago by Mr. Persinger. The total acreage given the Wilmington school by Mr. Persinger is more than 600.

The Fayette County man has presented land to five colleges and recently provided a scholarship at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, in honor of Story Academy at Bowersville, which he attended years ago.

SOY BEAN SEED
Manchu Variety;
Price $2.50
Per Bu.
Greene County Farm Bureau
Phone 1094 or 207-R

XENIAN STRUCK BY MACHINE IN DAYTON

Noah Earnst, 75, was removed to Miami Valley Hospital suffering from shock after being struck by an automobile driven by a man registering as Albert Clark, 727 E. Main St., Xenia, O., at Main St. and Riverview Ave., in Dayton at 6:30 o'clock Friday morning.

His injuries are not believed serious, consisting principally of bruises, although he is in a nervous condition and the heart may be affected by the shock, hospital attendants said.

The aged man is said by witnesses to have stepped off a street car, en route to work, and walked directly in the path of the automobile. He was taken to the hospital in a police ambulance.

XENIA GIRL WINS HONORS AT OBERLIN

Miss Anna L. Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Jones, 229 E. Church St., this city, was honored by election to the sophomore ranking list at the observance of Honors Day at Oberlin College Thursday.

To be included in the special honor groups publicly announced on Honors Day is one of the outstanding distinctions which may come to an undergraduate at Oberlin. Miss Jones is a member of the college of arts and sciences.

BELLBROOK

Notwithstanding the decisive defeat of the local aggregation in a 6 to 0 shutout game with the Dayton Police last Sunday, the home boys are by no means discouraged. Their splendid showing with Beavertown in the first game of the series when fifteen innings were required to reach a decision, and barring a few errors and loss in breaks in the second game, it is reasonable to predict that they will prove themselves real contenders for supremacy in the contest now going on. They will have for their opponents on next Sunday, the strong Osborn team who has one victory and one defeat chalked down on the record. The game will be played at Beavertown, and will start promptly at 3 p. m.(Eastern Standard Time).

CHICHESTERS PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ters Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TERS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 40 years known as Best, Safest, Reliable. Buy Now!
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Announcement!

Larger and finer rooms now ready at *lower* rates

As you can see, these are rates which fairly *urge* you to take advantage of them. I can frankly say, we believe that the values we are offering are extraordinary.

An entirely new policy has been adopted here—one that offers you a larger room, finer service, unsurpassed meals at the same or lower rates than ever before.

You will be pleasantly surprised to find that here is a hotel where you can get, not only a full measure of value for your money, but also a home-like atmosphere and courteous, intelligent service.

I have every reason to believe that you will thoroughly enjoy stopping with us. Come to Hotel Winton—soon!

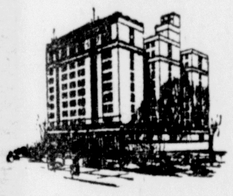
C. K. Free
President

New Rates

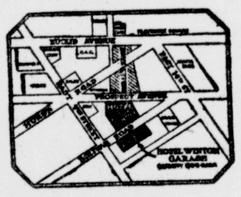
150	outside rooms	$2.50
100	outside rooms	3.00
100	outside rooms	3.50
100	outside rooms	4.00

Every room with bath

W. Stiles Koonas
Manager



HOTEL WINTON



THE HOTEL WITH THE NEW POLICY
Cleveland
PROSPECT AT NINTH
Large, outside rooms, all with bath. Our own garage facilities. Coffee Shop served by main kitchen

Sunday Is *Mother's Day*

Remember your Mother with some suitable gift on this Day—here are a few gift suggestions that Mother would choose for herself:

Silk Hose in all the new shades
$1.00—$1.65—$1,95

Silk Gloves— new styles and colors.
$1.50

Flowers for Coat or Dress
50c to $1.00.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles of all kinds.
Jewelry would be suitable.

Silk Underwear

Fancy Pillows—$1.95 to $3.95.

Embroidered Towels

Silk Umbrellas—$5.00.

Writing Paper in Fancy Boxes

MAKE HOT WEATHER DRESSES NOW

Our stock of wash materials is now at its best. New materials and new patterns are plentiful. All fast colors, reasonably priced.

39c to 85c

Jobe Brothers

MOLASSES KISSES Pound 19c

Dunkel's
PURE FOODS AT CUT PRICES

TOILET TISSUE "E" BRAND 1000 Sheets 4 Rolls 29c

FLOUR — William Tell or E Brand ..... Silver Star, 24 1-2 lb, 98c. — $1.13

BUTTER — Fresh Every Day. Pound ..... — 48c

SUGAR — Jack Frost 10 pounds ..... — 65c

SOAP POWDER — Big 3 lb. Box ..... — 17c

Navy Beans 4 Pounds 25c

PRUNES — California Big 40 Size 2 lbs. ..... — 25c

Brooms — A Well Made 5 Sew Heavy $1.00 value ..... — 63c

Oats — Rolled or Pinhead, 6 Lbs. ... — 25c

Cheese — Colby. Best In Town, Lb.. — 35c

Palmolive — Soap 3 bars ..... — 19c

Macaroni — 3 Boxes ..... — 23c

Coffee — Our Special Blend Try One Pound ..... — 42c

We Deliver Your Order Of Three Dollars Or More

Galloway & Cherry

ENDING

Spring's Big Remarkable

"They Bake Better" "They Bake Better"

DETROIT JEWEL RANGE SALE

"They Bake Better" "They Bake Better"

Can't Go On After Tomorrow

This is the final call. To come—whoever will—and all are welcome

Biggest DETROIT JEWEL Range Sale of Spring ends! Best terms of Spring—come to a close. Lowest prices on all the newest ranges, made by the Biggest Stove Factory in the World ends—and goes its way. But tomorrow is long—and time to choose takes up only a few minutes of it—early or late—is not too late—while our store doors are open.

Here's A Special!

Big and High in the Spotlight

(Big Family Cabinet—Right or Left Oven)

$74.00

THIS SALE ONLY!

Your Old Stove Taken As Good Part Pay

(Oven Regulator $12.50 Extra)
"They Bake Better"
Look Better and Last Better! Big or Little— or White or Black or Grey—Whatever the Size or the Price $37.95 or $120.00 — They Bake Better! And Please Every Cook.
Have Done It 62 Years

DETROIT JEWEL Oven Heat Control can be had on any DETROIT Jewell Cabinet Range

Other Prices: $37.95 $59 to $120

STYLES:—you see—and prices—and models to pie ase every home—big or little—high or low—and—
Terms: you'll n ever see better!

Pay only $5 DOWN

THAT'S ENOUGH

Long time on balance. We're doing our part and the Biggest Stove Works in the World is helping us to help you find it easy to have a bright, new, Better Baker DETROIT JEWEL.

Big Allowance for Your Old Stove! We're doing everything we can to show worry the way out of every old-stoved kitchen in town.

FREE! $8.95 Baking Set

14 Pieces—Fireproof Glassware!

A 35 Piece Breakfast Set FREE

—With Our Compliments To Every Buyer—This Sale Only!

Bake in glass—Serve in glass! That's the very New Way—That's the "Good Housekeeping Way"—Tested and Approved. And delighted in by Housewives, proud and particular everywhere!

"YES, I SOLD IT," HE REPLIED; "I USED AN AD IN CLASSIFIED."

Classified Advertising Page

THE EVENING GAZETTE, XENIA, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1927.

"I FOUND JUST WHAT I WANTED," SAID HE; "A CLASSIFIED AD BROUGHT IT TO ME."

Classified Advertising Rates

Daily Rate Per Line for Consecutive Insertions.

Insertions	Cash	Charge
Six days	.07	.08
Three days	.08	.09
One day	.09	.10

Advertisements are restricted to proper classification, style and type. The right is reserved by the Publishers to edit or reject any advertising.

The Xenia Gazette and Republican maintain a staff of clerks ever ready to perform service and render advice on all kinds of advertising.

Advertisements ordered for irregular insertions will be charged for at the one-time rate. No advertisement will be taken for less than the cost of three lines. Special rates for yearly advertising upon request.

The Publishers will be responsible only for one incorrect insertion of any advertisement. Classified Ads will be received until 9:30 a. m. for publication the same day.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

1 Card of Thanks.
2 In Memoriam.
3 Florists, Monuments.
4 Taxi Service.
5 Notices, Meetings.
6 Personal.
7 Lost and Found.

BUSINESS CARDS.

8 Cleaning, Pressing, Laundering.
9 Dressmaking, Millinery.
10 Beauty Culture.
11 Professional Services.
12 Roofing, Plumbing, Heating.
13 Electricians, Wiring.
14 Building, Contracting.
15 Painting, Papering.
16 Repairing, Refinishing.
17 Moving, Packing, Storage.

EMPLOYMENT.

18 Help Wanted—Male.
19 Help Wanted—Female.
20 Help Wanted—Male or Female.
21 Help Wanted —Agents — Salesmen.
22 Situations Wanted.
23 Help Wanted—Instruction.

LIVE STOCK—POULTRY—PETS

24 Dogs—Canaries—Pets.
25 Poultry—Eggs—Supplies.
26 Horses—Cattle—Hogs.

MISCELLANEOUS

27 Wanted To Buy.
28 Miscellaneous For Sale.
29 Musical Instruments—Radio.
30 Household Goods.
31 Wearing Apparel—Shoes.
32 Groceries—Meats.

RENTALS

33 Where To Eat.
34 Rooms—With Board.
35 Rooms For Rent—Furnished.
36 Rooms For Rent—Unfurnished.
37 Houses—Flats—Unfurnished.
38 Houses—Flats—Furnished.
39 Office and Desk Rooms.
40 Miscellaneous For Rent.
41 Wanted To Rent.

REAL ESTATE

42 Houses For Sale.
43 Lots For Sale.
44 Real Estate For Exchange.
45 Farms For Sale.
46 Business Opportunities.
47 Wanted Real Estate.

AUTOMOTIVE

48 Automobile Insurance.
49 Auto Laundries—Painting.
50 Tires—Tubes—Batteries.
51 Parts—Service—Repairing.
52 Motorcycles—Bicycles.
53 Auto Agencies.
54 Used Cars For Sale.

PUBLIC SALES

55 Auctioneers.
56 Auction Sales.

LOST AND FOUND 7

LOST—Boston terrier dog with white front feet. Ans. to name of Boots. C. H. Foland, 355 W. Third St.

DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY 9

HATS CLEANED—And reblocked, all work guaranteed. American Hat Cleaning Shop, 19 N. Detroit St. Phone 662.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES 11

ELECTRIC—Wiring of all kinds, prompt service, full line of new fixtures. H. E. Eichman Electric Shop, 97 W. Main St.

ROOFING, PLUMBING, HEATING 12

PIPE—Valves and fittings for all purposes. Bockett's line of plumbing and heating supplies are the best. The Bockett-Ailing Co., 419 W. Main St. Phone 302

HELP WANTED—MALE 18

WANTED—Collector and salesman. Must be neat, clean and courteous. White-Maytag Sales Co.

WANTED—Farm hand, able to run Fordson tractor and milk. Good home for right person. Apply C. J. Butcks, Spring Valley, O.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE 19

WANTED—Girl for housework. 713 W. Second St.

LADIES
For Branch Manager Positions
Steady Employment
Good Pay
Box J L, care Gazette.

HELP WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE 20

AMBITIOUS—Industrious person to introduce and supply the demand for Rawleigh household products in Greene Co. Make sales of $150 to $600 a month or more. No selling experience required. We supply products, sales and advertising literature and service methods. Lowest prices, best values. W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. OH9222, Freeport, Ill.

HELP WANTED—AGENTS—SALESMEN 21

BATTERY — Recharging and rebuilding. Carroll-Binder Co., E. Main St.

SITUATIONS WANTED 22

WANTED—Position as companion or housekeeper. Lock Box 149, Xenia, Ohio.

POULTRY—EGGS—SUPPLIES 25

200 S. C. RED—Chicks, 10 cents each. Good laying stock. Mrs. Carl Morgan, 38-F-5, Spring Valley.

POULTRY FEEDS—Cod liver oil, charcoal, O. K. poultry litter, tobacco dust, oil and coal brooders, full line of poultry accessories. Xenia Hatcheries Co., Xenia. Phone 576.

BABY CHICKS—Pratts B'milk, Baby chick food, poultry feeds, supplies, remedies. Simplex brooders. Babb Hardware, 53R, Xenia.

HORSES—CATTLE—HOGS 26

FOUR—Heifers due to calve and 11 shoats. Phone 4061-15.

HORSES—CATTLE—HOGS 26

FOR SALE—4-year-old mare, priced right. Lawrence Peterson, 4064-F-13.

SHORT HORN BULLS—From ten to twelve months old. R. K. Haines, R. No. 6, Xenia, Ohio, Phone 4079F-13.

WANTED TO BUY 27

WANTED—To buy yearling heifers. Chas. Weiss, Phone 659R.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE 28

MOVING—Van for sale, $400.00. John Harbine, Allen Bldg. Telephone.

LAWN—Mowers, grass catchers, lawn rakes, garden hose, lawn seeds, lawn fertilizers, etc. Huston-Bickett Hdwe. Co.

FOR SALE—Bicycle. Girl's bicycle, excellent condition, new tires. 218 E. Main St.

FORDSON—Tractor, plows, corn planter, hand cultivator, dash churn, old cook stove, cupboard and a Duroc sow, due to farrow July 21. One mile west of Yellow Springs on Galigan farm. Mrs. E. Clingan.

OLIVER—Cultivator for sale. Call 895R.

BICYCLE—And motor in good running order. Ralph Gilman, 516 W. 2nd St., Xenia, Ohio.

GASOLINE—Engine, pump jack and three large chicken coops. H. M. St. John, Phone 4082F-15.

GARDEN—And flower plants. All varieties. Transplants. Nichols Gardens, Burlington Pike, Phone 4010F-5.

ALL KINDS—Of garden and flower plants; also pansies. Chas. Grandin, 230 High St. Phone 773R.

WOOL—Wanted, will pay highest market price for wool. James H. Hawkins, Phone 4030R-3.

STRAWBERRY—Plants, 50 cents per 100. Roy Hull, Dayton Ave., Phone 1229R.

GOOD WORK—Mare; one Ford touring car with new tires and in good running condition; also storm buggy. Phone 4092F-14.

WOOL! WOOL!—We are now ready to receive wool at highest market price, at Stout's coal yard. Grieve, Harness and Bales, Phone 683.

TRANSPLANTED — Vegetable and flower plants; also pansies in bloom. R. O. Douglas, cor. Washington and Monroe, Phone 649W.

GARDEN—And flower plants. All varieties. Chas. Weiss, Lower Bellbrook Pike, Phone 659R.

BEDS—Tables, bureaus, sideboards, computing scales, phonographs, sewing machines, chairs, other furniture. Sat. afternoons only. John T. Harbine, Allen Bldg.

LAWN MOWERS—Horse clippers and plow shares sharpened. The Bocklet-King Co., Phone 260.

WIRE FENCING—Gates, steel and locust posts; also full line of Pratt's chick feed. C. O. Miller's Elevator, Trebeins, Ohio.

GET IT AT DONGES

NO. 1 BEDFORD—Shale drain tile. C. O. Miller elevator, Trebeins, O.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—RADIO 29

PIANOS—$65.00 to $350.00. Small payments. John Harbine, Allen Building.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS 30

QUARTERED—Oak dining room set, 9 pieces or separate. Phone 4016-12.

FUMED OAK—Davenette and library table. Call 351R in evenings.

FURNITURE—And stoves. Mendenhall, N. King St. Phone 724

ROOMS FOR RENT—FURNISHED 35

SLEEPING—Rooms on ground floor, private entrance, board if desired, good home for elderly person. 238 E. Third St. Phone 265R.

LIGHT—Housekeepers and roomers wanted, 302 E. Market, corner Monroe and Market Sts.

FURNISHED—Room for rent. Apply at 224 Chestnut St., Xenia, O.

HOUSES—FLATS—UNFURNISHED 37

FIVE—Room apartment corner West and Main Sts. Martin H. Schmidt, Phone 891W or 97.

MODERN HOUSE—Of seven rooms and bath, natural gas, electricity, hot and cold running water. Centrally located and in good condition. Located on S. Detroit St., three blocks from Court House, $25.00 per month. Call Gazette office.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR RENT 40

PASTURE—From May first. Rent reduced. John Harbine, Allen Bldg.

GARAGE—For rent on E. Market. Call 132R.

HOUSES FOR SALE 42

LOT—On N. Detroit St., $300. John Harbine, Allen Bldg.

TOM LONG—Real Estate Man. I will sell your farm and city properties or will loan you money. See me. No. 9. W. Main St.

FARMS FOR SALE 45

MONEY TO LOAN—On FARMS, at five per cent interest. Write W. L. Clemans, Cedarville, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES 46

FORD'S—New industry will make many people wealthy. Free information how you can obtain full facts, which will give you an opportunity to profit in your own city by the starting of Ford's new industry. Send two cent stamp and self-addressed envelope to Donovan's Economic Service, Lafayette Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—Restaurant doing good business in Springfield. Inquire Radison Cafe, 145 W. Main St., Springfield, O.

MEN—Learn barbering. Earn from $50 to $100 weekly. Write Moler Barber College, 206 E. 4th Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHATTEL—Loans, notes bought. 2nd mortgages. John Harbine, Allen Building.

USED CARS FOR SALE 54

GOOD USED FORDS—
1 1925 Ford coupe.
1 1922 Ford touring.
1 1925 Ford roadster.
1 1923 Ford coupe.
1 1922 Ford roadster.
1 1926 ton truck chassis.
—Bryant Motor Sales.

LANG'S USED CARS—
1 1926 Ford coupe.
1 1926 Star coupe.
1 1926 Chevrolet coach.
—Lang Chevrolet Co., Green St.

NOTICE TO COAL DEALERS

Sealed proposals are invited and will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Greene County, O., at their office in the Court House in Xenia, Ohio, until 10:00 o'clock a. m. on May 16, 1927, for high grade coal for county use as follows, to-wit:

FOR COUNTY INFIRMARY:
300 tons (more or less), lump and mine run.

FOR HEATING PLANT FOR COURT HOUSE:
150 tons (more or less), lump and mine run.

FOR COUNTY JAIL:
50 tons (more or less), Pocahontas lump and mine run.

The above to be delivered in the respective bins on or before September 15, 1927.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Greene County Commissioners,
GEO. C. STOKES,
Clerk.

(May 6-7)

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Estate of John J. Murray, Deceased.

Margaret Agnes Donley has been appointed and qualified as Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of John J. Murray, late of Greene County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 20th day of April, A. D. 1927.

S. C. WRIGHT,
Probate Judge of said County.
(Apr. 22-29—May 6)

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Estate of Sarah E. Miller, Deceased.

Wm. H. Miller has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Sarah E. Miller, late of Greene County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 20th day of April, A. D. 1927.

S. C. WRIGHT,
Probate Judge of said County.
(Apr. 22-29—May 6)

RADIO PROGRAM

FRIDAY, MAY 6

International Radio Programs

ETHER'S WHITE-CAPS

7:00 P. M.—WTAG (546) Worcester—National Artists Program.
7:00 P. M.—WTAM (389) Cleveland—Whittalls Anglo Persians.
7:00 P. M.—WTIC (476) Hartford—Merchants program Chamber of Commerce Series.
9:00 P. M.—WSM (282) Nashville—Ward Belmont Conservatory program.

SILENT TONIGHT
Eastern: WFI, WIP. Central: WCBD, WLW, WSUI. Western: KPRC.

EVENING CONCERTS

5:30 P. M. 6:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WTIC (476) Hartford. Organ recital.
WJZ (454) New York. Vocal Trio.
WGY (379) Schenectady. Studio program.

5:45 P. M. 6:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WJJD (370) Mooseheart. Organ Recital.

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOW (526) Omaha. Musical duet.
WGR (319) Buffalo. Joint with WEAF.

6:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M. (E.T.)
CFCF (411) Montreal. Mt. Royal Concert.

7:00 P. M. 8:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMBB (250) Chicago. Trianon Duo.
WBAL (246) Baltimore. Musical Program.
WTAM (390) Cleveland. Studio Recital.
WBBH (370) Chicago. Classical.
WSB (428) Atlanta. Concert.
WEAI (326) Cincinnati. Band concert.
KTW (536) Chicago. Baseball—Boston.
WEAF (492) Broadway, N. Y. National Concert Artists.
WOO (508) Philadelphia. Special Modern program.
WORD (275) Watch Tower. North Shore Line.

7:30 P. M. 8:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WBAP (476) Fort Worth. Studio Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Studio Program.
WCAU (278) Phila. Studio program.
WCX (517) Detroit. Studio program.
WFBH (355) Clearwater. Artists recital.
WHO (526) Des Moines. Northland Serenaders.

7:45 P. M. 8:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WHT (238) Chicago. Popular Studio.

8:00 P. M. 9:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WCCO (417) St. Paul-Mpls. Orchestra Program.
WORD (275) Batavia. Musical Program.
WFIW (261) Hopkinsville. Studio Program.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart. Studio Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Feature program.
WCX (517) Detroit. Studio program.
CFCF (411) Montreal. Hour of Music.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Philco Hour.
WRC (469) Washington. Announced.
WWJ (353) Detroit. Musical.
WFIW (261) Hopkinsville. Studio program.
KYW (536) Chicago. Musical, The Josters.
WORD (275) Watch Tower. Musical program.
WJZ (454) New York. Arm Chair Hour.
WQC (484) Davenport. Anglo Persions from WEAF.
WPG (300) Atlantic City. The Sand Pipers.

8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. (E.T.)
WOS (441) Jefferson City. Shelbina program.

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KOIL (306) Council Bluffs. Studio Program.
WQC (484) Davenport. Musical Trio.

8:50 P. M. 9:50 P. M. (E.T.)
CFAC (435) Calgary. Concert Trio.

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert program.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Musicale.
WOW (526) Omaha. Classical music.
WWJ (353) Detroit. From WEAF.
WOK (411) Homewood. Varied program.
WMAK 368) Buffalo. Niagara Falls Studio.
WOK (411) Homewood. Hawaiian Serenaders.

9:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WCCO (417) St. Paul Mpls. Studio feature.

9:45 P. M. 10:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WSB (428) Atlanta. Studo program.

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMCA (241) N. Y. Studio Program.
KYW (536) Chicago. Suffolk Orchestra.
WICC (255) Bridgport. Pignette program.

11:00 P. M. 12 Midnight (E.T.)
KNX (337) Hollywood. Courtesy Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Friendship Club.

FEATURE TALKS

3:00 P. M. 4:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WIP (508) Philadelphia. Surgical lecture, U. of P.

5:25 P. M. 6:25 P. M. (E.T.)
WMCA 341) White Way, N. Y. C. Base ball scores.

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WHK (273) Cleveland. Difference Hour.
WAAM (263) Newark. Tellmeth Sports.

6:20 P. M. 7:20 P. M. (E.T.)
WGY (379) Schenectady. Baseball scores

6:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WCAE (462) Pittsburgh. Uncle Kay Bee.

7:00 P. M. 8:00 P. M. (E.T.)
KFNF (461) Shenandoah. Letter Basket.
WTAG (545) Worcester. News review.
WGY (379) Schenectady. Travalogue, Ireland.
WHB (366) Kansas City. Aviation Talk.

7:30 P. M. 8:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KFNF (461) Shenandoah. Sunday School Lesson.

7:45 P. M. 8:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WORD (275) Batavia. News Digest.

8:00 P. M. 9:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOO (508) Philadelphia. Astronomical talk

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KHJ (405) Los Angeles. Children's program

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOKT (341) Rochester. Theatrical Letter.
KPO (428) San Francisco. Book reviews.

9:35 P. M. 10:35 P. M. (E.T.)
CFCT (329) Victoria. Auntie Bab.

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WGN (392) Chicago. San 'n Henry.

11:15 P. M. 12:15 A. M. (E.T.)
WRVA (256) Richmond. Old Virginny.

12 Midnight 1:00 A. M. (E.T.)
KNX (337) Hollywood. Legion Events.

WANT TO DANCE?

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WCAU (278) Phila. Piccadilly.

6:40 P. M. 7:40 P. M. (E.T.)
WMAK (266) Buffalo. Dance program.

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WGY (379) Schenectady. Dance program.
WEAF 492) N. Y. Palais D'Or Orchestra.

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMBB (250) Chicago. Trianon.
WOK (217) Chicago. Trianon.
WICC (285) Bridgeport. Seven Gables.
WHK (273) Cleveland. Blue Mask Orchestra.
WICC (255) Bridgeport. Seven Gables Orchestra.
WGR (319) Buffalo. Statler Orchestra.

9:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WEAF (492) N. Y. Greenwich Inn Orchestra.
WPG (300) Atlantic City. Gateway Casino

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WAMD (244) Mpls. Skyrocket Frolic.
KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Pittsburgh Post.

Did you READ it?

THESE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGE FOUR

1. Charles W. Svenccon, uncle of Gloria Swanson, was burned to death while trying to save his paintings. He was known as an artist.

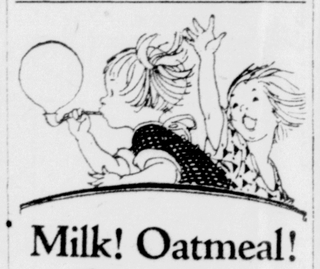
2. Henry Judd Gray, on trial with Mrs. Snyder for murder, has been deserted by his wife. His mother, Mrs. Margaret Gray, will take her place as a defense witness.

3. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has donated $100,000 to the Harvard Law School, contingent upon the raising of an additional $149,000.

4. Francesco de Pinedo, whose plane was wrecked at Roosevelt Lake, has received a duplicate ship. It is being guarded by a group of Fascisti.

5. Viscount Cowdray, British oil magnate, known here as a former rival of the Standard Oil Company, is dead.

6. A plot to kidnap one of the children of Charles H. Schweppe, son-in-law of John G. Shedd, was uncovered in Chicago. Money was needed to defend "Midget" Fernekes on a murder charge.



Milk! Oatmeal! Sunshine!

A wonderful trinity of growth-promoters

Today children are healthier than they ever were before. For mothers everywhere are learning new facts about the real needs of the growth years.

Simpler foods — foods that provide for growth and health—these are now being urged by nutrition authorities, in place of the heavy adult meals that children used to get.

Sunlight's strengthening power is being more appreciated. And oatmeal with milk, long known to be valuable, is now considered a growth food of the first importance.

A bowl of Quick Mother's Oats with milk makes a remarkable contribution to perfect development. Not only energy and tissue-building elements—but vitamins! minerals! and bran!

For Quick Mother's Oats is a whole-grain food, rich in flavor and as naturally nourishing as sunshine.

Two kinds—the kind you have always known or Quick (cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes). Both with coupons interchangeable with Aunt Jemima coupons, redeemable for dinnerware, hand bags, clothing —many other fine premiums.

Quick Mother's Oats

TWINE MADE BY XENIA COMPANY HELPED DEVELOP TWINE BINDER

Back in the days when twine was warring with wire for supremacy in grain bindery work, the twine product of The Hooven and Allison Co., had invaded Texas ranches and was becoming popular in that section.

This has been learned through an article published in Farm Implement News, a Chicago trade magazine, copies of which have been received at the Hooven and Allison Co., offices here. Waldo B. Stone, manager of the Premium Cotton Guild of Oak Park, Ill., has revealed that twine used in Texas in 1878 was the product of the Xenia company, then but nine years old, the company beginning operations in 1869.

The information became known when the magazine published a letter taken from the records of Parker and Stone, who built the first Appleby binders at Beloit, Wis., in 1878. Mr. Stone, son of the junior member of the firm, found the following letter:

Austin, Texas,
October 10, 1878.

Parker and Stone:
Gentlemen:

I hereby certify that I ran a steam threshing outfit in this county during the past season and the grain bound by your twine binder gave better satisfaction than any grain bound by wire, both in the cutting of the band and in not getting into the wheat as did the wire; also in the straw and the danger of killing stock.

Yours truly,
James Daugherty.

After publication of the letter Mr. Stone wrote The Hooven and Allison Co., that the twine used in this experiment was made by the Xenia company and also notified the magazine, which published a second article including this statement in its current issue.

Back of the revelation is an interesting story of the fight to popularize twine for grain binding purposes instead of wire—a fight that drew the bitter opposition of the large implement manufacturers of the day because all of them were making wire-binding machines. Now the replacement of wire by twine has become universal and the Xenia company, which was in this business in its infancy, is still one of the largest producers of binder twine.

Heirs of Gustavus Stone, manufacturer of the early twine binder, plan to place a memorial tablet on the ground where the first successful twine binders were made and the first one sold fifty years ago. The tablet will also be a reminder of an interesting phase in the development and use of binder twine in which the products of this city have played such a large part.

Beds, tables, bureaus, sideboards, computing scales, lawn mowers, sewing machine, chairs, other furniture. Saturday afternoons only.
JOHN HARBINE
Allen Building

BABB Means BEST

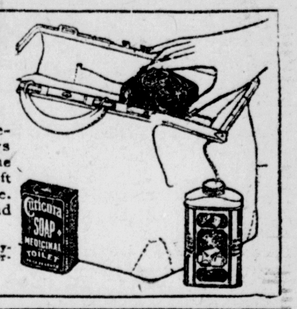
Sold Only At
BABB'S HARDWARE STORE
16 S. Detroit Phone 53-R

THE site of Hotel Cleveland, on the Public Square of Cleveland, has been used continuously for hotels since 1802. The original building was Mowrey's Tavern —a station on the old Post Road.

In Hotel Cleveland—the most modern successor to a long line of famous hotels—you'll find the same hearty hospitality, the same friendly helpfulness of those old coaching days. We *like* to see to it that you enjoy your stay here.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
Room Rates Begin at $3.00
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND

Travelers Should Carry Cuticura



Daily use of the Soap and Ointment removes the dust and grime of travel, allays irritation, redness and roughness of the face and hands, and keeps the skin soft and clear under all conditions of exposure. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant, cooling and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 21T, Malden, Mass."
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

LONG LIFE, AND SATISFACTION PROCLAIM DAYTON A WINNER

XENIA AUTO NECESSITY CO.
"TOM AND DICK—THE TIRE BOYS"

TELEPHONE YOUR WANT ADS

"L. E. JOHN & CO." "Where Dad Played When Young" CIGARS
EST. 1901

MOTHER'S DAY
MAY 8TH

Remember Mother with Box of our
SCHRAFF'S
CHOCOLATES
ALSO WE HAVE
CIGARS
L. E. JOHN & CO.
East Main St.

MONEY TO LOAN
We Furnish The Money
We Will Finance You Regardless Of Your Circumstances
Loans Of Any Size
ON ANY KIND OF SECURITY YOU HAVE TO OFFER
WE SPECIALIZE IN LOANS TO FARMERS
Payments Ranging From 4 Months To 4 Years.
Do not hesitate. Come in and investigate our method of loaning money. Quick and confidential service.
AMERICAN LOAN CO
M. CRAMER
27 Steele Building. Xenia, Ohio.

BRINGING UP FATHER — By GEORGE McMANUS

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The WAY I FEEL ABOUT IT

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

You are never too old to unlearn.

EPH SNOW

"Romantic girls should learn that a stage career is not always a wage career," suggests Eph Snow.

THE FOLLY SHOOTER

Sometimes in shooting folly as it flies,
We're piercing wisdom in a strange disguise.

IN OUR TOWN

Squire Everett Godwin, president of the Anti-Sports Roadster League, is raising a fund to buy shoes for girls who walk home.

WHO REMEMBERS

When a good road was one that a horse could pull a spring wagon through after a hard rain?

HE GETS AN EARFUL

The politician who keeps his ear to the ground is likely to hear some pretty dirty news.

SOMETIMES IT DOES.

The view of the advanced feminists is that the hand that rocks the cradle ought to rock the world.

HE'LL FIND WARS STILL HIGH-PRICED

John Bull in the China shop is not shopping. He's just looking at the price tags.

THE POINT OF VIEW

An idealist never understands
That the only way to get out of the world
What he wishes,
Is to get a strangle-hold on its neck
And take away from the world
What he wants.

A SHORT STORY

Harry Long, of counsel for the United States Shipping Board, received the following letter from a farmer acquaintance in the Middle-west:

"Dear Sir:

"My son, John, is no good on the farm and no good in town, so I thought you might like to have him for the navy. I've tried to make a man of him but all I've produced so far is a clothes-horse. I think he must be fitted for a naval career because he is not fitted for anything else. Maybe he'd make a pilot. Whenever his boss in the hardware store told him to clear up his work all he did was pile it. Perhaps the salt air would help him. He's been given the 'air' around here a lot of times and it never did him any good. If there is an opening, let me know and I'll have him drop in."

HALF-MINUTE ESSAY

The gold digger is the silliest work of Nature—sillier than the nine-toed bippus which walks backward to keep from stepping on itself.

She clothes her skin in the hides of other wild animals, but her mind is as bare as a Hottentot baby.

She toils not, but in her gilded carriage how she can spin!

She is seldom worried except when she doesn't know whom her next alimony is coming from.

And she believes everything comes to her who mates—if she does so often enough and the parties of the second part have money enough.

But a gold digger has her good qualities—she never wants anything but the best of it.

MINOR MUSINGS

They are called "speak-easies" because everybody speaks harshly about them.

* * *

The ideal man is an "ideaed" man.

* * *

Collecting bills is not hard. Most of us collect them but not so many pay them.

* * *

At least there was no war tax on admissions to the old-time medicine show.

* * *

The divorce lawyers put new ink in their fountain pens when a strong-willed man marries a strong "won't" woman.

* * *

A beautiful mental picture cannot be set in an ugly frame of mind.

* * *

Moving pictures are not always entertaining, especially at house-cleaning time.

* * *

Many still long for the good old days when they could get a good old daze.

WILBUR E. SUTTON.

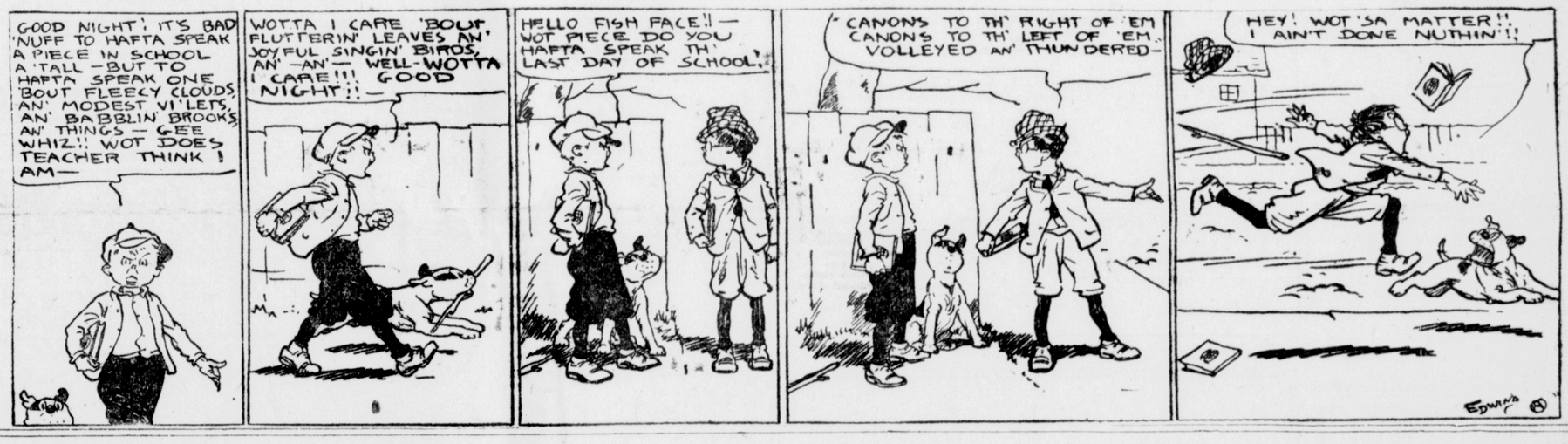
THE GUMPS—IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

ETTA KETT

by Robinson

"CAP" STUBBS—Cap'll Get Mad Pretty Soon

By Edwina



Goofer Dust

...THE MALTESE TWINS...
ALF AND RALPH IN A WRESTLING MATCH

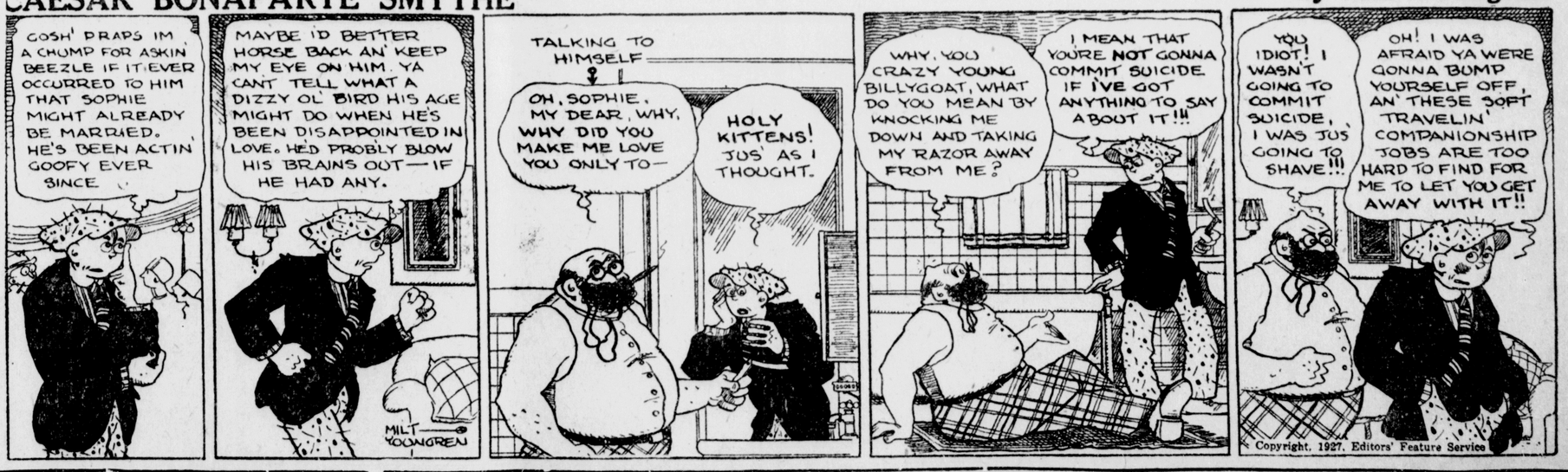
GIRLIETTES

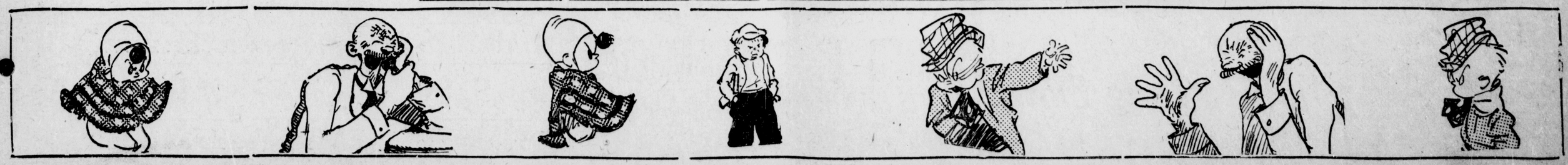
SKIPPY

by Percy Crosby

CAESAR BONAPARTE SMYTHE

by Milt Youngren





LINDBERGH'S DASH MOST DARING PLAN TO CROSS ATLANTIC

(Continued From Page 1)

tened; he plans to remain at Roosevelt field only a day or two, then dash eastward.

Quite alone, he will be cooped in the small cockpit where he will figure out his position during the thirty-hour grueling race. The cockpit is covered by a window, which will protect him from possible storms.

Lindbergh plans and expects to make Paris in about twenty-eight hours. So confident of his success is he that he intends to carry no radio sending apparati, although a collapsible boat will serve as part of his equipment.

Should unfavorable weather conditions be met, he figures the journey may require an additional six hours. Since his motor will burn approximately ten gallons of gasoline an hour, his cruising radius will be forty-two hours or 4,200 miles.

Pins Himself Awake.

The Ryan monoplane, the building of which Lindbergh has supervised at a factory here, is slightly larger than the stock model of the same make. Except for size and special care in building, it is the counterpart of dozens of others seen along western airways every day.

"How will you keep awake?" many people ask the flier every day visitors are admitted to the airdrome.

"Coffee and a pin," he remarks laconically.

The pin part of it may sound like a joke but he will carry several quarts of hot coffee; and unless plans are changed, a pin-pricking device will be fixed to the back of his back-rest. When he feels himself dozing away, he can start the pin, and with that jabbing in his back he will remain alert throughout the long night.

COLORED SINGERS GIVE "SPIRITUALS" AT UNION SERVICES

The Archie Harrod Concert Party, colored singers, will give a number of "spirituals" and reading at the union service of Xenia churches at the Friends Church, next Sunday evening. The Rev. D. A. Sellers of the First Reformed Church will preach.

Mr. Harrod, leader of the singers, was a caddy for President W. H. Taft at one time. For eight years he was messenger for Champ Clark who became interested in his musical ability and provided for his training. His repertoire includes concert singing, Negro spirituals, and readings from Paul Lawrence Dunbar. He is assisted by Matilda Walton, contralto.

The party has traveled extensively on the Chautauqua platform in America, England, Australia, Trinidad, the Bermudas and Hawaii.

The singers will give a fifteen-minute program preceding the sermon and close with a fifteen minute program after the sermon. A special offering will be taken at the close of the meeting for the singers. The public is cordially invited.

Relieve Constipation! Pleasurably! Abundantly!

Blackburn's CascaRoyal-Pills

"Better than Castor Oil"

15 Doses 15cts. - 45 Doses 30cts.

NOTICE

For the convenience of our customers, we are putting cut flowers and plants at Geyer's Book Shop for Saturday, May 7. You will receive the same courteous treatment accorded our customers at the main store,

101 W. Main St.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY KEEP WELL

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Here is Proof

St. Paul, Minn.—"Here is a little advice I would like to have you put in the papers," Mrs. Jack Lorberter of 704 Dellwood Place wrote to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company. "If young women want to keep their health and strength for the next thirty years of their lives, it is best to start in right now and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have tried the Compound myself and received fine results." In describing her condition before taking the Compound, she writes, "I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight, I used to lock the doors and pull down the shades so that nobody could see me." One day a booklet advertising the Vegetable Compound was left on her porch and she read it through. In so doing, she found a letter from a woman whose condition was similar to her own. "I bought the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Lorberter continued, "and have had fine results. The condition I was in made me a burden to my husband. Now I ask "How is housekeeping?" and he says, "It is just like being in Heaven!"

The Theatre

The successful race of a gearless motor against a fast trans-continental express train through the snows, floods and landslides of eight states is the thrilling situation in Priscilla Dean's new Metropolitan star picture "The Speeding Venus," at the Bijou Theater, Saturday.

In addition, Priscilla manages to crash into a plate glass window, overturn her car several times, cross railroad tracks a fraction of an instant before the train and otherwise fearlessly disport herself. "The Speeding Venus" is the fastest picture in which Priscilla Dean has ever been seen. It was so fast that the dynamic star was obliged to race eighty miles an hour in order to keep up with it. Robert Frazer is her leading man and Dale Fuller also takes a prominent part.

* * *

Screenland's foremost authority on feminine style—Adrian costume designer for the DeMille studio who recently completed an elaborate wardrobe for Leatrice Joy to wear in "Vanity" gives an ultimatum on what milady will wear this Spring.

The smallest Easter bonnets in history will make their appearance this season.

Skirts of modish costumes will be perceptibly longer.

Grays will remain the predominating Spring shades although graduated pastel tints also will be fashionable.

Decorative gauntlet gloves will be passe.

"Sleekness is the keynote of Spring style," said the designer. "Slender lines are emphasized as never before. The exceedingly tight-fitting creation of the milliners assures the stay of the bob. "Skirts will not be super-short, as in recent seasons," explained Adrian, "but will be long enough to give the designer opportunity to elaborate on the cut and style of the garments. Coats of delicate plaids and tweeds, either long or short, according to individual preference, will rule."

* * *

Greta Garbo's weeks of sulking and refusing to appear at the Metro studios, have availed her nothing, according to the Motion Picture Magazine. The immigration authorities decided that Greta would have to go to work or be deported. And then Greta appeared to awaken to the fact that America and a movie contract were better than deportation. She will begin work on "Anna Karenina" the story that caused her temperamental gesture and her desertion of the studios.

* * *

It is said that "Too Many Crooks" in which Mildred Davis Lloyd, wife of Harold Lloyd, appeared and which was in Xenia star sufficiently to hold her in this week, did not appeal to the the movies, after a long absence. She has announced that bringing up her young daughter, Gloria, will be her future career.

Klan Mother's Day Program

Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
At Tabernacle
East Third St.
Dayton Glee Club
Address by Rev. Smith
Brookville, Ohio
Public Invited

Bring Mother In

Next Sunday is Mother's Day. Bring Mother in and help her to select a becoming hat.

Smart hats of Silk, Hair and Milan—moderately priced.

Mother's Day Artificial White Carnations and White Violets

50c up.

Osterly Millinery

37 Green St.

Get Your Kodak Out

That camera of yours — get it out and load it up ready for that motor trip you're planning or those pictures of the youngsters that you've wanted so long.

Kodak Film in all sizes is ready for you here, as well as finishing of the quality kind.

Used By Champions

Full Pt. 75c

1-2 Pt. 45c

RUBBING ALCOHOL

The great rub-down that tones you up!

Makes new life leap through tired, aching muscles.

Prescribed by Physicians and used in homes, athletic clubs, Turkish baths and hospitals every where.

Special Sale

1-lb. ROLLS HOSPITAL COTTON

49c

Sterilized long fibre cotton for physicians and family use. A real bargain at this price. For one week only.

Sayre's Drug Store

Xenia, Ohio

BURNS' TWIN LOAF

THE BETTER LOAF

Also all kinds of Rolls and Pastries. Ask your grocer for Burns' Twin Loaf or get it at

BURNS BAKERY

113 E. Main St.

Watch For Our Saturday Specials.

Dead or Alive?

It's up to you! Baby chicks die because they're not fed right or cared for properly at the start. To stop chick losses we recommend BLATCHFORD'S Chick Mash (a buttermilk feed). Here's a mash that's easy to feed, costs less per chick, and raises the biggest percentage of chicks. Keeps them healthy and matures them quicker. So why experiment when you can be absolutely sure of best results? BLATCHFORD'S quality feeds are known everywhere as most efficient and dependable. Save the baby chicks—Make more profits—feed

Blatchford's CHICK MASH

Buy a bag and see the difference

$4.65 Per 100

The Xenia Hatcheries Co.
THE XENIA POULTRY FARMS

Phone 576 Xenia, O. P. O. Box 161

Compare

EXTRA SPECIAL!

We Offer

5

EMBOSSED HIGH-GRADE PAPERS suitable for Hall—Living Room or Dining Room for the Very Low Price of

7½c

Per Roll.

Compare

(No Advance in Border Price)
We Have Added Another Paper And Now Show 5 Papers for

2½c

Per Roll

(Border is 3c per Yard)
This is Not a Cheap "Skin Paper."

Compare

Plenty of Other Papers All at "The Lowest Price for the Complete Room."

FRED F. GRAHAM CO

17 & 19 South Whiteman St.
XENIA, OHIO.

FOR MOTHER

Make your gift for Mother's Day one that will bring both pleasure and comfort. We suggest reading or Clampo Lamps—Electric Fans, all sizes—Electric Toasters and Stoves —Electric Curling Irons—Electric Irons—Waffle Irons — Percolators.

See Our New Electric Oven Cooker

H. E. Eichman

ELECTRIC SHOP
52 W. Main St.

Highest Quality **KROGER'S** Lowest Prices

Veal SHOULDER ROAST Lb. **25c**
Choice Rib Chops lb. 30c Loin Roast lb. 30c

Beef CHUCK STEAK Lb. **25c**
Short Ribs lb. 15c

Pork Chops Lean End Cuts, pound 25c

FRESH CALLIES Fine for Roasting lb. 18c

BACON SUGAR CURED, 3 Pound Piece or More, A REAL BUY, Lb. 25c

SMOKED HAMS half or whole lb. 25c

JOWL BACON lb. 15c

PURE LARD, No. 10 Pail ... $1.25 CORN BEEF, Sliced, Lb. ... 30c

Bananas Luscious Yellow Ripe Fruit ..... 4 lbs. 25c

Grape Fruit Fancy Large 54 size Full of Juice ... 3 For 25c

ORANGES California Navels Sweet Juicy 216 Size 37c

LEMONS Large Juicy 360's doz. 20c

STRAWBERRIES Red Ripe quart 15c

POTATOES New Red Triumphs 5 lbs. 27c

ONIONS New Texas Yellows 3 lbs. 25c

Potatoes Round Whites U. S. No. 1 Grade A Low Price ..... 15 Lb Peck 49c

TOMATOES Fancy Red Ripe 2 lbs. 35c

CABBAGE Solid Heads 2 lbs. 15c

Peaches Clifton Brand New Low Price Large Can 15c

OLEO Eatmore, Per Pound ..... Churngold, per lb. 31c. 15c

MILK Country Club Tall Cans ..... 3 For 25c

Bread Country Club, Large or Twin Loaf ..... Pound Loaf 6c. Vienna 7c. 9c

GRAPE JUICE, Country Club, Pint Bottle 15c

Coffee Golden Santos, Per Lb. ..... Country Club, Steel cut, lb. 47c. 25c

SCREENS Adjustable Wood 24 x 37 each 49c

CAKES Cocoanut Bon Bons, Peanut Marshmallows, Milco Grahams Milco Pecan Marshmallows, Lb. 25c

SOAPCHIPS Kroger Large Box 15c

Special One regular 5c roll Clifton Toilet Paper given with each purchase of Waldorf at our prices of .... 3 Rolls 25c

WALL PAPER CLEANER Avondale 4 cans ... 25c

DEAN OF SERIAL WRITERS

IDAH M'GLONE GIBSON

Idah McGlone Gibson

The Biggest "Name" In The Business Of Writing American Newspaper Serials - Dean Of All American Serial Writers - Originator Of The First Confession Serial, Has Written Her Greatest Story

"My Son's Sweethearts"

Exclusively For This Newspaper

FOR YEARS MRS. GIBSON HAS FELT THAT IN THE DISCUSSION OF THE ROMANTIC AFFAIRS OF YOUNG PEOPLE, THE BOY HAS NEVER BEEN GIVEN THE "BREAK" HE DESERVES. HER NEW STORY IS A FRANK AND MODEST DISCUSSION OF THE HEART PROBLEMS OF THE YOUNG MAN OF TODAY. SHE WRITES FROM THE RICH EXPERIENCE OF A MOTHER.

THE SON

THE MOTHER

THIS NEW SERIAL IS THE STORY OF A MOTHER, SEARED BY THE MEMORY OF HER OWN BLASTED ROMANCE, AND HER ONLY SON, TO WHOM SHE HAS CONSECRATED HER LIFE. SHE DOES NOT APPROVE OF HIS CHOICE OF HIS FIRST "GIRL." IN HER ATTEMPT TO SAFEGUARD HIM IN HIS LOVE AFFAIRS, THE AUTHOR HAS REVEALED A FASCINATING PLOT.

PHIL AND LYRA

A GENEROUS OPENING INSTALLMENT OF THIS STORY ON SUCCEEDING PAGES AND EVERY DAY IN THE

THE Evening Gazette And The Morning Republican

(TURN OVER)

A Dramatic Story Of Mother Love

MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS

By Idah McGlone Gibson

PROLOGUE

INTO the white face of Anne Huntington Tracy—which looked like a paper mask that had been burned and would at a breath dissolve into ashes, there came a flame of vivid life. She half rose from the chaise longue at a light tap on her door.

With a low groan she fell back as it opened.

"What is it Nonnie?" she asked impatiently.

"The box from the Francine Shop, Madam," answered the maid.

As quickly as it were possible the woman raised her unwieldy form and almost snatched the dress box from the hands of the servant.

Opening it quickly she fairly poured out a gorgeous negligee of peach-colored chiffon velvet and Italian lace upon the floor.

At its delicate beauty a sudden hopeful smile curled her lips.

"Has Mr. Tracy arrived home?" she asked.

"I think, Madam, that Mr. Tracy opened the hall door as I tapped on yours."

"Hurry, Nonnie, get me into this," the woman commanded, "I want Mr. Tracy to see me only when I am looking as well as possible under the circumstances. Perhaps this gown will prove the Open Sesame to my lost good looks."

With her eyes still on the door, through which Anne Tracy seemed to expect her husband would come any minute, she held out the robe with the trembling fingers of one hand, while with the other she unfastened and dropped on the floor the one she had on.

As she stepped out of it, the maid slipped the new peach velvet garment over her mistress' black, wavy hair. As she felt its softness against her shoulders and arms a tremor of physical pleasure seemed to ripple over her entire body.

"It's very becoming to Madam," said the maid obsequiously.

Eagerly the woman went to the long cheval mirror at the other side of the room.

There had been expectation in her large gray eyes. But after the first glance she pulled down the faintly bluish lids until the heavy black lashes shut out even the scintillating anger which she had turned upon her maid after her view of herself in the glass.

"Why did you lie to me? Why did you make me think that I might possibly get something that would be becoming to me? You should have told me that nothing could be becoming to this ungainly body—that no tint could compliment the shallow complexion of my bloated face.

"Take it off immediately. It makes me look even worse than I really am."

The maid hurried to do her bidding, but before she even reached her mistress a gay voice called from outside the door: "Anne, my dear"—The door burst open and the man standing there, in one horrified glance took in the grotesque figure and turned away his eyes from the ones bright with tears that were pleadingly trying to find in his face a little crumb of comfort.

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY III was surprised. He had expected his wife to be lying down at this time, patiently awaiting the hour of her agony. He thought that he would go over and lightly touch her forehead with his lips, telling her that he would not be home to dinner.

"After all," he had told himself, as he drove home to dress for his dinner engagement with Sabra Welford, "a woman, when she marries must expect children." He himself was very proud and happy over the coming event. He could not understand why Anne should be so unresigned to what must be. It was a part of life—the only life which nature recognized in humanity.

Naturally he was quite annoyed to find Anne in this mood. It would make it harder to tell her that he was not going to have dinner at home.

He noticed the new negligee and was fully aware that she was trying to make herself more presentable to him, and he thought that probably at this very moment she was expecting him to take her in his arms and comfort her in her disappointment.

Surely she should not expect this, for he had told her many times, both before and after marriage, how he hated all ugliness, especially an "ugly woman," and that peach-colored negligee made her look worse than ever.

By what grim stroke of fate had the woman he had just left been wearing a peach-colored negligee?

It had enhanced Sabra's beauty a hundred times, while Anne—

"Poor Anne! I wonder if she will ever be slender and lovely again?" he said to himself and there was a good deal of pity in the question.

He had been silent a longer time than he had meant to be, but for the life of him he could not reach out and kiss the dry, feverish lips of the tortured woman standing before him after the recent touch of the dewey, rose leaf mouth of Sabra.

The tension was snapped by Anne's eyes brimming over and a sob that she could not suppress breaking the ugly silence.

"Don't cry, Anne. Don't cry. It's almost over now. Think how wonderful it will be to have a son. I would not want to live our lives without children."

"I would." The words issued from the woman's lips through clinched teeth.

"Of course you want children—every man does. It adds to his egotism as a masculine human being. You have none of the agony and pain. You will not have to give up your youth to minister to a baby—all that devolves upon the woman—all that is mine.

"However"—with a sigh she became, if not resigned, at least acquiscent—"I've got to go through with it, but I want you to know, Wynne, that I do not want this baby and I'll never be reconciled to the role of mother."

"You should have thought about this three years ago, when you married me, Anne."

"WELL, I did not. Why, I hardly thought of myself in the role of wife. I loved you and I wanted you. I wanted to be your sweetheart, and I only thought that to marry you would be a continual love making under the eaves of the church and approbation of society.

"Now look at me! This is what I have come to—something ugly and unlovable, some one who longs for you and yet who would hide away before your very eyes, while you, as you stand there, might be the symbol of the perpetual lover."

Phillip Wynne Tracy III felt the blood rush up to his sleek, dark brown hair. It was going to be deucedly hard to get away and yet it was almost physically impossible to stay here all the evening with Anne, especially when she was in this frame of mind. He wondered how he would tell her.

Fortunately or unfortunately, his wife seemed to notice for the first time that he had changed to his dinner coat.

"You are not going to leave me this evening are you, Wynne?" she asked, coming forward and putting her hand on his shoulder as though she would hold him even against his will.

Gently Wynne Tracy unloosed his wife's hand. "I am sorry, Anne, but I have got to go. There are some very influential banker clients in town and you know they always expect to be entertained."

For the life of him he could not meet her eyes and to cover this cowardice and make his excuse seem casual, he brought Anne's hands up to his lips and kissed them, one after the other. "Anne's hands were always beautiful, even more beautiful than Sabra's," he reflected.

Violently those kissed hands pushed his away. "Go, go, before I tell you what I think of a man who leaves a woman in my condition to bear all her suffering in loneliness."

At this he lashed himself into anger. "Yes, I will go, for you must know that you are unreasonable. I hope when I come back you will be in a pleasanter mood." He started forward as if to kiss her, but Anne Tracy had turned away from her husband and she did not move as he went out and shut the door noisily.

"Call the nurse," she said to the maid, who made her appearance the minute Mr. Tracy had left.

"Give me something to make me sleep," was her curt direction to the white clad woman who instantly prepared a dose of nervine.

"Leave me, both of you," was Anne's next command.

"But, madam," remonstrated her maid.

"You heard me—go."

Both women silently left the room. Anne threw herself on the bed in a passion of sobs, all the while tearing at the velvet and lace of her negligee.

The sobs grew fainter shortly and her hands less destructive as the sedative began to take effect.

* * *

Anne Tracy sat up in bed! For a moment she could not tell where she was. A peal of thunder that had seemed to shake the foundations of the house was still reverberating in the distance and an agonizing pain that had been convulsing her body was becoming less torturing.

SHE was not sure whether it was the pain or the shock of the lightning that had awakened her.

Beside her bed the telephone tinkled.

Nervously she picked it up and put the receiver to her ear.

"Let me speak to Mrs. Phillip Wynne Tracy," an excited voice commanded.

"This is Mrs. Tracy speaking."

"Mrs. Tracy this is the Morning Tribune. Have you heard nothing from your husband in the last few hours?"

"No, not since he went out to entertain some guests at dinner."

"Then we have some very bad news for you—" there was a slight hesitation at the other end of the wire.

"Yes, yes, what is it?"

"Your husband, Mrs. Tracy, was killed about ten minutes ago by a tree which had been struck by lightning falling on him. By strange coincidence his car was directly under it when it fell on the Pinehurst Road, just this side of the Pinehurst Roadhouse."

Queer what fantastic tricks one's brain will play upon one at such a time! Anne did not think for the moment of her dead husband; instead, she thought of the "visiting bankers" and asked quite calmly: "Was any one else hurt?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tracy. Mrs. Sabra Welford was also killed. We have just telephoned her husband."

The hand which held the receiver dropped slowly to Anne Tracy's side. An agonizing pain swept out everything but physical torture as she slowly sank to the floor.

* * *

Twenty-four hours later she opened her eyes. She was lying in her silken covered bed. In a hollow of her arm there rested a little fragrant bundle of flannel and lace. About her was the odor of anaesthetic. But above, and over it all, there rested an atmosphere of ineffable peace. Slowly her eyes traveled over the top of the bald satiny head; tenderly she smiled: "Oh, Baby, I DO want you! I could not live without you! How could I have been so wicked—forgive me—"

The nurse, hearing a murmuring sound, came to the bed. "It's all right, Mrs. Tracy. I have never seen a finer boy."

With this she picked up the tiny body and laid it close to the heart of the woman lying there.

With an ecstatic smile Anne Huntington Tracy closed her eyes for she felt the moist nuzzling mouth of her son against her breast.

The story begins seventeen years later tomorrow.

CHAPTER I

THE BLUE ROADSTER

ANNE HUNTINGTON TRACY threw up the window quickly and leaned out to look down the street up which in all the glory of an open cut-out and the noise of honking siren came a brilliant blue roadster at break-neck speed.

She caught her breath, however, for only a little way behind it a motorcycle was seen.

"Phil is going to get arrested the very first time he drives his car," Mrs. Tracy said to herself and then her attention was brought back to the boy at the wheel.

"Oh, Mum—Mum—I've got it—I've got it—isn't it a beauty?"

With almost as much enthusiasm as was the boy's Mrs. Tracy leaned further out of the window and waved her hand gayly at her son, Phillip Wynne Tracy IV.

It seemed to her that the greatest happening since her boy was born here in the old Tracy house at Flushing over seventeen years ago had come to pass. Her eyes were full of love and pride as she surveyed her son in all the glory of the blue roadster and its accompanying college-cut raccoon coat.

In the warmth of Phil's expansive smile—that smile which he had not yet learned was usually to bring him everything he wanted from men as well as women—she forgot the Law which was rapidly gaining on the roadster as it slowed down with a jerk and screech of brakes at the gate before the house.

The boy stood in the car and looked up at his mother in triumph. "At last I've got it," he shouted. "The guy who sold it to me said I was not to run it over twenty-five miles an hour until I had gone 500, but we fooled him. We came from the salesroom at a sixty-mile clip."

"We." The word seemed fairly to pop out at the woman in the window. She noticed now what had escaped her before. Peeping around the great raccoon coat from which her son's bare, sleek, brown head emerged was another head, also bare, its straight hair like corn silk put up in cap fashion and bound with a scarlet band.

At this moment the motorcycle policeman had dismounted at the blue roadster.

"Say, young fella, who do you think you are, anyway—the driver of an ambulance or the chief of the fire department?"

The boy turned a laughing face toward him.

"Hardly, officer. I couldn't have been going very fast. Don't you see this is a brand new car and no one is supposed to run a new car over twenty-five miles an hour?"

"Come off—come off—don't lie any more'n you have to. I just heard you call up to your mother that you'd been going sixty."

The boy hung his head.

IT was then the girl on the seat beside him took a hand. Her straight, scarlet mouth smiled trustfully and her lapis lazuli blue eyes looked almost black as she raised them to the man's face. "Have you got a car, Mr. Officer?" she asked.

He looked at her in surpise and answered gruffly: "Yes, I've got a flivver, but what's that got to do with it, young woman?"

"Nothing, only—only you see it's Wynne's first car and my first ride in it—you would not spoil all that for us, Mr. Officer, now would you?"

The man looked down into the two young faces so confidently raised to his and smiled reluctantly.

"Oh, go on with yer blarney, Miss. For you I'll let him off this time, but if I catch him at it again I'll run him in."

"Thank you, Mr. Officer—have a smoke?" Phil's hand was thrust in his great coat and came out with an ornate gold case which he held open to the policeman.

"No, thank you, my lad. I don't smoke cirgarettes and you should not either," the officer said gruffly as he stepped from the roadster's running board, mounted his motorcycle and rode off down the street.

Mrs. Tracy stepped back from the window. She wondered if Phil was going to bring Natlee Jones up. She wondered if he had forgotten that she had told him that today, when he would get his long delayed roadster, she had arranged to go with him to Arrowhead for dinner. She wondered when Phil had taken up Natlee again.

Ever since her son Phil was nine years old and Natlee Jones was eight they had had periods when they were inseparable and periods when they had apparently forgotten each other's existence.

From time to time Phil's attention would wander and during this last year of high school when he had been trying to do two years in one, his entire attention had been taken up with athletics and his studies.

She had noticed this with great pleasure and had told herself that next year when he would be in college he would probably completely break off any silly intimacy that he had with his childhood playmate.

Natlee Jones! whose father kept a dairy. Why Phil had first seen her when she was sitting on the front seat of a milk wagon driven by her father, who sometimes even now, although he had grown rich, delivered milk himself!

Surely this girl was not the sort that Phillip Wynne Tracy IV should be driving about with in his new roadster which had been ordered for him just before Christmas with the proviso that he was to make up one condition in time to enter the spring term at college.

HER thoughts were interrupted by the noisy entrance of her son.

"Here's Nat, Mum," he announced, as if the fact did not need an explanation. A quick glance from the girl, however, seemed to say that she knew better.

"I did not want to come, Mrs. Tracy——"

"Oh, shut up, Nat, you don't have to be polite. Mother, what's got into you? Whenever you come near Natlee lately you make her feel like a punctured balloon."

"Phillip!" "Wynne!"—his mother and Natlee both used the name by which they called him in unison.

"Well, Nat," said the boy in grieved tones, "you know you told me she did."

"I an sorry if I make Miss Natlee uncomfortable," said Mrs. Tracy in her most formal manner. "I am sure I do not mean to do so."

"There you go, Mum—that's just what I am trying to tell you. You never high-hatted Nat before and that's what makes her feel it now."

"I am sure, Phil, I had no intention 'high-hatting' (as you call it) Miss Natlee, but you must remember that you two are growing up and it is time that your childish familiarity should be put upon a more conventional basis."

The moment after Anne Tracy had said this she was sorry, for glancing at the clever little face before her, with its pointed, aggressive chin and curiosity-laden eyes, she knew that by calling attention to the thing she would have avoided she put into the quick brain of Natlee Jones something that had not been there before. She had in one moment erased from the girl's mind all the childish innocence, which up until now had characterized her youthful friendship with Phillip, and had placed in her mind self-consciousness.

Phillip, slower and more obtuse, evidently did not realize this, for he remonstrated vehemently when his mother said: "Well, take off your coats, children. I'll order dinner on the table shortly."

"Oh, Mum, this is a great day for me with my roadster and everything—I don't want to stay at home and

"Oh, baby, I do want you. I could not live without you."

just have eats, but I am broke and I thought I'd ask you for $10 so that I could take Nat out to Arrowhead."

WITH a clutching at her heart Anne Tracy thought, how like his father Phil is growing. He has forgotten all about her suggestion that when he got his car and the raccoon overcoat he so much wanted they should finish up his holiday together with a dinner at Arrowhead Inn. Only the name of the restaurant stuck in his memory and made him think it might be a good place to take Natlee.

The girl sensed something wrong from Mrs. Tracy's face and she spoke up quickly: "I am sure, Mrs. Tracy, that I don't want to go with Wynne if you don't want me to do so. I had made half a date with Rodney Maxwell for tonight, anyway."

"Oh, come off, Nat, you know you don't like that codfish. You know you told me when I stopped for you that you had never been to Arrowhead and we both decided that we had to begin to do things now that we're more grown up.

"Now, Mum, you see, you've already been thinking the same thing. You just told us so. Let me have the ten bucks, Mumsy," he coaxed.

Without a word Anne Tracy got from her pocketbook a $10 bill and placed it in her son's outstretched hand.

With a whoop of delight Phil clutched Natlee's hand and dragged her along while he shouted: "Come on, Nat, now we'll have a regular party."

"Don't stay out late," his mother called after him.

"We won't," Phil answered blithely—a moment later with a roar of open cut-out Phil and the blue roadster went tearing down the street on their way to a "regular party."

With a sigh Mrs. Tracy watched the car out of sight. Somehow the avid, curiosity-filled eyes and the aggressive little pointed chin of Natlee Jones haunted her.

As Anne Huntington Tracy sat down on the familiar couch chair she found herself wondering more than ever before what the years would bring forth.

What was to be the destiny of her son?

CHAPTER II

ANOTHER NIGHT OF ANXIETY FOR ANNE TRACY

AFTER Phil and Natlee were out of sight, Anne Tracy let her mind stray back to the birth of her son.

It had been some time since she had really thought much about the events of that night. Many years had elapsed since her husband's death and the birth of her boy had come back to her with such poignant emotions.

She felt as though she had never been very happy and tonight all her troubles seemed duplicating themselves.

Involuntarily she looked in the glass and smiled as she told herself that she was not living ONE thing over again—she certainly was not as ugly as she was that other night when her husband left her for a fairer woman. Her son had often told her she was better looking than any of the mothers of his friends.

She was deserted just the same now. The son of the man who had forgotten her in the past had tonight forgotten that she had expected to go out to dinner with him and had left happy and unconscious with a younger doll of a girl.

She went into her bedroom, removed her dinner dress and put on a negligee. It was pink and made her think of that peach-colored robe she had worn one night more than 17 years ago! She wondered idly what had become of that gown, as she only had a remembrance of tearing it off her body and throwing it down upon the floor. She had never seen it since.

She went to her mirror to look again and see if she really was good to look at. It was the first time since her boy was born that she had really taken account of herself. She had always groomed herself well and worn good clothes because dainty women did this almost unconsciously. She did not feel called upon to make a fetish of such things—they were just a part of her, that was all.

Tonight she scrutinized herself carefully and with a sigh of satisfaction she said: "Why, I am beautiful."

"I am still young enough to know romance in life," she confided to her mirror.

"You vowed to devote yourself to your boy the night he was born," the mirror seemed to say severely.

"But my son does not want me. Don't you know that he has cast me off this very evening for another?"

WITH this Anne Tracy turned away from the glass abruptly.

"You are a silly, cowardly, spineless thing," she accused herself. "You act like a child just because your son has gone to a dance and to eat with a pretty girl. Of course, he wants to be with those of his own age. Do you have to be little and mean as well as jealous of Natlee Jones? Your son will probably have a dozen sweethearts before he marries. Natlee is only a childhood playmate. Why, they both rode on the front of her father's milk wagons.

"For heaven's sake, don't indulge in self-pity. You have done that for too many years. You ought to know by this time that it is the most destructive thing in all the world."

But notwithstanding her sneer at herself, Anne Tracy could not help indulging in a little heart burning because of her loneliness.

To shake out of her mind all unhappy thoughts she determined to read. She picked up a volume that had been recommended to her by a friend who told her that the hero of the story made her think of Phil.

But even that interesting coincident could not hold her attention for long. Her mind kept wandering. She wondered if she had not been too indulgent with Phil. Perhaps she should not have given him the car. She would never forgive herself if he had an accident.

She got up, threw the book on the table. She could not read and it was useless to say that she must not worry.

She told herself that Phil was over 17 years old and that in his own mind he probably thought himself a man and she reminded herself that it was not any part of her plan to keep him tied to her apron strings. And then she asked herself was it her fear of his physical hurt that worried her so greatly and she was honest enough to acknowledge that she wished he had not taken Natlee Jones with him. She didn't want her son to fall in love with the daughter of her milkman.

"I must invite some 'nice' girls over—or better still, I will invite them to a theater party and a fox-trot afterward at one of the cafes," she told herself.

"Nice." Why was it that different words seemed to pop out at her every little while? What did she mean by "nice" girls? Surely Natlee Jones was a "nice" girl, if one used nice in a moral sense.

THE whole thing was that she, Anne Tracy, was afraid of Natlee Jones. She had seen tonight that this slip of a girl could influence her son more than his mother, for Natlee had not scrupled to tell her so when she had sweetly offered to stay away from the Arrowhead Inn if his mother had not wished Phil to go.

Would the girl have done this had she not been sure Phil would have insisted on her going in spite of his mother?

Anne Tracy got up and walked to the window as she told herself that she must not be suspicious. "The girl is cunning and pretty," she said aloud. "In the last few months that I have not seen her she has developed into a really lovely young woman and although she is a year younger than Phil she seems to have grown five years older in knowledge of the world lately."

Where did Natlee learn this? Was it one of the weapons that is put into the hands of a girl early so that she may fight more efficiently to her destiny of wife and motherhood?

Anne tried to think what kind of a girl she herself had been when she was Natlee's age and found that she had only the vaguest recollection of anything about herself before her marriage.

"Girls must have been different in my time."

She took refuge in the age old cry of every mother of a child, for each generation believes itself better than its children, while always the children know that they are better than their parents.

A worrying clock struck one.

Anne could not believe her ears. She walked over to the mantel on which it stood—yes, it was 1 o'clock—surely Phil should have been home long before this—she ought not to have given him that money—what if something had happened to him—if it had, she would never forgive herself.

Resolutely she made herself pick up her book again, but she turned its pages with unseeing eyes.

At last she could keep still no longer. She walked again to the window. The motor cars on the street before her house were becoming fewer. She looked across to that place on the other side of the drive which was called "the lovers' petting place." As she did so, in the moonlight before her two forms dissolved into one, a girl put her arms around the neck of the man beside her and raised her face to his.

QUICKLY Anne turned away. Was that what she had seen in the dark blue eyes of Natlee Jones? Had the girl begun to realize that there were other kinds of kisses besides the frankly innocent touching of the lips of childhood?

She tried to remember if she had invited her first kiss, but broke off to mutter, "Oh, why doesn't Phil come?" The clock was now striking two.

Impulsively she went to the telephone and called up Arrowhead Inn.

A man's voice answered her. "The last people went from here about an hour ago, madam."

"Yes—I noticed two, a boy and a girl dancing about and seeming very happy. The girl's long ropes of blonde hair dropped down her back and she did not even stop to put it up. Every one in the room remarked its beauty. They were among the last to leave, but they probably will be home very shortly now. Don't worry about your girl, madam—the boy looked like a manly lad—I'm sure she is perfectly safe with him."

"Thank you," Anne Tracy cut in and hung up the receiver abruptly.

Her lips curled into a wry smile as she wondered what the garrulous old fellow would have said if she had told him that she was not worrying about the girl, but the boy.

Again she went to the window. The drive was almost deserted now. Even the young lovers across the way had finished their last lingering kisses and left.

Something must have happened! Visions of a smashed car by the roadside and beside it Phillip's handsome boyish face upturned in the moonlight, unseeing and unconscious forevermore.

"I must do something—I must do something." She trembled at the sound of her voice. There was a tone so hopelessly futile in it for she realized that there was absolutely nothing to do but wait.

Startled she raised her head as the insistent clock struck three! Was that the hall door opening? "Phillip?"

"Yes, mother, why are you still up? I was trying to be quiet so as not to waken you."

"I could not sleep. You should not have stayed so late."

"Oh, Mum, don't be cross. I've had enough scoldings for one night. We were having such a good time. It's such a beautiful place, Mum. I never knew that Nat was such a good dancer and she was the prettiest girl there.

"Mum, I'm going to marry Natlee some day."

CHAPTER III

PHILLIP ANNOUNCES HIS ENGAGEMENT

ANNE TRACY managed to ask her son: "Have you already proposed to Natlee?"

"Yes, tonight. We decided that we could be married even before I went to college. It will make it so much nicer for you, Mum."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, we'll live with you, of course," he said confidently, "and you'll have company all the time I'm away. Then when I come back I'll go right into the office."

"Oh, you're going to work in an office, are you?"

"Of course. I'm going to carry on Dad's work just as soon as I can. I thought you always meant me to do that. I thought that was the reason you didn't sell out his business. Oh, Mum! wouldn't Dad have liked Natlee?"

Anne Tracy, remembering her husband's liking for any pretty girl, answered with more emphasis than she had spoken before: "He surely would, son."

Phil, quick to notice something different in his mother's voice and thinking its quality was due to her admiration of Natlee Jones' beauty rather than her recollection of her husband's admiration of all young girls, came over and put his arms about her.

"Mother, you are a queen. I told Natlee not to worry, you would come through. You'll go and see old Jones, won't you?"

"Why should I go to see Mr. Jones, Phil?"

"Oh, I forgot; I thought I had told you. Well, I guess it was a little late to take a girl home, but there was no need of her father's tearing his shirt about it, was there, Mum? You're not doing it, I notice.

"In the first place, Nat had no night key. Don't you think it's a shame for a girl old enough to be engaged to have to let the whole family know every time she comes in?"

"It is very probable, Phil, that Mr. Jones and his daughter have different opinions on the subject of how old a girl should be when she becomes engaged."

"Oh, I expect so, but what he thinks doesn't make any difference, you know. He probably wants her to be an old maid.

"Well, when we got almost to Nat's house she told me about the night key business and I saw she was awfully frightened. I told her not to worry—we would probably find a kitchen window unlocked and I would get in and open the door for her.

"We scouted around the place, and sure enough, we did find an open window. Nat wouldn't let me go in alone. She said if her father heard me he would take me for a burglar and probably shoot me.

"Honest, Mumsy, I didn't tell her, but I didn't like the idea of getting plugged a bit, so I didn't make any very great objections to her coming along.

WHEN I got the window up she wanted me to put her in and go away, but I couldn't do that, you know.

"I crowded through first and pulled her after me.

"We had gotten up the basement stairs and were doing fine, in fact, I was just ready to open the front door, when a voice bellowed from the upper staircase: 'Who's there?'

"'Only me, father,' said Nat, in the littlest voice I ever heard her use.

"'How'd you get in? What do you mean by staying out all hours of the night? You go right up to bed, young lady, and I'll settle with you in the morning.'

"'Phil let me in the kitchen window, Dad, and I'll come up as soon as I let him out.'

"'Phil! Do you mean Phil Tracy? Is he there with you?'

"I tell you I was scared, Mother, but I really couldn't help laughing when I saw beneath his cotton shirt the long, lean, hairy shanks of Mr. Jones start down the stairs.

"'Hurry, Phil. If Dad catches you I'm afraid he'll kill you. He's crazy mad.'

"'Will he hurt you, Nat?' I whispered as I fumbled with the door latch.

"'No, no!' she almost shrieked.

"Mr. Jones stumbled on the last step and that gave me time to get the door open. He almost caught me, though, and as I fairly slipped out of his hands he said: 'Get the hell out of here and don't you let me see your face around here again, you young whipper snapper.' He was so mad, Mother, that for once he forgot his religion."

Here Phillip stopped and looked as though he expected his mother to say something, but for the life of her she couldn't do it. Her mind had only taken in the awful news that he had told her so blithely.

So he was going to marry Natlee Jones and bring her into this house to live—this house where four generations of Tracys had been born and from which three had been buried.

It was ridiculous if it had not been tragic.

Suddenly she found her son was speaking. "I have been awfully selfish and kept you up until it is almost daylight. Go to bed now and we'll talk this out in the morning. Good night," he said, kissing her.

"Oh, Phil," she said, kissing him. "Don't marry any one until after college."

"That's what Natlee said, but I persuaded her that it would be better for all of us if you had her here while I was away, for you would be very lonely without me. Mother, did you ever notice her hair? Isn't it the loveliest you ever saw in your life? It reminded me tonight of spun gold. It is so beautiful that every time I looked at it I think I prayed that God would never let anything happen to Natlee's hair."

"There, there," said Anne. "I know now, that it is time for me to go to bed for you already have gone to sleep and are telling me your romantic dreams."

ALTHOUGH Anne Tracy joked her son a little, she was more touched by that worship of his sweetheart's lovely hair than she would have admitted to Phil. She bent down from the high step and looked into her boy's face. He was so handsome with his eyes alight with tenderness and reverence. Softly she drooped her head until her lips touched his roughened hair. "Good night, my son, I am glad you are home."

While she was having her breakfast in bed the next morning Nonnie, her maid, came in to say that Mr. Jones was in the hall and wished to see her.

"He said to tell you, madam, that he was here and would wait until he could see you."

"Has Mr. Phillip gone out, Nonnie?"

"Yes, madam, about an hour ago." "Hand me that mandarin coat. Clear all this breakfast out of the way. Spread up the bed and open the shutters wide. Then tell Mr. Jones to come in."

In a minute or two, before she had fairly gotten fixed upon her chaise longue by the window, he came.

He seemed somewhat embarrassed and Anne could not tell whether it was because he was not used to interviewing women in their bedrooms, or whether he did not know how to begin about Phil.

She would not help him, however. She did not even ask him to sit down. She just contented herself with saying: "You wanted to see me, Mr. Jones?" as though he were a perfect stranger.

"Yes, Mrs. Tracy. I had to see you this morning. I am only sorry that I am obliged to tell you instead of your husband what I have to say about your son. The business that I have come upon is a man's business."

"Oh, you need not be afraid to say anything to me that you want to about Phillip. You know I have been both his father and his mother since the night he was born. My son early recognized this and a little ceremony which he instituted when he could hardly talk made me understand that he had already an inkling of our unique relationship.

"Every morning when he came down to breakfast—at that time we breakfasted together—he used to hold out his hand as he passed my chair and say, 'Good morning, Father.'

"I would gravely answer: 'Good morning, Son.'

"That salutation ended, he would hold up his mouth for a kiss and with his arms tight about my neck and lips close to mine he would whisper: 'Good morning, Mother.'

"With a returning kiss I would say again: 'Good morning, Son'."

Mrs. Tracy became aware that she was talking against time and also against a stone wall. Mr. Jones did not want to hear anything about Phil's childhood. He had come to tell her something about his own child.

"Are you aware what time your son got home last night?" he barked out.

"It was this morning, Mr. Jones, about three o'clock when he arrived here."

"Do you know who was with him at that late hour?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones, your daughter was with him. I saw them drive away from here in Phil's new roadster which I gave him yesterday, about half past six last night."

At this, the man seemed to be consumed with rage. "So you let my daughter go with your son to that vile place? Well, I'll tell you now that I have forbidden my daughter to ever speak with your son again. No decent boy would take a girl to that den of sin and keep her there all hours of the night, making her disobey her mother, who had expressly forbidden her to go to any of these wicked dancing places. The first thing I know your son will be teaching my daughter to dance."

CHAPTER IV

PARENTAL CENSURE

"I DIDN'T dream for a moment, Mrs. Tracy, that you knew where your boy was last night any more than I knew where Natlee was. I wouldn't have believed any one had they told me you were actually allowing your son to go to these eating and drinking places. Why, for a minute my wife even thought she smelled liquor on Natlee's breath when she kissed her good-night. But my daughter denied it."

"But—but, Mr. Jones," spoke up Mrs. Tracy—

"After telling me that you knew where your son was taking my daughter," the man again interrupted, "I can listen to no excuses, and I tell you if I find him hanging around my girl in the future, I'll horsewhip him within an inch of his life."

"Surely Mr. Jones, you do not think my boy would hurt your girl in any way? At least I hope Phillip is a gentleman.

At last Phil's mother had been able to get a word in.

"I know he will not hurt my daughter," again put in the man, angrily, "for I shall take mighty good care that he doesn't have a chance.

"Phillip Wynne Tracy IV." Mr. Jones repeated the name with infinite scorn. "You pride yourself, madam, that your son is the fourth of his name, but I tell you I would not want to remind any one in this city of that name. You see I remember the night he was born and know how his father died. I knew his father and his grandfather before him.

"It's bad blood and bad character that you are so proud of, and I do not intend that my daughter shall ever have to purify one or bolster up the other."

At this Anne Tracy became as angry in her turn as was the shaking man in front of her.

"You need not worry, Mr. Jones, I don't think it ever entered my son's head that he would like to marry your daughter. The Tracys do not mate with Joneses. In the first place, Phil is too young to marry any girl. He must finish his education. And in the second place, when my son marries, he will marry a girl, I hope, in his own set."

"His own set," snorted Jones, "thank God my daughter does not belong to that dancing, drinking, pleasure mad group of young people.

"Natlee belongs to a God-fearing Christian family. Her mother has been very careful to bring her up in the way that she should go and I do not intend to have her immortal soul imperiled or in the slightest contaminated by an irresponsible waster like your son and his father before him. And I may as well tell you while I am here that you must get another milkman. After this morning I'll order my driver to deliver no more milk at your house."

ANNE TRACY'S sense of humor got the better of her anger. With a smile she said: "I really cannot see, Mr. Jones, just how the fact that some milk and cream from your dairy coming into this house will react for the worse on the character of your daughter."

"You may laugh, Mrs. Tracy, and make fun of me and my fatherly care of my daughter. I have found that all you rich folks laugh at the efforts of self-respecting Christian people when they try to keep their children away from the contamination and the wickedness that these idle youths are spreading in the world."

Anne Tracy arose. "I think we'll terminate this interview, Mr. Jones. We do not seem to be getting anywhere. Evidently, we don't speak the same language."

"Oh, I'll go quick enough, and I know I can't talk grand like you, but I hope to make this plain to you—if I find your son hanging around my daughter, I'll make his handsome face look like a milk rack. Tell him that for me."

"I'll tell him, Mr. Jones, never fear, and if I know Phil, as I think I do, your threat will probably make him think that he cannot get along without Natlee."

When Phillip returned that night and his mother told him what Mr. Jones had said, he grinned.

"Why didn't you tell him, Mother, that his daughter taught your innocent little boy a lot of new fox-trot steps last night and that she was quite the best dancer at Arrowhead. Much he or his wife knows what Natlee does when she is out of their sight, or what she thinks at any time. And if he thinks that I am going to keep away from her just because he has gotten it into his ivory dome that I am trying to coax her into eternal Hades, he has got another think coming.

"Why, Mum," a deep wave of color spread over Phil Tracy's face, "I am probably the only little Rollo she knows at the present moment." He made an elaborate pretense of picking up a thread from the carpet.

As he raised his head he said: "Well, it looks as though we're in pretty Dutch, doesn't it, mother? What are we going to do now?"

Mrs. Tracy smiled to see that her son had included her in his troubles.

"First, Phil, I think you must make Mr. Jones understand that you are not the terribly bad boy he thinks you are."

"I am afraid I'll never be able to do that. You see, mother, he probably has got it in his head that the man who marries Natlee must be a cross between John the beloved and Martin Luther, and however good you as my mother think I am, I know you realize that I cannot measure up to that."

"If that's the case, my dear, I'm afraid you'll have to forget Mr. Jones' daughter."

"You are very young, Phil," suggested Anne Tracy wistfully.

"I am old enough to know my own mind," he answered with masculine decision. "Why, mother, I've really never thought of any other girl but Natlee. Ever since I was old enough to ride on her father's milk wagon we've been playmates.

"HELP me to win her, mother. You know you have always given me everything I have wanted. Don't let that old nanny goat make you fall down on this."

"I'll make a bargain with you, Phillip," said his mother solemnly. "If you promise me to go to college this spring, if you still find at the end of your senior year that you know your own mind in regard to Natlee Jones, I'll do my best to make her father give her to you as your wife. In the meantime, you must not keep away from the other girls—daughters of my friends. I want you to know a lot of other girls, for only in that way can you make comparison. Only in that way will you surely know your own mind."

Out shot Phillip Tracy's hand. His mother clasped it. "I'll do it, mother, provided you do not ask me to give her up entirely. You must give Nat a show in the money. But pshaw! I know you'll play the game fair, as I will."

"But don't expect me to make love to any of these other girls."

Mrs. Tracy said nothing. She could not help thinking how much that last speech of Phillip's was like his father. Already the boy was getting an idea into his handsome head that he was the hunter and to him always belonged the spoils. Not yet had he subscribed to that theory, voiced by George Bernard Shaw, that it is always the woman who makes her choice.

Again she thought of that peculiar possessive gleam in Natlee Jones' lapis lazuli eyes.

"I think the first thing to do, Phil, is for us to give a party. When Mr. Jones hears of it he will think you have given up his daughter. I'll call it a farewell party before you go away to Yale."

"How are we going to get Natlee there, mother?" asked Phil, innocently.

A Dramatic Story Of Mother Love

MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS

By Idah McGlone Gibson

"I'm afraid you won't be able to have her there at all. Her people will never let her go to any party that your mother would give."

Mrs. Tracy hoped that her son did not detect any note of satisfaction in her voice, for she could not help feeling a little ashamed as Phil said instantly:

"I do wish Natlee could come, mother. I do not think she has ever been to a real party, the kind you and your friends give, in all her life."

FOR fear Phil might begin to suggest some way in which to smuggle Natlee in, Mrs. Tracy began to talk of the social details of the party.

"I think we had better have a dinner at the Biltmore. We should have about 12."

"Oh, I wish that Natlee was going to be there," said Phil. "I don't think you understand, mother, what a hard time she has at home, and sometimes I'm not as good to her as I might be. I forget that I am about the only friend she has who is any good.

"Lately I've been so interested in getting ready for college and picking out my new car and having that fur coat made that I guess I neglected her. In fact, I don't think that I would have even thought of her yesterday if she hadn't sent me this."

Phil pulled out a beautiful gold cigaret case from his inside coat pocket and handed it to his mother.

"I don't believe you can understand what that means, Mum," he said as Mrs. Tracy rather apathetically handed the case back to him with no comment. "Why that stingy old coot of a father of hers only gives her $5 a week spending money and then he tries to make her tell what she spends it for. He says she should put $3 of it in the savings bank. Of course, I don't know what this case cost, but Lucia Randolph gave Jerome Kenyon one not as large as this and contrived to tell him that she paid $40 for it. Natlee must have been saving for this, mother, for the last year; she could take out such a little of her allowance at a time. She never said a word, Mum, about my neglecting her, she just put inside this: 'With Natlee's love.' Don't you think that was sporting of her? You can bet the first thing I did when I got in this boat was to sail around there and mighty glad I am I did it, for maybe if I hadn't Rodney Maxwell would have copped her out, poor girl.

"Oh, why can't we arrange to have her at the party, Mum?"

CHAPTER V

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY IV GROWS UP

MRS. TRACY began to feel sorry for Phillip. For fear that he would finally persuade her that Natlee Jones in some way could attend his party she began again to talk of social details.

"Of course, Son, we must have Lucia Randolph," she declared, consulting her date book.

"All right," said Phil, rather reluctantly, "but you know, Mum, she's an awful counterfeit."

"Son, her father is the richest man in all New York who has a young lady daughter."

"And she never lets you forget the fact for an instant. She makes me sick. However, Jerome Kenyon is fussing around her or her money just at present and we can invite him to take her off our hands."

"Shall I invite Bernice Cameron, Phil?" His mother was pretty sure by now that he was going to find some fault with every girl invited, so she was not at all surprised when he said: "Bernice is pretty much of a highbrow, but if you invite old Bill Husted he probably will take some of the conceit out of her. You see he is cramming to be a college professor if he can only make the grade."

"Luella Carr," read Mrs. Tracy from her list.

"That little cat," exclaimed Phil, "she snubbed Natlee last night at Arrowhead and I know it was because Natlee looked better than she did. However, we've got to invite Jack Kilgore and he won't come without her, he's got a bad crush on her."

"That leaves Claire O'Donnell for Pierre Marquard," said Mrs. Tracy.

"It's too bad to pair Claire off with Pierre," said Phil, "for she is a good scout. She told me the other day that she thought Natlee was the prettiest girl she knew. Claire likes to dance, however, and Pierre is the best hoofer in the crowd."

Mrs. Tracy checked off the names and remarked: "I am going to invite my friend, Lyra Hilliard. She has wired me that she will be here tomorrow and I shall need a woman somewhere near my own age to keep me company among all you young people."

She looked over the list again. "We have forgotten Rodney Maxwell, Phillip."

"Oh, I expect we'll have to invite him. Just because he lived next door to us I've had to be bored with him more or less all my life. Sometimes I think he has an idea that he owns me. He's always advising me to do things I don't want to do."

A sudden smile lighted up Phil's face. "I'll tell you what, Mumm," he said mischievously, "he can take your elderly friend in to dinner."

"YOU'LL not call Lyra Hilliard elderly when you see her, Phil. Unless she has changed greatly in the last few years she will be younger than any other girl at the party. She has always been very popular with young people."

"I hate old women who try to be coy and young."

"She is younger than I am, Phil," said his mother, realizing for the first time that to a boy his mother is always old.

"Don't you remember her, Phil? She never makes me think of anything in the world so much as a brilliant, devouring flame with her gorgeous red hair, her red brown eyes, her lithe figure and her transparent skin that always seems lighted from within by an eternal fire."

"Good lord, Mother, I know I never saw any of your friends who were like that. You are making her out a lulu."

"Lyra Hilliard was, when last I saw her, the most beautiful woman I have even seen. I think I remember now that you were always at camp when she was here.

"Did you say she was married, Mum?"

"Yes—to a man much older than herself. As a girl she always said that she was going to marry money and when Spencer Hilliard, many times a millionaire, turned up, she annexed him."

"I would not think you would like

"Son—I prayed to the good God that he would help me bring you up in such a way that you would never make another woman as unhappy as your father made me."

that kind of a woman, Mother—you, whose marriage to my father was purely one of love."

For a moment Anne Tracy forgot herself. All the pent-up feeling of hurt that, she had stored in her heart for 17 years overflowed.

"Yes," she responded quickly, "I married your father because I loved him, but what did that marriage bring me? Nothing but loneliness, humiliation and grief.

"Phillip Wynne Tracy III never considered his wife for a moment when she interfered with his inclination, and you must have known, my son, although I have never spoken of it to you, that the very night you were born your father gayly went joy-riding with another woman.

"You have probably also heard before this that they were both killed while returning from a notorious roadhouse."

PITYINGLY the boy gathered his mother up into his arms. "Don't—don't tell me any more, Mother. Of course I have known it, but I did not think that you could hold such bitterness all these years. It was probably only an impulse on Father's part. You have often told me that he was gay, irresponsible, and full of life. Possibly he was bored."

This struck the bitter tinder of his mother's self-pity again.

"Yes, that was it," she flashed out. "He was bored with me because I had become logy, both in mind and body, because I was only waiting to bear you, my son—the child he was never to see. He wanted to pass over the time as quickly and pleasantly as possible. But what of me? Do you not think, Phillip, that your father should have gone at least a little way in trying to make my life at that time more comfortable? He didn't try. Instead, he left me alone with my thoughts while he went out seeking pleasure and forgetfulness because he was bored."

"Mother—please, Mother—"

"Oh, I expect it's indecent for a mother to tear great rents in the pride that a son should always feel toward his father, but some way your egotistic criticism of Lyra Hilliard just now made me see red. Have I been happier than she because I believed that love was all that was needed to make a marriage happy? I am almost ready to say to you, Son, that the woman who marries for love is laying up for herself a great unhappiness. She is sure to be disappointed."

"Mother, surely—"

Anne Tracy threw her arms convulsively about her son's neck.

"Phil, do you know what I vowed the first time I clasped your little helpless body to my breast—and I have renewed that vow in my prayers every day since—Son, I prayed to the good God that He would help me to bring you up in such a way that you would never make another woman as unhappy as your father made me."

Phillip Wynne Tracy IV never forgot the tragic story which his mother told him that morning. But his mother would have been horror stricken if she had realized that her impulsive confidence about Lyra Hilliard had changed her son from youth to manhood. At that time neither mother nor son had the slightest inkling that Anne Tracy had planted a queer kind of male curiosity in his mind with regard to women.

UP until this morning, Phillip had thought of women as something quite apart from the human family. He had classed them in his mind as mothers and sweethearts, who were potential wives—and other women.

True, he had heard much about these "other women" from his school companions, but in some way what he had heard had rather disgusted him. Today, however, his mother had given him an entirely new idea of those "other women" who had no relation to him except that of curiosity and sense. She had made him wonder if that woman with whom his father had been riding that night had been beautiful, with red hair, red brown eyes, and a white skin that looked as though it had been lighted by a flame from within.

He drew himself up and shook his head, as though he would clear his brain from this treason to his mother.

In doing so, he found he was facing the long mirror that was set in his closet door. He threw back his shoulders and laughed at the tall, handsome youth he saw there. He knew that he had grown up. His white teeth came together with a snap. Life was all before him and it only remained for him to bite into it and find it good!

He began to think of that party his mother was going to give, as a kaleidoscope of beautiful girls in lovely dresses making ever changing figures in the dance. There was a sound of barbaric music in his ears cut into here and there by the sensuous wail of the saxophone. Already he had forgotten his mother's tears. He was not concerned with the past. He had even forgotten the present. No thought of Natlee Jones entered his brain. His mind was storming along the paths of youth into the future.

"Yes," he told that strapping, grinning-faced individual in the mirror, "I am going to conquer the world."

He would annex to himself friends, fame, wealth and love! He was going to do great things. He would try for the football squad at Yale. He saw himself being carried on the shoulders of his admiring fraternity brothers off from the field where he had saved the day for his team! He was going to take up his father's work where he had left off. He was going to make a greater mark in the financial world than his father had ever done.

He walked closer to the mirror and ran his hand over the side of his face. "I expect I ought to begin to shave every day," he said to himself. "I think I'll buy a safety razor this morning."

CHAPTER VI

FLAMING YOUTH

"COME in," Phillip fairly shouted as some one tapped on his door.

"Mr. Phillip," said Nonnie, "Mrs. Tracy sent me to ask you if you would go to her room before you went out. She isn't well enough to get up this morning."

"Tell her that I will be right there."

The maid went out and shut the door softly.

Phillip rushed out to his sleeping porch. There was a little feathery snowflake here and there in the crisp air.

He quickly decided that it was cold enough to wear that raccoon coat which his mother had given him yesterday.

Back inside his room he slipped himself into its capacious depths.

Above its great collar his sleek head with his laughing eyes was the very reality of youth and pent up energy. Any mother might be proud of him—any girl could love him without effort.

Racing down the hall he knocked at his mother's door. Not waiting for her invitation to enter he opened it.

His mother was lying in bed, her eyes swollen and her face white and parched. Evidently the few hours that he had passed in dreamless sleep since they had parted the night before had been for his mother a time of torturing wakefulness.

"Have you anything particular to do this morning, dear boy?" she asked in a weak voice.

"Nothing of importance, Mum. I just thought I'd take the car out and get it warmed up and adjusted."

"Then will you go to the train and meet Mrs. Hilliard? My head is aching so badly that I positively cannot raise it from this pillow. Tell this to Lyra, Phillip, she will understand."

Phillip Wynne Tracy IV wondered why he suddenly found his raccoon coat so uncomfortably warm. He pulled it off with impatience and dropped it on the floor with a thud which made his mother wince.

"Is it very cold outside, Phillip?"

"I thought so a moment ago, but that fur coat is hotter than an oil stove in a cubby hole. I think perhaps I had better leave it at home."

"You'll probably need it in the car, Son, and you certainly do look fine in it. Lyra's train will be in about 12 o'clock. If you don't think you'll be bored you might take her some place to luncheon down town. That will give me time to get enough aspirin down to dull this agony and perhaps get a little sleep.

"I wouldn't ask you to do this, dear, if I were at all sure that Lyra would bore you. But she knows all about boys."

"Has she got any?"

"No, but she always has a string of them hanging around her. Her house is the meeting place for all the young people in her town."

WITH a groan Anne Tracy turned her head toward the other side of the bed and Phillip with a little light kiss on her hair just above the dampened bandage which she was readjusting over her eyes picked up his coat and left the room.

He wanted to whistle or sing, but he told himself that he couldn't do this with his mother enjoying a splitting headache. Looking at his wrist watch he found it was after 10.

When he got up this morning he had intended hanging around some of the haunts of Natlee. He wanted to see her and tell her what he had promised his mother.

He was quite sure that Natlee would consider the arrangement all right as she had suggested waiting until he had finished college. "We are very young," she had told him.

It was he who had been impatient last night. He it was who had insisted it was foolish to wait.

"I want to know that you belong to me, Natlee," he had said arrogantly. "I don't want any men hanging around you for the next four or five years."

Some way this morning this "belonging" business didn't seem quite so important. He decided to take a run out to the Country club and get back just in time to meet Mrs. Hilliard. He whistled as he took the roadster out of the garage and life looked very bright to him as he drove it down the street where he overtook Rodney Maxwell.

Instantly a plan sprung into his head.

He drew up to the curb with a great honking of his horn.

The youth in front turned around and stood stock still in the middle of the sidewalk, his eyes almost bursting from his head.

"Where did you get it, old dear? Where did you get it?" he exclaimed.

"I bought it yesterday, Rod."

Although he felt like a traitor to his mother to say this, he still had the thrill of making old Rod think that he was a person of means and able to buy his own automobiles.

"Gee, Wynnie, that's great, isn't it? I wish my guardian would buy me a car. He says I can't have one until I come home from college."

"Get in her, Rod, I want to talk to you. I want you to do me a favor."

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY IV shivered. He wished Rodney Maxwell would not always call him that childish name. If he hadn't wanted Rodney to do something for him he certainly would have made him understand that minute that to keep his friendship he would have to cut out the "Wynnie" business.

"Well, spill it, Wynne," said Rod after they had driven almost a mile in silence.

"You see, old man, Mother is pulling off a party—a kind of goodbye-mine-town-light-of-my-eyes-farewell affair before I go to Yale. I'm not strong for it, but women seem to like these things.

RODNEY MAXWELL looked up quickly at Phillip's man-of-the-world tone.

"Of course, if I must have a party in my honor I would want Natlee Jones there, but I took her out in the car the other night and we stayed at Arrowhead very late."

At the mention of Arrowhead Rod's eyes opened. Phillip pretended not to notice it.

"Mr. Jones threw a fit when I brought his daughter home and told me never to speak to Nat again as long as I lived, or as long as he lived, I don't know which.

"That would not have been so bad for you know, Rod, what he would say wouldn't make any difference to me, but he had to go over to the house and give Mother a song and dance about it. And would you believe it, Rod, he told her she would have to look for a new milkman.

"No wonder Nat has a hard time of it with a balmy old duck with no more sense of humor than that for a father. Fortunately, my mother could see the joke even if she is a woman.

"She laughed at him which, of course, made him more furious than ever. The consequence is that the Joneses and the Tracys have come to the parting of the ways. Little boy Wynne can no more have little girl friend Natlee to play with and little boy Wynne's mother can have no more of Daddy Jones' milk.

"Now here's the program, Rod. Mother wants you to come to the party and bring Nat with you. You can go over right away and make this perfectly clear to her. Tell her the reason why Mother does not send her an individual invitation is because she knows that old man Jones would not let his daughter go into a house which was not fit to receive the milk from his high-priced Jerseys.

"Fix up any sort of a plan, old top, that will be good enough to get Nat out with you.

"Don't say a word to Mother about the affair because she doesn't want to be in on it. Tell Nat to keep mum, too."

RODNEY MAXWELL eagerly acquiesced to everything that Phil proposed, and returning Phil dropped him near the girl's house and proceeded to the station where he arrived just as the train was coming in.

Standing a little to one side he watched the passengers get off.

Finally there came a slender woman very smartly dressed who looked about as though expecting some one.

"Why, she isn't young or very good looking," he said to himself disappointedly. Nevertheless, he started forward. "Is this Mrs. Hilliard?"

"Yes," the woman answered tonelessly. Then as she recognized Phillip her eyes lighted and her scarlet mouth curled up in a welcoming smile. "Why, you are a man—I must call you Mr. Tracy," she said. "Where's Anne?"

He caught a glimpse of that light from within that darted into her red brown eyes—he wondered to himself why he had called her old—she was young as love and as beautiful as his dream of bliss.

No girl had ever given him a look like that before.

"They always act as if I were so damned young," he said to himself.

"Mother said I was to take you somewhere for luncheon, Mrs. Hilliard, as her headache was so intense that she could not do anything nice for any one—not even you."

"I will tell her when I see her that she has done the nicest thing she possibly could do for me. I never dreamed that when I stepped off that boresome old train I should walk straight into a young man as satisfying as you."

CHAPTER VII

NATLEE JONES ALSO GROWS UP

RODNEY MAXWELL lounged against the big elm tree that had stood sentinel in front of the house across the street from the home of Natlee Jones ever since he could remember.

Rodney was not very happy, for he had loved Natlee quite as long as Wynne Tracy had but was coming now to understand that Natlee loved only Phil.

As children the three had grown up together forming a youthful triangle from the time that he and Wynne were 6 and Natlee was 5 years old.

Rodney, being a rather stolid boy of a one-track mind, had never swerved from his allegiance to her even when he recognized that Wynne has her first choice.

He seemed satisfied to take what Natlee gave him from time to time when Wynne had one of his periods of neglect.

The truth of the matter was that although Rodney Maxwell was yet too young to know it, he had a genius for friendship instead of love.

Such men go through life just "filling in"—they try to heal the wounded hearts and the pride of the girls their friends throw away—they even try to heal the breach between the girls they love and the friends to whom they give loyalty even while they disapprove of their thoughtlessness.

Rodney suspected nothing queer about taking Natlee's invitation to her in the peculiarly informal way that Phillip had given it to him.

It did not enter his mind that formal Mrs. Tracy would not invite any one to her house to a party through another person who was asked to say nothing about it even to her.

He had accepted Wynne's explanation without a shadow of a doubt that Mrs. Tracy had sent him to Natlee with the message.

From his vantage place at the old tree he saw her come out of the house and he called to her softly: "Oh, Nat."

He was surprised to find she had been crying. Her eyes were red and swollen. She did not answer him but silently pointed down the street and Rod, obeying the command as he had often done before, walked quickly ahead and turned the first corner.

AS soon as he was out of sight of house he slowed up and before he had gone half a block he was joined by the girl.

"Did Wynne send you to me, Rod?" was her first question.

"Yes—how did you know?"

"I thought it would be just like him to send you and just like you to come.

"He has not been near me since we went to Arrowhead Inn in his new car."

"He told me, Natlee, that your father had promised him a horse-whipping if he came to your house or your father saw you together."

"I never knew before that Wynne was a coward," the girl remarked, bitterly.

"He isn't Nat—he isn't," Rodney earnestly came to the rescue of his friend's reputation.

"He told me that threat of your father's meant nothing to him, but after your fussy old daddy had gone to his mother and spilled the beans he could hardly get into a row with your father over you again."

"In other words, Wynne does not think I am worth the risking of a fight!"

"What's the matter with you this morning Nat? You've got it all wrong. Wynne is thinking of you every minute and is willing to risk everything for you and so is his mother. That is the reason they sent me to you."

"I'm sure that's very nice of them," said she dryly.

"Don't be silly Nat," broke in Rodney with as much impatience as he ever used to any one.

"You know as well as I that Phillip Wynne Tracy IV thinks the world and all of you. Why, you and I are the only ones on earth he allows to call him 'Wynne.' You remember the day you said you were going to call him by his middle name and he answered that he wished both of us would, as that would make everyone understand that our three-cornered friendship was eternal and that we considered him our best friend—a little nearer than any of the rest of the boys and girls."

"Now look here Nat, be yourself for a minute. Wynne sent me to you with a wonderful plan. His mother is going to give a party to all the sons and daughters of her friends and she wants you to come."

"Does she—are the invitations out? I have not received mine yet. I don't think I'm really in line for that party anyway, Rod. You see, my dad is not Mrs. Anne Huntington Tracy's friend. He has only been her milkman for years."

"He is not that any more Nat," remarked Rodney with a grin. Then he told her that her father had refused to deliver any more milk to the Tracy residence.

NATLEE JONES grew almost hysterical as she alternatly laughed over her father's silly action and cried over his tyrannical ideas of his dignity as a father.

"You wait till I see him tonight, Rod, and I'll tell him that he can't act this way with me. I'll run away from home and earn my own living.

"No you won't Natlee—promise me you won't do that," pleaded Rodney, clasping both her hands as if he would himself keep her from that extreme.

"Well," he continued more calmly, "you can certainly see that after all this Mrs. Tracy could not risk another visit from your father after she had been spoken to in the insulting way he had talked to her the other day.

"Yes—yes—she—"

"Wait a minute Nat—don't be so darn quick to interrupt—you are altogether too suspicious. Mrs. Tracy likes you very much—I am sure of it—even if she may think you have been unfortunate in picking a father—"

"But Rod—"

"Shut up girl until I tell you what she has done.

"I'm to come over for you the night of the party—or better still, you are to tell your folks that you are going to stay all night with one of the girls and I'll go after you there."

"I never lie to my father and mother, Rodney," Natlee again interrupted him.

"Well, you needn't lie now, need you? I'll arrange for you to stay all night with some one of the other girls who are going."

"But I don't know any of those society girls well enough for that."

"I'm sure some one is going that you know. Claire O'Donnell told me the other day that she thought you were the prettiest girl in town and that she was going to have you at her next party."

NATLEE JONES' scarlet mouth grew mutinous and her dark

"Why, you're a man! I must call you Mr. Tracy."

blue eyes showed the fire of hurt pride in their luminous depths.

"I hope you thanked her for her kindness and consideration of me, Rod."

"Look here, Nat, I ought to go away and just let you make yourself miserable."

"Why don't you, Rod?"

"Because I guess I'm not built that way—I can't bear to see any one I love suffer."

That answer drew a quick, furtive glance from the tear-suffused eyes partly hidden under Natlee's curling lashes.

With a quick change of mood she said: "Tell me all about Mrs.—what Wynne wants me to do, Rod. I'll listen without interrupting again."

"Glad you have come to your senses at last. It's this way. I'm to bring you to the party and your father need not know that you have been to Wynne's house at all."

"Are you sure, Rod, that this is Mrs. Tracy's plan?"

"There you go again—you said you were not going to interrupt," said Rod impatiently. "Of course I'm sure it's her plan. You see she does it in the way so you will be sure to get there. She's afraid if she sent you a formal invitation your father would never let you go.

"If I fix it up with Claire you'll go won't you, Natlee?"

"I won't bother Miss O'Donnell, Rod. If I go I'll get Aunt Julia to let me go to her home and stay the rest of the night after the party and you can come for me there."

"Are you sure it will be all right, Natlee?"

"Perfectly. Aunt Julia is not so old that she has forgotten that she once was young. I'll tell her the whole story and I know that she will think that dad is unreasonable.

"You're a brick, Natlee, and I know you are going to have a great time at the party. It's going to be a wonderful dinner dance and I am sure that Mrs. Tracy and Wynne would not have it if they thought you could not be there. I must be off now to find Wynne and tell him the good news."

"Where are you going to meet him?"

"I expect that he will be at his own home by this time. His mother has sent him to the station to meet some one of her friends who is going to visit at her house for a while. I don't envy Wynne—he's slated to cart around some too-fat or too-thin middle-aged dame who will probably tell him that he reminds her of her little boy who died six years ago."

"What makes you think that, Rod?"

"I didn't think it, Natlee—I only wanted to see the color of your eyes when you opened them before your mouth smiled."

Natlee Jones gave Rodney Maxwell a comprehending glance—she, too, had grown up.

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE'S DELICIOUS PAIN

AS Phillip Wynne Tracy IV helped his mother's friend into his roadster and wrapped the robe about her he was distractingly aware of slender ankles in the thinnest of thin stockings and of tiny feet whose insteps were completely covered with shining cut steel buckles.

To hide his embarrassment he stopped a moment to light a cigaret. Over the flaring match he saw the face of Lyra Hilliard.

It was not the kind of face he had expected to find, particularly from his mother's intriguing description.

At that moment she was looking straight ahead and there was a peculiar, almost childish, wistfulness in the red brown eyes that made him want to press her head down on his fur-coated breast and let her weep while he quoted something about "There, little girl, don't cry—they have broken your doll I know." Then he blushed, for he was thinking that a man could write a book of poems not only about her wistful eyes, but of her slender ankles as well.

"Where are you going to take me, man?" she interrupted his thoughts as she nestled toward him.

"Why, I thought you were hungry," Phillip answered with boyish directness.

"Of course, you were polite about it and very flattering. You suggested that you were pleased to lunch with me because I was, but I knew that you were pleased because you are hungry. I knew what you meant."

"Did you?" she asked, turning her face toward him and the glorious brown eyes stared disconcertingly into his. "I wonder—if you did?"

Phillip did not answer unless an involuntary movement toward her was an answer. A fierce emotion of rebellion came into his consciousness. Why had he been born too late? Up until this morning he had never thought that love was anything like what he was feeling now—nothing that he had ever felt for Natlee had prepared him for this terrible pain and breathless joy that were so much alike he could not separate them.

HE drew up at the restaurant door and for one blissful moment she dropped into his arms as she stumbled out of the roadster.

"How strong you are!" she whispered as she straightened up beside him. "I would have fallen in my awkwardness if you hadn't caught me."

"It was nothing," he answered gruffly. "I just happened to be there and the doorman was not—that was all."

As though to steady her up the steps he put his hand upon her arm and again he was sure he felt her lean—if ever so lightly—upon him.

With great pride he led her across the room, passing a table where Jerome Kenyon, Bill Husted and Jack Kilgore were sitting.

These youths were all older than Phil. They had been at college a year and sometimes he had felt that they looked upon him almost as a baby—well—they wouldn't do this any more. He caught that by the lifting of Bill Husted's eyebrows and the surprised, if low tones, with which Jerome Kenyon exclaimed, "Look who's here."

He could, however, have killed them gleefully, for they arose formally as he and Mrs. Hilliard came abreast of their table saying, "Hello, Phil, we're just lunching. Won't you join us?"

He turned to Mrs. Hilliard politely. She, of course, could do nothing else but accept their damned invitation.

In the meantime there was a little confusion over introductions and getting chairs and plates adjusted at the table. Then, much to his chagrin, he found himself across from Mrs. Hilliard, while she was seated between Jerome and Jack.

He wanted to get up and punch their faces, which were plastered all over with triumphant grins, but he was a little comforted when he found that the red brown eyes had pirated around the table to where he sat and picked up his eyes and in some way taken them back to herself. All the while she had on her mouth a rather amused, absent-minded smile.

"I never expected to have the joy of lunching with four handsome young men," she exclaimed to Jack Kilgore after Jerome Kenyon had ordered the chicken a la king and salad. "Already I can see where every girl in the room is hating me.

"I've never asked much in the way of a reputation, but from the looks of that young woman over there I know that little will be taken away from me in this town before I have hardly arrived."

All the others hastened to tell her that that could not possibly happen and assured her that her reputation was perfectly secure from any jealous hurt, but Phillip kept silet, his eyes still on her face.

"Do you all dance?" she suddenly asked.

They answered with enthusiasm and in unison, "Yes."

"Well, if that's the case I shall expect at least one of you to be at every party to which I am invited and rescue me from the bridge tables, where most of my hostesses will probably think I belong.

"I WILL not play bridge. I may be older than some of those who are younger (she said this with a sly smile), but I shall insist that one and all of you will lie like gentlemen and say both to yourselves and everyone else that I am not old enough to settle down to cards."

"You can count on me," said Bill Husted. "And me—" "And me—" added Jerry Kenyon and Jack Kilgore.

Mrs. Hilliard lifted her eyes to his face. He thought he detected a look of disappointment and was glad.

"Speaking of dancing, Mrs. Hilliard, Mother is not going to set you down to bridge. She is going to give you a dinner dance next week."

All the others at the table groaned and Bill Husted said: "Of course, she will invite only her own friends to that, and you, Phil, will be lucky enough to dance with Mrs. Hilliard while we cool our heels outside looking in."

"Oh, don't you worry—you'll all be given a chance—Mother and Mrs. Hilliard will be the only—" he stopped and stammered, for he found he had been going to say "middle-aged women there."

Lyra Hilliard looked quickly at Phillip and then at the others around the table. Her mouth drooped as she realized how young they were.

"Who's your mother going to invite, Phil?" asked Jack Kilgore.

"All you fellows, of course, besides Rod Maxwell and Pierre Marquart," he answered, hoping that they would not ask about the girls. He couldn't tell them that Natlee was coming—neither could he let them into his plan, for now he did not want Rod to bring her.

He thought he would get away from the table as soon as possible and see Rod again. If he had not already seen Natlee he would call the whole thing off. He would tell Rod that his mother had decided, after thinking over what Mr. Jones had said, both to her and to her son, that she could not consistently have anything to do with any of his family.

HE looked across the table to Mrs. Hilliard.

She arose and immediately they left, in spite of all the efforts of the others to detain them. As it was, the fellows all followed them out to the car. He was glad that not one of them mentioned it—it showed that they envied him.

And truly he was to be envied, for a moment later, as they drove away, Lyra Hilliard turned to him and said: "They're nice boys, your friends, but some way they strike me as playing at being grown up. They do not have that man-of-the-world air which always fascinates me."

Phillip found his spirits fagging as they drove slowly home, for he knew that when they arrived he would have to share Lyra Hilliard with his mother.

He told himself that he had hardly had her long enough yet to get used to that wild thing she had put in place in his heart.

He was not any happier to see Rod and Natlee coming out of Millard's together, for he knew it was too late—Rod had already asked her to go to the party with him.

He was doubly sure of this by the smiles and waving hands with which they both greeted him.

"Who was that beautiful girl?" asked Mrs. Hilliard.

"That's Natlee Jones," he answered. "She, Rodney Maxwell, who was with her, and myself have been playmates all our lives."

"And you do not mean to tell me that you have never fallen in love with her—why haven't you?"

"I expect it's because I have never tried."

"Dear man, haven't you learned yet that nobody ever falls in love with anybody if he tries to do so. You wake up some morning or go to bed some night, as the case may be, head over heels in love—you don't know how, when or where you got that way—you only know that one of Cupid's arrows is sticking in your heart and is giving you the most delicious pain you ever knew."

"Yes—I've learned that, but so lately that I am afraid I was not sure of it until you told me, Mrs. Hilliard. There is Mother on the steps and it is half past three. She has probably been worrying for fear I have killed you in an accident."

"More likely Anne thinks that I have kidnaped her son."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Mother, you're a queen. I told Natlee not to worry—you'd come through."

HER MAN

FOREVER MATED

by BEATRICE BURTON

author of "Love Bound"

© JOHNSON FEATURES INC. 1926

"NO, I HAVEN'T LEFT HIM. I'M JUST GIVING HIM TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER," SHE EXPLAINED

CHAPTER LII

AT first Sylvia thought that he was talking to Mother Phelps. For he was saying something about putting up a bathroom shelf, and he often did little odd jobs like that for her.

"Yeah, I think a glass one would be best," Sylvia heard him say into the telephone, "I'll get one for you and put it up, tomorrow, if you like."

Then there was a pause. Then Ranny's voice again: "All right, I'll tell her. You know how much we enjoy having you. Goodnight, Babs."

Babs! So he was putting up bath room shelves for her, now, was he? Sylvia found herself saying "Humph," like Aunt Agony, as she softly shut the door, and scurried back to her chair.

When Ranny came into the room a half minute later, she was sitting in her chair, looking as if she had never stirred while he was out of the room.

"That was Babs on the 'phone," he said, picking up his book. "Poor little kid, she's awfully lonely over there in that flat. She wants to come back here for the week-end, so I told her we'd be glad to have her. That was all right, wasn't it?

have her here this week."

She looked at him, wistfully—Didn't he want to have a few days alone with her, for a change? Wasn't he weary of having a third person around the house all the time?

He shrugged his shoulders, as he sat down in his chair on the other side of the lamplit table.

"Well, I guess we'll have to have her this time," he answered carelessly, "I've told her to come, now. I said I'd drop around for her about four, tomorrow afternoon."

Sylvia groaned—So she'd have to spend another evening alone with a book, while Ranny and Babs sat on the davenport busy with their works on architecture. Another evening of Babs' chatter.

"I'm going to call up Peter Wilk," she said, jumping up, "I'm going to ask him to take her to a movie tomorrow night. That'll get her out of the house for a few hours anyway."

Ranny laughed unpleasantly. "You told me a couple of weeks ago that you adored Babs," he reminded her. "You could hardly wait for her to get here, when she wrote that she was coming."

Sylvia went out into the hall and telephoned Peter.

"Well, what did your friend, the Purity Squad, have to say?" Ranny asked when she came back into the room. "After I kicked him out of the house the other night, I don't imagine he's so wild about coming here, again."

"He said he'd take her," Sylvia told him, "and then added mischievously, "Peter would do 'most anything for me."

Sometimes she thought it would be a good thing if Ranny did know how much Peter thought of her.

* * *

The next afternoon, Sylvia was burning old newspapers in the incinerator behind the garage when Ranny drove into the yard with Babs.

She was not expecting them for an hour, and she was still wearing a calico morning dress and a sweeping-cap. Her face and hands were dirty.

"Oo-ooh!" she said to herself, "I musn't let Ranny see me looking like this."

She kept perfectly still, and waited for them to leave the yard, so that she could slip in at the back door and run upstairs to wash and dress.

She heard Ranny open the garage doors, and drive the car into it.

"Did you bring one bag or two?" he asked, and Babs began to laugh.

"You ought to know I brought only one. You put it in the car for me," she gurgled. "You're getting to be like me—I forget everything when I'm with you. Do you know it."

There was no answer from Ranny, but Sylvia could imagine the way he was probably smiling at Babs with those blue-gray eyes of his. He never had been able to resist a woman who "made a play" for him.

Like a woman of ice, Sylvia stood perfectly still until they vanished around the corner of the house. Then she flew into the house, and ran up the back stairs to the bathroom.

She bathed and dressed herself as carefully as she had years ago, when she had been engaged to Ranny. There was no little trick of woman-daintiness that she forgot that night.

She perfumed herself, and brushed her thick hair until it was like satin in all its deep, burnished waves. She was as pale as white coral with her excitement, and she needed no rouge for the red coral of her mouth.

"Why is it that I can't hold my own husband?" she wondered, for the hundredth time in her married life, as she looked at herself when she was ready to go downstairs.

There was no answer to her question.

None that she could find at any rate.

All around her, the house was proof of her good house-keeping. It was as neat as a pin, and it had that clean, bright, cheerful look that only a real wife and mother can give to a house.

The baby was warm and sweet as a rose, in her little crib.

Sylvia knew that when she went down to the kitchen, the well-trained little housemaid would have the bottle of milk warming.

The dinner was on the stove, and Sylvia had made the salad and the dessert that morning.

Everything was in beautiful order, even to the clean shirts and pressed ties in Ranny's chiffonier drawers, and the neat row of shoes in his clothes closet.

"I know I'm a good wife," Sylvia found herself saying to her own lovely reflection in the glass of her toilet-table, "I know I am."

She knew that most people liked her, too. As Peter Wilk often said—"There's some sense to Sylvia. She can talk something besides baby-clatter."—She could sing, too, only Ranny didn't like her to sing. He was jealous of her voice. He didn't want any wife of his to get a lot of public attention, so he said. A woman's place was in the home. Absolutely.

* * *

Sylvia turned off the light in her bedroom, and started down the stairs. They were carpeted thickly, and she made no noise as she went down through the twilight.

The living-room was in half-darkness.

Near the one lighted lamp, stood Ranny and Babs Delano.

Her hands were on his arms, and her mouth was raised to his. Whether he had just kissed her, or whether he was going to, Sylvia never found out.

As she came into the room, Ranny saw her. His arms dropped from Babs' waist, and the two sprang apart. Babs sagged down into a little chair—a little rocker that Sylvia often sat in, when she lulled the baby to sleep. She tried to laugh and failed.

Sylvia walked past Ranny, now, and faced the woman who sat in the little rocker.

"Get up, Babs," she said, "put on your hat, I'll get it for you."

She ran up the stairs, and picked up Babs' wraps from the bed where she had slung them. Her bag stood on the floor. She carried that downstairs, too.

Ranny was waiting for her in the dusk of the front hall.

"Slyvy, don't act like this," he said, and put out a hand to touch her.

"You'll always be sorry, if you let Babs go like this."

But she drew herself away from him, and opened the door that led to the porch. There she dropped Babs' bag, and came back into the house leaving the door open.

Ranny saw that she meant business.

He turned to Babs, who was silently putting on her coat and hat.

"Wait on the porch for me," he said to her, "I'll get the car—"

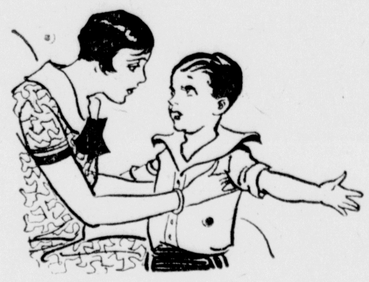
But Sylvia stopped him. She put out her arm and barred his path.

"Wait!" she cried. All her meekness and oftness were gone now. Here was a woman—a primitive woman—fighting for her own. F[illegible] man.

"Listen!" she went on, and even in the half darkness the man who faced her, could see the flashing of eyes in her white face. "If you walk out of that door with Babs Delano, I shall not be here when you come back! —I mean what I say."

If she had been in a hand-to-hand battle with Babs, she could not have struggled harder to hold Ranny than she was, now, as she stood there waiting for his answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Once Upon a Time—"

A little boy asked his mother

"WHAT SHALL WE PLAY NEXT?"

MOTHERS and Fathers who have heard this question (and what Mother or Father has not?) will be interested in our new Children's Feature, starting in a few days. You will find the answer in:

THE RITZIES

By Flo' Frederick

You and your children will enjoy The Ritzies, because they're

ENTERTAINING
FULL OF ACTION
AMUSING
INSTRUCTIVE

And, above all, because they supply new, practical, play ideas for the youngsters' spare hours.

THE RITZIES

Are Coming Tomorrow

The Evening Gazette-The Morning Republican

"My Son's Sweethearts"

A Dramatic Story Of A Mother's Love For Her Son

BEGINS IN THIS NEWSPAPER TODAY

SHOULD A MOTHER ENCOURAGE AN INTIMACY BETWEEN HER EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON AND A CAPRICIOUS WOMAN OF THIRTY-FIVE?

READ THE ANSWER IN IDAH M'GLONE GIBSON'S GREAT AMERICAN STORY. MRS. GIBSON HAS WRITTEN A STORY WHICH EVERY MOTHER, SON AND DAUGHTER SHOULD READ.

NATALIE—PHIL—LYRA

NATALIE, THE LOVELY, PRACTICAL SCHOOLMATE AND SWEETHEART OF PHIL. LYRA, THE CAPRICIOUS, FASCINATING FLIRT OF THIRTY-FIVE, WHOSE DESIRE FOR ADMIRATION AND THE SATISFACTION OF HER VANITY PARTS THE YOUTHFUL LOVERS. PHIL, THE SON OF A WONDERFUL MOTHER, WHO IS EASY PREY FOR THE "VAMPING" LYRA, AND WHOSE IDEAS OF WOMEN ARE COMPLETELY CHANGED BECAUSE OF HER.

BEGIN READING IT TODAY IN THE

Evening Gazette The Morning Republican

Greene County's Own Daily Newspaper

THE EVENING GAZETTE

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH NEWS SERVICE

FINAL EDITION

WEATHER—Probably showers today and Saturday; not much change. FOURTEEN PAGES XENIA, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1927 VOL. XLVI. NO. 109. PRICE THREE CENTS

RELENTLESS FLOOD IS UNCURBED

KIDNAPER IS KILLED BY POLICE

TWO OTHERS CAUGHT AS POLICE UNEARTH LARGE RANSOM PLOT

Connect Pair With Chicago Gang Of Kidnapers

NEW YORK, May 6.—With one alleged kidnaper dead, and two others under arrest, Abraham Scharlin and James H. Taylor, the kidnaped victims, were released mysteriously today.

Scharlin and Taylor were immediately brought to police headquarters to identify Charles Kraemer and David Berman, the two men arrested after their alleged comrade Joseph Marcus was shot and killed by a policeman.

Marcus was said by police to have been a member of a Chicago kidnaping gang and it is believed that the present kidnaping plot may show connections with recent kidnapings in the Mid-Western city.

Police believe the kidnapers may be the same gang that spirited away Jacob Adler and Frank Galello, Chicago cafe owners and released them after payment of a $100,000 ransom, and who also tried to kidnap the children of Charles H. Schweppe of Lake Forest, Ill., for $1,000,000 tribute.

Scharlin was lured away from him home by a telephone call, and his family later was informed he was being held for $400,000 ransom. Subsequently, this amount was reduced to $20,000. Taylor disappeared the same day. It was Taylor's signature on the checks found in Kramer's pocket which led to the kidnaping theory. Police trailed Marcus through the telephone calls, and traced him and Berman for several hours yesterday before the shooting affray took place.

Belief that the kidnapers were also working in Philadelphia was raised because the demands for Scharlin's ransom received by his family stipulated the money was to be sent to a place in the Pennsylvania city.

Berman, arrested when Marcus was killed, is wanted by Chicago authorities for a post office robbery in Superior, Wis., police said.

SOME WHEAT FIELDS EXEMPT SAYS TRUAX

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—All Ohio wheat fields in the area quarantined for European corn borer, carrying less than one per cent infestation, will be exempted from compulsory control, according to announcement made today by Charles V. Truax, state director of agriculture.

Truax explained that federal authorities stated this was necessary because cleanup work was delayed by weather conditions and that wheat had grown to such an extent that additional cleaning up would seriously damage the wheat.

Farmers who cleaned up their wheat fields, however, will be titled to extra labor compensation, Truax said.

OFFER AMNESTY TO NICARAGUA REBELS

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, May 6.—President Diaquaz today issued a decree of general amnesty for all rebels who lay down their arms and promised liberation for all political prisoners. The insurrectionists who refuse to deliver up their arms will be punished, it was announced.

Gen. Jose Moncada, commander in chief of the liberal armies, announced his willingness to quit fighting against the Diaz government. So far no written peace treaty has been effected between the warring factions, but it is believed that the war is at an end.

CORSET SALESMAN WILL ASSIST GRAY

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Declaring that he would "do anything to help Gray, his wife or his mother," Marvin M. Greene, a corset salesman, recalled from Columbus, was today speeding to New York to testify as a character witness for Judd Gray on trial with Mrs. Ruth Snyder for the murder of Albert Snyder. Greene works for a concern which formerly employed Gray, and the two men were associated for several years.

DIES AT CROSSING

CIRCLEVILLE, O., May 6.—Funeral services were being arranged here today for William Clifton, 44, contractor, who was killed late Thursday when his motor car was struck by a Scioto Valley traction car at a grade crossing. His widow and six children survive him.

FRENCH FLYER IS BELIEVED LOST

Ruth May Again Testify

COURTHOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Henry Judd Gray resumed the witness stand today for further cross-examination by Attorney Dana Wallace, reputed to be one of the shrewdest cross-examiners in criminal practice. The self-confessed slayer of Albert Snyder, art editor, was unruffled as he took his place in the elevated witness box and answered questions in a calm, unemotional manner.

Rain was pattering against the window panes as Gray's cross-examination was resumed, but the spectators came in droves just the same.

Mrs. Ruth Brown Snyder, the co-defendant, sat watching Gray listlessly in an attitude of dejection. There was a report current that she will be recalled to the stand, in sub-rebuttal, to deny charges made by Gray that she struck one of the blows that killed her husband.

Wallace removed his glasses and shook his fist at Gray as he questioned him.

Q. You testified that your yearly earnings averaged $5500. Is that right? A. Yes, I believe that was the average, Mr. Wallace.

Wallace's face flushed.

"You can drop the 'Mr. Wallace'," he cried, "just say yes or no."

Q. Your association with Mrs. Snyder did not affect your earning capacity? A. No, sir.

Lindbergh's Projected Dash Most Daring Of All N. Y.-Paris Flights

By J. S. PHILIPS
Exclusive Dispatch, Copyright, 1927

SAN DIEGO, Cal., May 6.—The "Spirit of St. Louis" has never been identified as to nationality, but now it appears to be Scotch. No Irishman would ever attempt what a St. Louisian will try.

In a relatively small monoplane, Charles A. Lindbergh will attempt very soon to cross the Atlantic from New York to Paris. That, however, is not all the story. The plane cost only $7,500, less by many thousands than any ever built or planned for such a hazardous and material-testing flight. Local fanciers of airplanes have called Lindbergh's plane "The Scotchman," because of its cheap construction. "Cheap" does not imply faulty or haphazard construction, but indicates, rather, that an expert flier and an airplane company have found they can construct an airplane for trans-oceanic flights without calling upon the millions of some foundation for aid.

Some Lindbergh Figures.

Vital statistics about Lindbergh's economy plane, in which he will attempt to fly without a halt from New York to Paris:

Wing span	46 feet
Wheel span	7 feet
Gross weight	4750 pounds
Gasoline carried	28 gallons, or 2550 pounds
Oil carried	28 gallons or 195 pounds
Maximum speed with full load	123 miles an hour
Minimum speed with full load	69 miles an hour
Cruising speed with fuel and oil used	95 miles an hour
Weight of pilot	185 pounds
Empty weight	1765 pounds
Useful load	2775 pounds
Gross weight	4540 pounds

Cheapest Plane Yet.

Lindbergh's St. Louis associates paid $7,500 for the plane and added about $5,000 for special equipment; larger gas tanks, special oil tanks and lines, instruments of navigation and the like. Fundamentally, however, it is the cheapest plane ever turned out for such a journey.

The plane will be called on in a few days to out-do Com. Richard Byrd's flight over the North Pole. Byrd's giant monoplane carried three motors. Any one of these would have kept it aloft by disposing of part of the disposable load.

Lindbergh will depend upon a single 220-horsepower motor to pull his little ship through the air for a time of twenty-eight to thirty-four hours!

Coast to New York.

The flier's New York-Paris dash in reality will be a San Diego-Paris flight, for he will fly from that Pacific coast city to New York, making only the one official stop at St. Louis for the plane to be chris-

(Continued on Page Ten.)

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, AND THE $7,500 MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE WILL ATTEMPT SO LO AIR VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

WILMINGTON HOTEL WILL HONOR DENVER

WILMINGTON, O., May 6.—Wilmington's new Community Hotel will carry the name of the "General Denver Hotel."

It will be operated by the Glenoble Hotels, Inc., a chain system, with headquarters in Pittsburgh.

An executive committee from the board of directors of the Wilmington Community Hotel Corporation will pass upon all important operating matters, having a direct interest in the hotel management.

HEAVY RAINS CAUSE OHIO LANDSLIDES

CINCINNATI, O., May 6.—Heavy spring rains have caused four landslides within the city limits here, that have forced the city engineer's department to place safety crews and equipment on four main thoroughfares to keep the traffic arteries clear. The landslides are being experienced on Elberon, Columbia and Glenway Avenues, and Mt. Hope Road.

AMERICAN DELEGATES WARN OF DANGERS OF EXPLOITATION

Henry M. Robinson Ttakes Hand In Economic Conference—Urges Care In "Cartelization" Of Industry

GENEVA, May 6.—American delegates took a hand in the League of Nations economic conference today and warned Europe against the dangers of monopoly and exploitation.

Henry M. Robinson speaking on behalf of the American delegation suggested adroitly that the Europeans may be starting on the wrong track by their proposals for the "cartelization" of industry, through the establishment of virtual trusts.

"If not properly directed 'cartelization' may lead in the false direction at first taken by some American trust toward monopoly and exploitation," said Robinson.

The principal factors in American prosperity are the large purchasing power of the consumer through improvement of management and the elimination of waste, the increasing substitution of machinery for hand labor, the free interchange of information regarding methods and practices and increasing confidence between employer and employee, Robinson told the conference.

Robinson stressed the fact that the American people are opposed to direct government interference or participation in private business.

THREE INDICTED ON MURDER CHARGES

CANTON, O., May 6.—First degree murder indictments have been retrned against John Clark, Henry Johnson and William Terrell in connection with the death of Harvey Bowers, restaurant keeper, here several weeks ago. Johnson and Terrell are charged with the killing.

HONOR EDUCATOR

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—A period of silence for five minutes will be observed in Columbus city schools at 2 p. m. today, during the funeral services for Dr. J. A. Shawan, city superintendent of schools for twenty-five years, which will be held at De Graff, Logan County.

CHAIRMAN REPORTS WEST IS SATISFIED WITH G. O. P. REGIME

Butler Tells Coolidge Things Smooth For Another Term.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—A political breakfast of more than passing significance was given by President Coolidge this morning in the temporary White House in Dupont Circle.

The affair was staged presumably to afford William Morgan Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, an opportunity to acquaint administration leaders with the state of Republican opinion in the West. Butler has just returned from a months' swing about the West, and reported a widespread feeling among Republicans that Mr. Coolidge be a candidate to succeed himself next year.

The guest list at this morning's breakfast gave rise to considerable speculation, for it included cabinet members as well as the usual senators and representatives.

On a trip that carried him to the Pacific slopes, and through the heart of the supposedly disgruntedly grain belt, Chairman Butler found little evidence of Republican dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, and, on the contrary, discovered a quite general feeling that Calvin Coolidge should be renominated and re-elected in 1928. This, at any rate, is the gist of the report which the chairman rendered to his chief at a series of conferences that ended last night.

Butler's report is expected to aid Mr. Coolidge in "making up his mind" whether to brave the third term tradition and stand for re-election next year. The fact that capital politicians believe Mr. Coolidge has already made up his mind doesn't alter the facts, nor change the picture.

The chairman gravely assured inquirers that he did not discuss either candidates or issues on the trip just ended. He was, he indicated, merely feeling the Republican pulse in a section where reports had inferred there was some feverishness. He found none. He did discover, he admitted, a lively interest in whether President Coolidge is to be a candidate next year, but he indicated he did nothing to satisfy that interest. He merely observed and reported back to the White House.

WOMEN'S CLUBS TO MEET IN LIMA NEXT

MARION, O., May 6.—Lima was chosen as the place for the 1928 convention of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, at the closing session of the thirty-first annual convention here today. The exact date in April will be fixed later by the executive board.

Registration books showed that 1,323 visiting delegates attended the meeting, declared to be the most successful of the league's conventions.

HOPES NARROWED AS WIRELESS FAILS TO FIND DARING PILOT

Government Asked To Send Vessels To Hunt Aviator

PERNAMBUCO, May 6.—All hopes that Captain St. Roman, French trans-Atlantic flier, is still in the air have been abandoned here.

The only hopes held out for the safety of the flier are that he has been picked up by a tramp steamer or that he made a forced landing on the African coast, in some deserted spot. The latter hope is very slight, however, as St. Roman reported that we was still flying at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon some eight hours after his start.

PERNAMBUCO, May 6.—Convinced that Captain St. Roman has been forced down in his attempted flight across the Atlantic, French residents here today sent an urgent appeal to the French government to re-consider its attitude towards the St. Roman flight and to order ships sent out to search for him.

The French government had refused St. Roman permission to attempt the flight as he had removed the floats from his plane.

Radio messages were broadcast from Fernando Do Noronha to all ships on the south Atlantic to keep a sharp watch for St. Roman.

The last message received from the flier was picked up at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and was simply the laconic message, "Flying all right."

The French consul here stated that he has not yet given up hope that Captain St. Roman is still in the air. He said that adverse winds may have caused the flier to reduce his speed. If the flier has been forced down he hopes that he may still be afloat as the seas last night were reported calm.

Search has been ordered along the Brazilian coast for the missing flier.

PERNAMBUCO, Brazil, May 6.—Crowds waited in the streets all night long to welcome the French navy airman Capt. Saint-Roman, who set out yesterday to fly across the Atlantic from Africa, but he failed to arrive. There is considerable anxiety for the aviator's safety as it is feared he has met with an accident over the sea. The report that the French airman had passed Fernando Noronha is not yet confirmed.

Fourteen ships on the route between Pernambuco and Africa, which St. Roman planned to follow have been queried by radio and none of them has sighted St. Roman.

Radio stations have sent out continual calls for news of St. Roman, but without any responses.

GRAND JURY WILL PROBE CLOSED BANK

HAMILTON, O., May 6.—The Butler County grand jury in session here today is expected to begin investigation of the closing of the College Corner bank, where shortages are now reported at $148,000.

Charles Stout, cashier of the bank, is at liberty under $10,000 bond, specifically charged with misappropriation of $5,000 of the bank's funds.

SATURDAY SESSION

COURT HOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Justice Townsend Scudder announced today that a Saturday session of the Snyder-Gray murder trial will be held for the purpose of speeding the case up. It had not been the custom to hold sessions on Saturday.

"SERPENT WOMAN" WHIPPED AND KNOWS IT

COURTHOUSE, Long Island City, N. Y., May 6.—Ruth Brown Snyder is whipped.

This remarkable woman, branded as second Lady MacBeth by her former sweetheart, Henry Judd Gray, who has also damned himself as a heartless murderer, has wilted. Gone is her air of defiance, her haughty self-assurance, her cold disregard for the world.

Licked, completely licked. That is the impression her courtroom demeanor gives as she watches him Gray, sitting calmly on the witness stand and withstanding the rigorous cross examination of the "ace" of her legal staff, Dana Wallace.

She sits, slumped in her chair, greenish-blue eyes fixed on her one-time "sweetie" as he swears away his own life, and perhaps hers. Maybe it's a womanish intuition but, anyway, theer is a look of apprehension about her that suggests that at last she realizes that the game is up.

As for Judd, he can hardly be said to be defending himself any longer against a charge of murder. He admits it. He already has shown the jury how he swung the sashweight on Mrs. Snyder's husband's unsuspecting head.

They both did it. That's his story, and he's sticking to it.

If he's going to the electric chair, she's going, too, seems to be his attitude.

Wallace is trying desperately to save his black-gowned client. No item is so small that he does not see a possible chance to break down Judd's story or trap him to the benefit of the lady in black.

But no, Judd won't be trapped. "I'm simply telling the truth, sir," says Judd, politely, as Wallace storms. And the angrier Wallace gets the milder came the answers from Gray.

Doggedly, Wallace fights the witness, waiting to pounce on him at the first break. The cross examiner doesn't concede he's licked.

But Ruth Brown Snyder does, if outward appearances are a criterion.

She's whipped and she shows it.

Eligible

Do you want to be an honest-to-goodness queen? Here's your only immediate prospect: Boris, the bachelor King of Bulgaria. Subjects are alarmed, because bachelors are not held in high regard, and Boris is almost thirty-three. But Boris takes another swig of buttermilk, says nothing, and stays single.

DISTRIBUTE AWARD IN MELLETT MURDER SOON IS ANNOUNCED

Trial Of Streitenberger, Formerly Of Osborn, Starts Monday

CANTON, O., May 6.—Distribution of the $25,000 reward for solution of the Mellett murder mystery may come soon after the end of the Floyd Streitenberger trial, which opens Monday, it was announced here today.

With the Streitenberger case disposed of and Louis E. Mazer, punished, cases against all men under indictment will be ended and claimants of rewards will be considered as to their eligibility.

It is expected the larger part of the reward will go to William Betzler, of Massillon, and Steve Kascholk, of Cleveland, whose stories first put detectives on the trial of the murderers. A few days following the Mellett slaying, Betzler told Ora Slater, Cincinnati detective who was working on the case, of Patrick McDermott's suspicious actions while he was staying in Canton, and of Pat's threats and boasts. McDermott convicted, is now serving life in the penitentiary. About a week later, Kascholk furnished further information necessary to tie up Ben Rudner, Massillon hardware dealer, also serving life sentence for his complicity in the crime, and Mazer with the crime and to furnish further evidence against McDermott, which was sufficient to warrant indictments. There will probably be a number of other claimants.

ABANDONED MINES HIDE MUCH LIQUOR

ZANESVILLE, O., May 6.—Abandoned Ohio coal mines are now being used as caches for illicit stills, it became known here this week when state prohibition officers made a flying visit to New Straitsville, Perry County, and discovered six large stills in abandoned mine pits half a mile below the earth's surface. Two stills were in operation, though no attendants were discovered.

State officers declare they are confident the raid and confiscation will cut off the chief source of supply, of a contraband moonshine liquor which has been sold in all sections of the country as "Straitsville Special." This liquor it is reported was made from rye and was three times distilled.

The raid, it is said here, will be a severe financial blow to New Straitsville, as the little town has been quite a mecca during the past several months for drivers of trucks and huge pleasure cars.

HUNGER STRIKER

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—Held in jail on a suspicious person charge, John Green, 28, Cleveland, has been on a hunger strike for over a week. He is growing weak and has been placed under the care of a physician.

MISSISSIPPI HITS AT FINAL BARRIERS IN STRICKEN DELTA

Reports Of Typhoid In Flood Camps Add To Terror

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 6.—Spreading destruction with ever increasing fury, the flood waters of the Mississippi pounded today against the last barrier obstructing their path to the gulf.

Hoping against hope that further levee breaks might be avoided, army engineers and relief directors watching the rush of northern Louisiana flood into the wedge of dikes at the confluence of the Mississippi and Red Rivers maintained a constant vigil for the crevasse which would unleash the inland lake covering the northeast quarter of the state into the nine remaining parishes in the Atchafalaya valley between the Red River and the sea.

More than 1,500 square miles in Avoyelles, Rapides and St. Landry Parishes have been evacuated in anticipation of a break in the Bayou Des Glaises levee near Hamburg.

A second break is threatened in the Sam Bayou at Big Ben, also in Avoyelles Parish, and a third in the Red River protecting wall around Echo, in Raides Parish. Twelve hundred men who have fought the flood from the tops of the Big Bend dikes for more than a week redoubled their efforts today as the waters from the Mississippi crevasses north of Natchez joined with the flood from the Arkansas in Tensas and Catahoula Parishes.

The Milliken Bend crevasse twenty miles north of Vicksburg is now more than 1,500 feet wide. Reports from Hard Times, twenty miles south of here, said that the St. Joseph Lake spillway had grown to 1,200 feet. Waters rushing through these breaks upon Madison and Tensas Parishes added to the havoc wrought by the overflow from the Tensas and Oachita Rivers. Should the Red River levees hold, and thus divert the entire northern Louisiana flood into the Mississippi channel again, the danger point would lie at Angola, La., on the east bank of the river, just below the Mississippi state boundary, where an old levee has been in grave danger since Saturday. With the fate of the southern half of the state in the balance, Secretaries Hoover and Davis arrived here today to set in motion the machinery which is ultimately to restore more than 150,000 refugees in Mississippi and Louiiana to their farms and homes.

Governor Dennis Murphree arrived from Jackson last night to confer with the cabinet officers and Major General Edgar Jadwin, chief of army engineers, before they boarded the steamer, Control, at 11 o'clock for Baton Rouge, where they will discuss relief and rehabilitation plans with former Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, federal relief director in that state. From Baton Rouge, the party will proceed to New Orleans.

Reports of typhoid fever in two Mississippi concentrations camps were received at Red Cross headquarters here today. Although the sick list from the fifteen camps caring for more than 60,000 refugees carried only 262 names, the early development of the dreaded typhoid in two centers called for emphatic orders to all camp directors to take drastic steps to avoid danger of epidemic.

NATIONALISTS ARE AGAIN IN YANGCHOW

SHANGHAI, May 6.—Nationalist headquarters today announced the recapture of Yangchow after heavy fighting in which the casualties were estimated at 4,000 killed and wounded. It was admitted that most of the casualties were sustained by the nationalist forces.

According to the headquarters statement, the nationalists re occupied Yangchow on Thursday after the transfer of large forces of troops over the Yangtse River.

PORTSMOUTH MAYOR TAKES NEW BRIDE

PORTSMOUTH, O., May 6.—Mayor John B. Jones, 79, and his bride, Mrs. T. D. Lawson, 73, are beginning their honeymoon in the bride's mansion here today, following their marriage here last night by the Rev. John Collis Jackson, 82, pastor emeritus of Trinity Methodist Church. Mayor Jones' wife died two years ago. The bride had been a widow for more than ten years.

CITY FACES DEFICIT

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—The city of Cleveland is facing a deficit of over half a million dollars, according to a report of County Auditor Zangerle, to City Treasurer A. J. Damm.

REV. TILFORD MADE PRESIDENT OF LANE SEMINARY ALUMNI

REV. W. H. TILFORD

The Rev. W. H. Tilford, pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Xenia, was re-elected president of the Alumni Association of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, at the annual meeting Wednesday.

The Rev. F. Linn Frett, Columbus, was elected secretary; Marvin F. Ballew, Cincinnati, vice president and Dr. W. Padgett, Paducah, Ky., second vice president and the Rev. J. H. Cowan, Cincinnati, treasurer.

Dr. R. Ames Montgomery, former minister at Xenia, addressed a large banquet of the alumni at Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening at which the Rev. Mr. Tilford presided. The alumni pledged to get 200 churches or people to contribute $100 a year for five years to assure the success of the co-operation plan of theological education which will be instituted next fall with the opening of the seminary.

PHYSICIAN TO READ PAPER AT MEETING

Dr. F. M. Chambliss, Xenia, will read a paper on "Surgical Aspects and Medicine," at the annual meeting of the Ohio State Eclectic Medical Association, at Akron, beginning May 18. Dr. Chambliss graduated from the Eclectic College of Medicine at Cincinnati last June and is vice president of the Alumni Association.

Other speakers on the convention program are Dr. C. J. Baldridge, Hamilton, Butler County health commissioner; Dr. Robert G. Patterson, Columbus, secretary of the Ohio Public Health Association; Dr. C. P. Robbins, Columbus, chief of the division of communicable diseases, Ohio Department of Health; Dr. R. W. DeCrow, Wheelersburg, health commissioner of Scioto County; Dr. W. K. Ruble, Wilmington, Clinton County health commissioner; Dr. W. H. Carey, Bellefontaine, Logan County health commissioner; and Dr. Homer N. Calver, former secretary of the American Public Health Association.

CORONER ABSOLVES SUSPECT OF BLAME

Fred Deger, Osborn, has been absolved from all blame in the suicide of his father-in-law, John Unger, who shot himself at Osborn several weeks ago, by Coroner F. M. Chambliss. Dr. Chambliss has just completed exhaustive investigation of the case leading to Unger's suicide.

Unger committed suicide on the day a hearing was to have been held, following trouble between Unger and Deger. Investigation proved that the bad blood between the two men did not point to Deger's having anything to do with Unger's act, Coroner Chambliss held.

BELLBROOK

L. J. Burton was a Saturday night visitor in the village.

Maude Avey who has been dangerously ill as the result of hemorrhages, is reported slightly improved.

J. L. Myers delivered a new Ford to J. S. Holland one day last week.

Al Shaner, of near Waynesville was a Bellbrook visitor on Saturday night.

Funeral services for Mrs. Josephine Gibbons were held at her late residence on Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock and burial made at Waynesville.

Roger Turner and Grace Graf were quietly united in marriage at Spring Valley on Tuesday of last week, the Rev. T. M. Scaff performing the marriage ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Conner, of near Dayton, atetnded commencement exercises here on Thursday evening.

Zeva Morris, of the Winters Bank, Dayton, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris.

Floyd Harness spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Frank Penewit, of Dayton, was a Sunday visitor in the home of his brothers, George and Oliver Penewit.

Dewey Casey and family, of Falmounth, Ky., are visiting Mr. Casey's parents.

The members of the local ball club held a meeting in the village Tuesday night.

Wilson Bumgardner, of the Manhattan Hotel, and Harry Stake, of the Walton Hotel, were visitors in their home town a few hours on Wednesday.

Funeral services were held Wednesday for Miss Elizabeth Weller at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weller.

The relatives and friends of little James Avey desire to thank their friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown them following the tragic death of their loved one which occurred on the morning of April 23.

Brutus seated in his tent by the flickering candle, could not have been more surprised at the appearance of Caesar's ghost than was Tod Walton, of Spring Valley, on Tuesday night of last week when the door opened and there marched into his presence the Rev. Oliver Soward and his brother Ralph piloted by his friend Arch Copsey. The Two brothers were returning from a visit with their father, the venerable Isaac Newton Soward, now in his 82nd year, who resides with his grandson in Cincinnati. Rev. Soward resides in Defiance, O., where he supervises the work of forty Methodist ministers. Ralph is located in Detroit. It was their first visit in thirty years.

666

Is a prescription for
Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria.
It kills the germs.

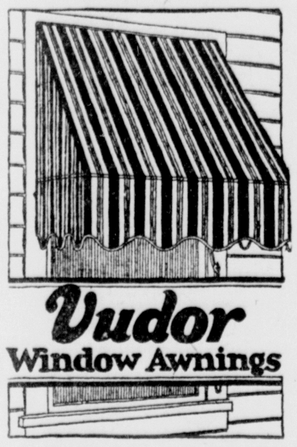
ORPHIUM

TONIGHT
Hunt Stromberg Presents
HARRY CAREY
In
"THE MAN FROM RED GULCH"
A romantic, thrilling story of gold rush days in the Sierras—an epic of the golden west in 6 reels.
Also Charley Bowers in a 2 reel comedy and PATHE NEWS.
Admission 20c for this picture.

SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT
SANDOW
THE DOG STAR
In
"CODE OF THE NORTHWEST"
A smashing action melodrama of the Northwest Mounted police
Also Kit Guard and Al Cooke in "Wisecrackers."
Admission 20c

ADAIR'S

Window and Porch Awning's



HEADQUARTERS FOR DUBAN AND VUDOR AWNINGS

We are also exclusive agents for the Wolf Awning Co., manufacturers of exclusive residence awnings and canvas draperies.

The special factory representative will be in our store twice weekly and will be glad to show you the many new creations in his line.

If Interested call Our Store
Estimates Gladly Given

ADAIR'S

SUMMER DRESSES
Just Unpacked

Materials include chiffons plain or lace trimmed, or gaily flowered effects. $12.50

New notes of lace monogram motifs, new shirrings, long or short sleeves. $12.50

Come In And See Them.
OSTERLY MILLINERY
37 Green St.

"Dress Well and Succeed"

You Should Look In The Criterion Windows-

if you are looking out for the best in men's suits.

And the best isn't any too good if you are trying to get the best out of life.

This week—our windows are an index to a huge library of the best sellers in Xenia—and it isn't fiction when we add that the value behind each garment is boosting our volume—hour by hour!

Michaels-Sterns Suits for May.

$30 $35 $40

Others from $25 to $50

Lighter Weight Underwear—$1 to $3 a suit.

Fancy Silk Hose—50c to $1.50

The Criterion
Value First Clothiers

22 S. Detroit St. Xenia, Ohio

FIRM LOSES CALENDAR! NEARLY WRECK THIS AD!

I goes in as usual to see what the firm has in the way of "ideas" for this weeks' advertisement and after probing about in their mental apparatus for a spell comes out with the information that they want the following words said about the following articles:

CHAINS—in case of slippery roads, heavy snows and icy paths.

LIGHTER OIL—the heavy oils are not so good during the winter months owing to their habit of making an engine start sluggishly.

WINTER FRONTS—In order to keep the engine at a high temperature a Winter Front is very very necessary. We have these in all sizes for all makes of cars. Get yours TODAY!

ALCOHOL—We have the strongest alcohol in the whole world and if properly mixed and seasoned will prevent freezing splendidly. Get outfitted NOW!

BATTERIES—Get them tested for the heavy going which cold weather always brings on.

ROBES—We have a very select few which are very wooly and warm. The first purchaser and the LAST purchaser gets 9 per cent OFF!

I have written what they MENTIONED and am very embarrassed at the whole scheme. Yesterday I investigated as to WHY they would want things like this said in MAY and found that the calendar in the shop had not been touched for a couple or more months!

They were still reading the JANUARY and FEBRUARY pages!

I hope you folks out in front will not take this seriouly as it will worry everybody to see an ad of this kind THIS time of year—or so it would seem to ME.

TIRES is what I would talk about if this was MY ad! Gosh but these two chaps sure have plenty of trade on TIRES! And the nice part of it is that when you buy one here you can have the blamed thing patched WITHOUT cost no matter WHERE the dern tire flattens out! So long as you're in the county.

This will never happen again.
Yours truly,
Shorty

THE CARROLL-BINDER CO

SHOP WHERE THE **Savings are Greatest**

A&P ESTABLISHED 1859 WHERE ECONOMY RULES

COMPARE THESE REGULAR PRICES WITH WHAT YOU PAY	
BUTTER, Lb.	48c
NUTLEY OLEO, Lb.	19c
DELMONTE APRICOTS LARGE CAN	25c
CORN or PEAS Standard Pack, 2 cans.	15c
SUGAR, 25 lb. Bag	$1.55
RICE, Blue Rose, 4 Lbs.	25c
DRIED PEACHES Fancy Muirs, lb	19c
NAVY BEANS, 4 Lbs.	25c
LIMA BEANS California 3 Lbs.	25c
ARGO PEACHES Large Can	19c
KIDNEY BEANS, 3 Lbs.	25c
CARAMELS Golden Queen, Lb.	10c
GUM-TEABERRY 2 Pkgs.	5c
Peanut Buttter Kisses, lb.	10c
SOAP, P. & G., 10 for	35c
Cream Corn Starch 3 qkgs.	25c
Lard Open Kettle Rendered 2 Lbs.	24c

COFFEE
8 O'clock, lb. 35c
WINNER GOLD MEDAL

FLOUR Gold Medal Or Pillsbury $1.15

MILK 3 TALL CANS 25c WHITEHOUSE BRAND

MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI 4 PACKAGES 25c

SUNSHINE KRISPY KRACKERS 2 Lb. BOX 25c

PACIFIC TOILET PAPER 7 ROLLS 25c

The Great ATLANTIC & PACIFIC Tea Co

8 N. Detroit St. 48 E. Main St. 239 W. Main St.
Jamestown, Ohio Store

LOOK AT THESE

1925 OVERLAND TOURING
Was $300. Now $250.

1922 CHEVROLET F. B. TOURING
Was $175. Now $125.

1923 MAXWELL TOURING
Was $350. Now $250.

1926 STAR "6" COUPE
Was $600. Now $550.

1923 CHEVROLET SEDAN
Was $250. Now $200.

1923 FORD SEDAN
Was $150. Now $125.

1926 CHEVROLET COACH
Was $500. Now $475.

1923 FORD TOURING
Was $75. Now $50.

1924 FORD TOURING
Was $125. Now $100.

1925 FORD COUPE
Was $275. Now $250.

1926 CHEVROLET ROADSTER
Was $400. Now $375.

1925 FORD TUDOR
Was $275. Now $250.

1926 FORD TON PANEL TRUCK
Was $350. Now $325.

1923 FORD COUPE
Was $150. Now $125.

1924 CHEVROLET 4-PASS. COUPE.
Was $275. Now $250.

1923 DURANT 4-PASS. COUPE
Was $250. Now $225.

1923 FORD COUPE
Was $125. Now $100.

1926 CHEVROLET TOURING
Was $400. Now $375.

1926 CHEVROLET COACH
Was $475. Now $450.

We also have many others from $25 up.
Come in and look.
Open Evenings until 9 o'clock.

LANG CHEVROLET CO.
33 Green St.
Trade—Terms

Society-Personal-Clubs

THE NICEST courtesy you can show your guests is to have their visits mentioned on this page. The nicest courtesy you can show your friends is to let them learn of your visits through this page whenever you go away. The Gazette and Republican consider it a courtesy whenever you turn in an item of any kind. PHONE 70.

ENGAGEMENT DATE IS INFORMALLY ANNOUNCED.

Informal announcement is being made of the engagement of Miss Lillian Kunkel, Cedarville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kunkel, east of Urbana, to Mr. Eugene C. Kreider, Philadelphia, Pa.

The announcement was recently made to the Fortnightly Club of Cedarville. The party motored to Clifton, where a steak roast was enjoyed. Before parting, the members were each given a large crepe paper heart, which held a small, winged cupid messenger, clasping in its hand a tiny roll, which bore the names of Miss Kunkel and Mr. Kreider and the date, May 25.

While the engagement has not been a secret among their friends, the announcement came as an interesting surprise. The wedding will be solemnized in Philadelphia.

Miss Kunkel has been employed at the Cedarville Exchange Bank three years. Mr. Kreider is a graduate of Wittenberg College, with the class of 1924 and will be graduated from Mount Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, May 24. The young couple will reside in Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, N. Y., where Mr. Kreider has accepted a call to assume charge of the mission field of that place, immediately after his ordination.

SURPRISE ARRANGED ON BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Mrs. Anna L. Spahr of the Messenger Apartments, was surprised Thursday by a company of relatives and friends who knew it was her birthday and gathered at her home to spend the day with her.

The out-of-town guests were her nephew, Mr. J. C. Purdy and her three nieces, the Misses Bell and Martha Purdy, and Mrs. Haines, all of Hillsboro; Mr. Arnold and family of Dayton; the Misses Harriett and Bertha McCarty, and the Misses Davis of Xenia.

Mrs. Spahr received a number of beautiful gifts also letters and cards from her son and friends who were aware of the occasion.

"ARBOR DAY" PROGRAM GIVEN BY CEDRINE CLUB.

Members of the Cedrine Club answered roll call with the names of their choice flowers, when the club met with Miss Martha Crawford and Mrs. D. L. Crawford, at the home of the former on W. Market St., Thursday.

An "Arbor Day" program was carried out and the club decided to plant a cedar tree in Shawnee Park. Twenty members attended the meeting. After the business session, refreshments were served and a social period enjoyed.

MARRIAGE OF XENIA GIRL BEING ANNOUNCED.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Norckauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norckauer, Hill St., to Mr. Ted Cates, at Santa Barbara, Cal., five weeks ago, is just being announced.

Mr. Cates is employed at Fox Film Studios. Mr. and Mrs. Cates are making their home in Los Angeles. Mr. Cates is a World War Veteran and a graduate of Indiana State University. His home is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Cates graduated from Miami Valley Nurses' Training School and was a nurse at Washington, D. C., during the World War.

COUNTY RECEPTION AT FIRST U. P. CHURCH.

Everything is in readiness for the annual Greene County Junior-Senior Reception, at the First United Presbyterian Church, Friday evening.

Two hundred and fifty people will attend the affair, which is the outstanding social event on the county school social calender.

The main address of the evening will be delivered by Dr. C. E. Turley, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Dayton. Talks and toasts will be given by representatives of the two classes from over the county.

The elaborate banquet will be served by the women of the church.

Music during the evening will be furnished by an orchestra, selected from among the school musical organizations in the county. Slides will be thrown on a screen, to enable the guests to sing the songs.

McKINLEY P.-T. A.

Members of McKinley P.-T. A. are urged to attend the meeting Monday at 3 o'clock, when Miss Mildred W. Sandoe, county district librarian, will talk and officers will be elected.

Mrs. Lura Anderson, 116 W. Main St., left Friday morning to visit relatives at Fort Ancient for the week end.

Superintendent H. C. Aultman spent Thursday in Dayton, attending the sectional meeting of county superintendents from the southwest section with State Superintendent V. M. Riegel and his staff, for the discussion of school matters.

Mr. H. B. Helwig, Detroit, secretary of the Michigan Anti-cigarette Alliance, visited officials of the organization here Friday.

Capt. and Mrs. Edward Laughlin, Wilbur Wright Field, entertained a group of her friends at dinner and bridge Wednesday night.

Mrs. Harold Clark and Mrs. Malcolm S. Lawton, Wilbur Wright Field, entertained guests for eight tables of bridge at the Grey Manor, Dayton, Thursday afternoon. Tea was served after the games.

Major and Mrs. A. W. Robbins, Wilbur Wright field, have as their week end guests, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Tostom, Attica, Ind

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence V. Curlett and two children, Bernice and Stanley, Alhambra, Calif., arrived in this city Wednesday and will spend two weeks visiting Mr. Curlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Curlett, W. Third St.

BEREAN BIBLE CLASS ENTERTAINED THURSDAY

The home of Mrs. John G. Eavey, Pleasant St., was thrown open Thursday evening to members of the Berean Bible Class, First Reformed Church. Thirty-six members of the class attended.

The devotions were in charge of Miss Lena Hetzel and after the business meeting, a social time and games were indulged in. A dainty refreshment course was served.

The hostess was asisted by Mrs. J. A. Yoder, Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Mary K. Sutton and Miss Grace Simbro.

Miss Mary Alice Neil, London, O., arrived Friday evening to spend the week-end with Miss Ruby Johnston, W. Market St.

Mrs. F. L. Smith, N. King St., sailed Tuesday from New York for Europe, where she will spend several weeks. She will be joined in France by her brother, Dr. William Hagenbaugh, who has spent the past two years abroad. They will travel extensively on the Continent before returning home.

Miss Betty Scofield, Jamestown Pike, is recuperating nicely at McClellan Hospital, following an operation, performed last Monday.

Mrs. Charles Orr and Miss Aletha Collins, Cleveland, who have been visiting in the city, are leaving Monday for their home. Mrs. Orr is staying at the home of Mrs. C. L. Spencer and Miss Collins, with Mr. and Mr. John G. Baldner.

Mrs. J. E. Daly, Mrs. C. R. Stearns, Mrs. John O'Brien, Miss Kathryn O'Dea, Mrs. Charles Haas, Mrs. William Hayes, Mrs. J. R. Laycock, Miss Jessie Marsh and Mrs. William Rickles and son, of this city, attended the party of the Pennsylvania Aid Society at the home of Mrs. Shorten, Fort Thomas, Ky., Thursday.

Mrs. William Pickles, who has been seriously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ida Watt, E. Main St., is slowly recovering.

Work in the second degree by Stupen Lodge, Dayton, is scheduled for Saturday night at a meeting of the I. O. O. F. lodge in Spring Valley.

Mr. C. W. Wilson, Spring St., left Thursday morning for Zanesville, where he will spend two weeks with his nephew, Mr. Mont Fulton.

Mrs. J. B. Watt, E. Church St., has arrived from California, where she spent the winter with Mr. Watt and Mr. and Mrs. John Force, Rochester, N. Y. She was accompanied on the return trip by train by Mrs. Force and Mr. Watt and Mr. Force will arrive Friday evening by motor. The party spent the winter in California, at Santa Monica and other resorts.

Miss Martha Carpenter, Tusculum, Cincinnati; Miss Marguerite Kohl, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Carl Myers, East Heights, O., and Mr. Herman Teaslack, and Mr. J. G. Bellangee, Cincinnati, are spending the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kohl, N. King St.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Custis and little daughter Wanda and son, John William, of Cleveland, arrived in Xenia Thursday evening to spend ten days visiting relatives.

The Antioch Players presented "Pinafore" for the pleasure of the Urbana Community Players' Club, Friday evening.

Mr. Isadore Hyman has taken a position with The Brown Furniture Co. He was at the Dayton branch for a time and is now with the Xenia store.

The Gleaner Sunday School class party which was to have been held Monday, May 9, at the home of Mrs. Charles A. Bone, N. King St., has been postponed until the following Monday, May 16.

Dr. W. C. Williamson, Monmouth, Ill., who has been visiting friends for the past week in Xenia, returned to his home Thursday night

Mrs. Isaac McCann, near Jamestown, underwent an operation at McClellan Hospital, Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Brien and two sons, Robert and Charles, Junior, N. King St., spent Thursday and Friday in Cincinnati, with relatives.

Mrs. Howard Norris, Hill St., has been confined to her home by illness several days, suffering from a complication of ailments.

Mrs. Anna Simon, E. Market St., left Friday for Columbus to spend the week-end.

The Rev. James P. Lytle, pastor of the First U. P. Church, and Mr. Herman Eavey, an elder, have been appointed commissioners to the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, to be held at Washington, D. C., the last week of this month. They are to serve as representatives of the Presbytery of Xenia. The Rev. Mr. Lytle was elected moderator of the Presbytery at a recent meeting held in Columbus.

Funeral services for Mrs. Milo Bowman, (Rosanna Hurley) daughter of Mrs. Hortense Hurley, Chestnut St., will be held at the home in Lewisburg, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The funeral cortege will leave Lewisburg at 11:30 to como to Xenia, where services will be held at Woodland Chapel at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Burial in Woodland.

Mrs. Winifred Armstrong, W. Second St., is serving as librarian at the O. S. and S. O. Home, filling out the year in place of Miss Earll, who has resigned.

FRANKLIN BANKERS ARE UNDER ARREST

DAYTON, O., May 6.—C. W. Munger, former cashier, and Cliff L. Berger, former assistant cashier of the bank at Franklin, Hamilton County, which was closed by the state banking department last February, were arrested here today on capiases issued on federal grand jury indictments, charging violation of the national banking laws. It is presumed the indictments were included in a number of secret bills returned by the federal grand jury in session here. Both men were attempting to arrange bond this afternoon.

OVERHEATED IRON BLAMED FOR BLAZE

Fire originating in the attic at the home of Chester Hinkle, 614 N. Galloway St., about 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, resulted in $20 damage before it was extinguished by firemen with chemicals.

An electric iron left on the ironing board, caused the blaze when it became overheated. The board was burned and the flames spread to the floor and to the stair balustrade.

BOY SCOUT CABIN NEAR COMPLETION

Boy Scout cabin being erected north of Cox Memorial Athletic Field is rapidly being completed due to the efforts of the three troops and volunteer workers. Work is going on every evening and the prospects are it will be finished in a few days.

It will serve as a meeting place for the Scout troops and a storehouse for equipment.

Troop No. 2, at a recent meeting, elected Robert Adair, senior patrol leader; Robert Buell, junior patrol leader; Birch Bell, scribe, and Charles Adair, quartermaster.

ASK FORECLOSURE

Foreclosure of mortgage is sought in a suit filed in Common Pleas Court by The Home Building and Savings Co. through Attorney Harry D. Smith against John P. Karl, Blanche E. Karl, with the American Loan and Realty Co. named co-defendant.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Jerry B. Jackson, 1111 E. Market St., Xenia, chauffeur, and Eolian Harris, 818 E. Market St., Xenia.

ON THE AIR FROM CINCINNATI

WSAI:
7:00-8:00—Goldman Band Concert, New York.
8:01—Time Announcement, New York.
WFBE:
5:30—Readings, Anna M. Lucas.
5:45—Pianologue, Ursula Laymon.

SHARP DAMAGE SUIT REACHES JURY LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

(Bulletin)

The jury in the Beair versus Sharp $10,000 damage case returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, Morris Sharp, former sheriff at 2:40 o'clock Friday afternoon. The jury deliberated thirty minutes.

Jury trial of the $10,000 damage suit of Samuel LeRoy Beair against former Sheriff Morris Sharp and The Fidelity Deposit Co., Maryland, his bonding company, which entered its second day in Common Pleas Court Friday, reached the jury early in the afternoon.

About eight witnesses were examined Thursday and several depositions taken. Suit is based on Beair's contention he was permanently crippled when shot in the leg by Patrolman Charles Thompson, member of the sheriff's posse, whom he had deputized, February 25, 1924, when the officers sought to arrest Beair on a liquor charge.

Motion by defense counsel to dismiss the case on the grounds the officer was acting independently of the sheriff when he fired the shot, was overruled by the court, Thursday.

Patrolman Thompson testified the bullet hit Beair accidentally as he only fired to scare him into halting when he tried to escape from the officers.

The case hinges on whether a sheriff can be held responsible for the acts of his deputies, or whether there can be extenuating circumstances. A precedent is expected to be set by the jury's verdict in the case.

OPPONENTS OF GAS RATE TO PETITION FOR REFERENDUM

Petitions requesting city commission to repeal the recent ordinance permitting The Ohio Fuel Gas Co, to increase its rates here are being printed for circulation by a committee of which J. J. Downing, photographer, is a leader.

Other members of the committee are: H. L. Binder, Attorneys William Howard and Frank H. Dean and George Kaiser. They hope to obtain 450 signatures on the petitions to be presented to the commission before the ordinance becomes effective May 13.

Failure to repeal the ordinance will result in a special election if the petitioners so request. Such an election, city officials estimate, would cost the city $1,500.

Commissioners passed the ordinance after an exhaustive research indicated that:

1. Appeal to the state utilities commission, precedent indicated, would be both futile and costly;

2. The gas company would either apply for a much larger rate or allow Xenia service only in sufficient quantity to keep its franchise and divert its main supply to other cities.

JUNIOR BUSINESS TEAM WINS FORFEIT

Junior Business Men were victorious in their first start in the Xenia Playground League Thursday afternoon, winning by a forfeit when the Senior Business Men failed to appear for the scheduled game at Cox Memorial Athletic Field.

This completes the first round of play with the Rotary Club, Central High School and Junior Business Men each holding one victory.

The schedule for next week is likely to result in changes in the standing.

Rotarians meet the Senior Business Men Monday night, Junior Business Men play Central High Thursday evening, and the Scouts and Kiwanians meet Friday night.

HEADACHES ARE A WARNING SIGN

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will relieve constipation safely, permanently!

Headaches, pimples, spots before the eyes, insomnia—are all symptoms of constipation. They are serious enough in themselves—yet they are often forerunners of worse to follow. Constipation is the cause of more than forty diseases. It spares neither young nor old.

Yet it can be relieved—more, prevented! Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to bring relief. Kellogg's is 100% bran. It produces results no part-bran product can equal. That is why doctors recommend it.

Serve ALL-BRAN often. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily — in chronic cases, with every meal. Delicious with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey for an extra treat.

Use it in cooking. In soups. Sprinkled over other cereals. Delightful recipes on the package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers. Served by hotels, restaurants. On dining-cars.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

BARGAIN
MAYTAG WASHER
This washer is late model and just like new. Special price and terms this week only.
ADAIR'S
319 R.

ZINNIA SEEDS
FOR SALE
By The
GARDEN CLUB
Also At
C. A. Kelble's Store
W. Main St.

ATLAS HOTEL SOLD TO BUS LINE OWNER

Sale of the Atlas Hotel, S. Detroit St., by George V. McCorkle, Chillicothe, O., to Carl Fent, Jamestown, bus line operator, was announced Friday.

The new owner operates bus lines between Xenia and Washington C. H. and Springfield and Washington C. H. He will take possession in the next few days. His plans for operation of the hotel were not announced.

McCorkle has been proprietor of the hostelry for the past six weeks and has made no future business plans, he said. The hotel has changed ownership at least five times in the past few years.

NO SUBSTITUTE

For Calumet quality—purity or economy—for the pure, wholesome bakings it produces. Your guarantee against failure—against waste.

CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER

MAKES BAKING EASIER—IT'S DOUBLE ACTING
Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand

Don't Wait — Take Advantage of Our
Remodeling Sale
NOW
REDUCTION IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Table Oil Cloth. Yard 10c
Matches. 3 Boxes 10c
Sun Brite Cleaner 2 cans 9c
Oil Mops 5 ft. handle 39c
Water Glasses 2 for 5c
Window Shades. Tan, 36 in. wide. 5 ft. long 39c
Alarm Clocks Guaranteed 1 year 79c
Men's Overalls. All sizes 95c

Saturday 2 p. m. Ladies' and Children's Union Suits 10c

Men's Balbriggan Union Suits. Short sleeves, long legs. Suit 79c
Here is an extra special bargain. Grass Rugs. 8x10 and 9x12 ..... $3.98
Wool and Fibre Rug 9x12 ..... $5.98
Congoleum Mats. 3 ft. wide. 6 ft. long. A real bargain 79c

famous
CHEAP STORE

DR. W. B. CALDWELL AT THE AGE OF 83

"Purges" and "Physics" Bad for Old Folks

While Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for forty-seven years, knew that constipation was the curse of advancing age, he did not believe that a "purge" or "physic" every little while was necessary.

To him, it seemed cruel that so many constipated old people had to be kept constantly "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin he discovered a laxative which helps to "regulate" the bowels of old folks. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin not only causes a gentle, easy bowel movement but each dose helps to strengthen the bowel muscles, shortly establihing natural "regularity." It never gripes, sickens, or upsets the system. Besides, it is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

If past fifty, buy a large 60-cent bottle at any store that sells medicine or write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE and just see for yourself.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

Tales Off The Reel

VOL. 1. FRIDAY MAY 6, 1927 NO. 31

We wish that shaving was as easy as smearing on a little rouge.

—

In order to combat some insinuations we feel that we must make an announcement. We have been in the grain and feed business in Greene Co. for 34 years. During all of that time we have been car-load buyers of feeds and grains. We have also, all of that time, been car-load shippers of grain, and part of that time, car-load shippers of certain feeding stuffs. Our prices are always in line considering the quality of the feed. Candidly we must have a fair profit if we are to stay here, and so must all others. We thank you for your attention and hope you will investigate our prices and goods before assuming anyone has a corner on the car-load business locally.

—

The bearded lady with Ringling's circus, they tell us, recently died. She left a wife and four children.

—

Just received some Ubiko Pig Meal. Moderately priced in spite of the quality.

—

Fifty Years Ago

Nobody ever got a wrong number.
Nobody ever got an electric light bill.
Nobody ever had a flat tire.
Nobody ever cussed static.
Nobody read the titles out loud at the movies.

—

Don't forget our last weeks' warning on coal prices. Buy it now!

—

"What time is it, "Fred's watch isn't Maude?" asked her father from the top of the stairs going."
"Well, how about Fred?"

—

Do you know it is cheaper to feed Semi-Solid Buttermilk than liquid Buttermilk? Ask us about it.

—

Epitaph

Here lies the left leg of William McSwipe,
The rest of him couldn't be found,
He sat on a powder keg smoking his pipe.
And the wind blew the ashes around.

ERVIN MILLING CO.
Grain Merchants
Phone 263-R-1

BIJOU THEATRE, SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT

THE ROMANTIC STORY of a brave miss who won the right of way to a man's heart and valiantly fought her right of way along the Sante Fe trail—

Neither wind, rain, snow nor sand could balk this determined girl in the most thrilling automobile race across the continent ever screened — You'll talk of it for days and days.

JOHN C. FLINN PRESENTS
PRISCILLA DEAN
IN
"The Speeding Venus"

Romantic
Charming
Amazing

WITH ROBERT FRAZER & DALE FULLER
ADAPTED BY FINIS FOX FROM THE STORY BEHIND THE WHEEL BY WELFORD BEATON
DIRECTED BY ROBERT THORNBY
PRODUCED BY METROPOLITAN PICTURES CORPORATION
RELEASED BY PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

Last Time Tonight—CLARA BOW in "IT"
FREE CANDY Saturday Matinee To Boys And Girls

EDITORIAL

The Evening Gazette and The Morning Republican published daily except Sunday at the Gazette Building, South Detroit Street, Xenia, Ohio, by the Chew Publishing Company, Inc. Entered as second-class matter under act of March 3rd, 1879, at the Postoffice, Xenia, Ohio.

Members of "Ohio Select List" Daily Newspapers. Robert E. Ward, Inc., Foreign Advertising Representative, Chicago Office, No. 5 South Wabash Avenue. New York Office, 501 Fifth Avenue.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	6 Mo.	1 Yr.
In Greene County	$ .40	$1.00	$1.90	$3.50
Zones 1 and 2	.45	1.15	2.15	4.00
Zones 3, 4 and 5	.50	1.30	2.40	4.50
Zones 6 and 7	.55	1.45	2.65	5.00
Zone 8	.60	1.50	2.90	5.50

By carrier in Xenia, 15 cents Per Week. Single Copy, Three Cents.

Business Office—111 TELEPHONE Editorial Rooms—70
Advertising and Business Office 111
Circulation Department 800
Editorial Department 70

CAN'T COME BACK

Can a Criminal come back to Society?

"No," declares Theodore Dreiser, author of "The American Tragedy."

"In all my experience," he says, "I have never known a case of a thoroughly successful come-back, when a former criminal was allowed to take his place in Society and received into it. It is not so much the failure of Christianity, as the fact that human nature and Society have not reached the stage of enlightenment or willingness to accept the ex-criminal. Human nature and Society constituted as they are, are such as to prevent an absolute come-back and this is more in evidence because of the fact that the modern teachers of Christianity have failed in their mission of forgiveness, and also because it is invariably found that those who profess deep faith and a Christ-like spirit are the first to shun and scorn the really conscientious unfortunates, or innocent victims of circumstances, who are genuinely desirous of completely blotting out their hideous past by sincere service in the cause of humanity at large.

"But," adds Dreiser, "everything is not lost. Many prison workers and deep students of criminology feel that a spirit of understanding will sooner or later overcome these obstacles in the way of the ex-criminal."

Alexander M. Hadden, Vice-President of the International Students League at Geneva, takes issue with Dreiser. He says that "religion gives men back the courage to come back sincerely, regardless either of the severity of their offense or the harshness of its penalty."

TOO POOR TO FIGHT

Japan's weakened financial condition definitely removes her from any possibility of being a war opponent to the United States is the opinion of "The Independent."

"If an unprejudiced firm of accountants," this magazine says, "were to audit Japan's books, its reports might rid a vociferous American minority of the notion that the island empire of the Mikado is a serious menace to the peace of the world.

"For years cool observers have believed that Japan has been traveling beyond her strength, and the fact that a bank crisis is enough to bring on a government crisis indicates that her finances are at present under severe strain. In the political field one can see reflections of this weakness; in all her international relations, even in China, Japan is walking softly and spending little.

"A succession of earthquakes has hit Japan hard. But behind the earthquake is a history of rapid industrial development on the basis of scant natural resources, huge loans, heavy military expenses, and an unhealthy partnership between government and big business. As an industrial state, Japan is as yet raw and unseasoned. Trials are before her, of so critical a nature that years must pass before she can afford war on a huge scale. The ending of her alliance with Great Britain robbed her of a sure drawing account in time of war. The situation revealed by the last Cabinet crisis ought to dispose effectively of the remnants of the Japanese war scare, so dear alike to yellow journals and the 'big-navy' champions."

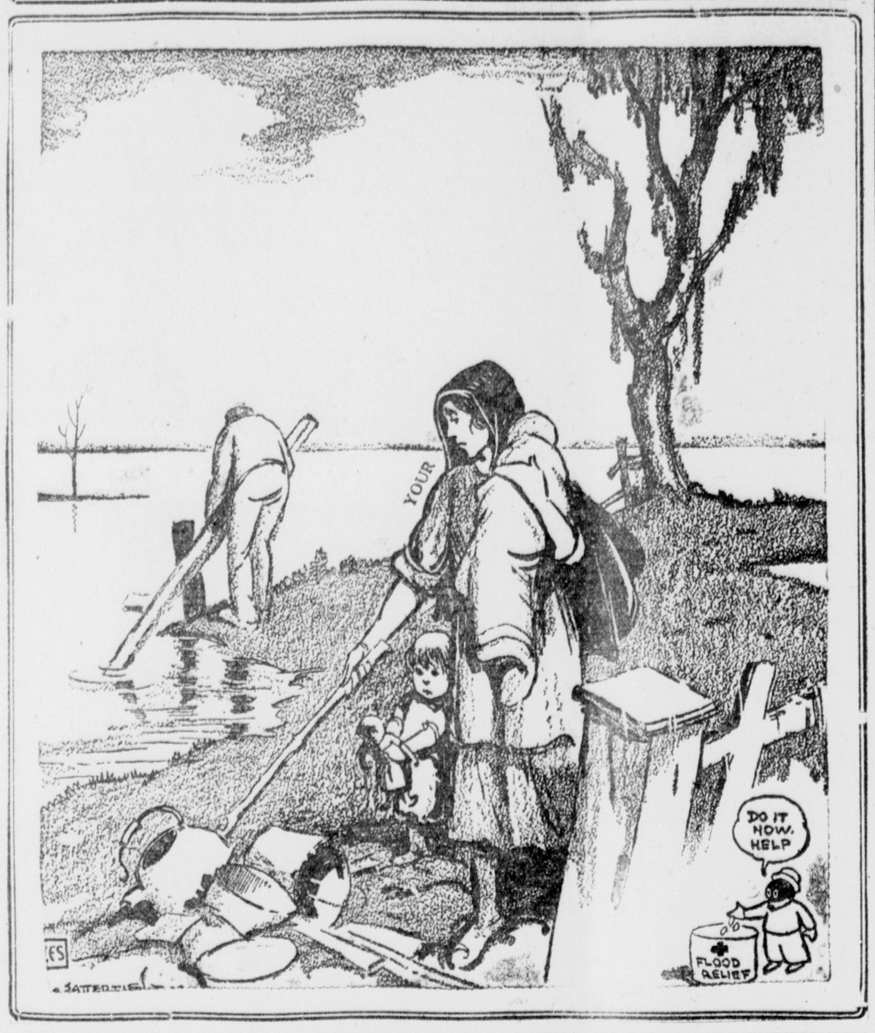
MUST DO STILL MORE

We modern Americans have grown very proud of the way in which we have "tamed nature." We tunnel through mountains, we fly through the air, we obliterate deserts with irrigation, we send music through the skies; and we feel that we have pretty well triumphed over the forces of nature.

But there is one thing that we have not conquered. It is the Mississippi River. For two centuries we have been fighting it. And we seem no nearer to victory now than when we began. It is still out of our control. It still takes its toll of lives and property in spite of all that we can do to stop it.

Will we ever gain the mastery? Perhaps not; but we must redouble our efforts, at all events. We must do more than we have yet done.

Home Is Where The Heart Is



KELLYGRAMS by FRED C KELLY

WE MUSTN'T BE NATURAL

I learn from an advertisement for a big ocean liner, in a current magazine, that it is no longer necessary, in crossing the Atlantic, to occupy a stateroom that looks as if it were part of a boat.

The higher-priced stateroom, this advertisement pleasantly assures me, has walls of imitation stone and the whole effect is evidently more suggestive of a lounging room at a country club than anything built to ride on the bounding billows.

A night or two ago, a friend spoke enthusiastically about his new summer home, which is to have bunks instead of beds, port holes for windows, and various other items to give the place the appearance of a boat.

Our electric lamps are imitations of old-fashioned oil lamps, or of candles. A brand new home which might be expected to contain all the latest novelties, is furnished entirely with antiques.

A company manufacturing a compact little heating plant suitable for use right in the living room has the outfit designed to resemble a talking machine. Is a talking machine any better than a stove? Just what is inferior or depraved about a furnace that it should try to be something else? And why should a radio outfit look like a piano?

Even the food we eat is hard to recognize. A hostess is never more pleased than when you can't guess the ingredients of a dish she has set before you.

A girl who has her hair changed from brown to blonde is no more attractive than before, but she seems to derive satisfaction from the knowledge that she is at least different than nature intended. And the average woman uses so much rouge and lip stick paint that her coloring would not be beautiful, even if natural. But each one must imagine that in misrepresenting ourself, she has achieved something.

Yesterday I talked with a young woman I used to know when we were kids out in Ohio. She might be expected to have the broad accent of the middle west, but I notice that she has taken to dropping her r's and is evidently trying to acquire the drawl of a southerner.

Not even the family dog has been permitted to be himself, but usually has his tail, ears or hair clipped to disguise his true nature.

Jut why do we thus strive to have everything, ourselves included, give the impression of being what it isn't?

What is the objection to being natural?

Keeping HEALTHY by Dr. A. F. Currier

GLANDS

This article is in response to a request for information.

The salivary glands are a very important element of the structures of the mouth.

There are three pair of them, one under each ear, one under each side of the lower jaw, and one under each side of the lower aspect of the tongue.

The material which they secrete or manufacture is called saliva. It is composed almost entirely of water, but it also contains a small quantity of a ferment called ptyalin which has a weak digestive action upon starchy foods taken into the mouth, converting a small portion of them into sugar at the beginning of the digestive process.

The saliva moistens and to a certain extent dissolves the food as it undergoes mastication preliminary to its being swallowed. It also keeps the mucous membrane of the mouth moist and soft facilitating the use of the tongue and the act of articulation.

It is always called forth by the presence of food in the mouth. Sometimes the mere smell of food or the talk of food or even the thought of it "makes the mouth water," that is excites the flow of the saliva. It is therefore a very essential secretion and when it is cut off or dried up from any cause whatsoever the dryness of the mouth which follows it is not only extremely uncomfortable but may have a bad effect upon digestion and indirectly upon the general welfare of the body.

One or more of the glands may be so diseased that the supply of saliva is thus cut off, constituting a disease which is known a xerotomia.

Fortunately the disease is not a common one. It occurs almost entirely in women, seldom happens after the fiftieth year and must be a very trying condition, for it seriously interferes with speech.

In such cases the tongue i red, cracked, and dry, the inide of the cheeks and the palate are also dry, and the mucus' membrane of the mouth is pale and shining.

It is accompanied by arrest of the secretion of tears and of the ordinary discharge of mucus from the nose. Not only are these uncomfortable conditions present but the entire skin may be dry and the teeth which develop mentally are a part of the same structure as the skin are defective and easily broken.

The act of swallowing in such cases is extremely difficult and one can easily imagine a disturbed general condition with loss of weight and other important symptoms as logical consequences.

There is probably a diseased situation at the bottom of this trouble which is not yet fully understood.

It may persist through life and about the only drug which appears to have any influence upon it is pilocarpin which acts as a direct stimulant to the secreting power of the salivary glands.

Much more frequently are these glands subject to excessive secretion producing the condition known as ptyalism.

In such cases the flow is continuous, sometimes watery and sometimes thick with mucus.

It may be produced by unusual nervous impressions, by the smell or sight or thought of food, especially when one is very hungry. It is very frequently present in children who are teething, in women who are pregnant, and in diseases of the stomach.

It may occur as the result of poisoning with mercury, iodine, copper, and with pilocarpin as mentioned above.

Ptyalism or salivation from mercury was formerly an extremely common result of the injudicious administration of this substance in malaria, syphilis and other diseases.

It was reprehensible practice to use mercury in this manner though it was very commonly done and by those who should have known better. It frequently happened that the teeth were permanently loosened or lost as a result of such treatment.

It is desirable in treating salivation to improve the general condition by an abundance of good food, to use an astringent mouth-wash and gargle like chlorate of potash or alum and to apply a mild galvanic current. The salivary glands and their ducts may be the seat of stones which form within them and necessarily arrest the flow of saliva.

These stones may be as large as a marble or even larger, are composed of phosphates and carbonates of lime, magnesium and soda and usually have clumps or masses of bacteria as nuclei around which the stones are formed. These elements of course are taken from the blood as it circulates through the glands.

These glands are also the seat of tumors, either fluid or solid, some of which are benign and may be removed, while others are malignant and irremovable.

Ask Dr. Currier that medical question that has been puzzling you. Confine your letter to fifty words and send stamped, addressed envelope for reply. He cannot of course, make individual diagnoses, and he reserves the right to decide as to the propriety of queries.

IT WAS IN the PAPER

Did you READ it?

Here are six questions dealing with news events of the past few days which have been reported in The Evening Gazette and The Morning Republican. Can you answer them accurately? If you can, you may claim credit as a really intelligent reader; but if you fail, that means you merely skim the news, as so many people do. Answers on Classified Page.

QUESTIONS

1. The uncle of what cinema star was burned to death in an attempt to save possessions? What was his occupation?

2. What man on trial for murder has been deserted by his wife? Who will take her place as a witness in his behalf?

3. What rich man has donated a large sum to an American law school? Upon what contingency?

4. What foreign aviator whose plane was wrecked in this country has received a duplicate? By whom is it guarded?

5. What British oil magnate died recently? For what is he remembered here?

6. Where was a plot to kidnap a grandchild of a millionaire discovered? For what was the ransom money needed?

Many Minds

SIGNIFICANT SAYINGS OF THE DAY

"In our international intercourse we must hold ourselves up to high standards of justice and equality. We should be slow to take offense and quick to grant redress. The world knows that the whole genius of America always calls it to the support of the universal rights of humanity."—Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

"We of the liberal party believe there is no definite panacea for political ills, but we do hold the means of attaining the end is as important as the end, and we do not therefore stoop to questionable means. Democracy is on trial. The principle of dictatorship is slowly and insidiously going through the world."—Phillip La Follette.

* * *

"Capital punishment is an unworkable law. Only about one per cent of those who kill are executed. Society is not through when it kills the murderer. Facing death at the hands of the community, the condemned man or woman becomes the object of hysterical admiration. Hate and suspicion have been sown."—Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slaten.

* * *

"We have prosperity and we have peace—peace for nearly nine years—peace that shall remain unbroken so long as we resolve it shall be unbroken. And with this peace we should take adequate part in reshaping conditions of the nations of the earth."—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

* * *

"The Christian ministry is the only vocation I know of that is doomed to financial failure from the outset. Each of us who is in business sometimes thinks he is a pretty poor business man. But we manage to ring from the old earth a pretty good living. It is expected of us. But, nobody wants a money-grubbing minister."—Walter L. Gifford.

* * *

"The only trouble of being in your nineties is that all your associates are gone and you have no one to play with. Old people like to have their playmates."—Chauncey Depew.

Little Old New York

NEW YORK, May 6.—A Cologne King named a new "scent" in honor of a chorus girl, advertising that the extract of begonia, or whatever it was, possessed the same "characteristics" as the lady in question.

She said she wouldn't have given a cold, smooth clam if he'd asked her permission to plaster her name and her "map" on his cologne bottles. But she objected to being taken for granted, my dear, and accordingly brought suit.

"A lady is entitled to SOME privacy, ain't she?"

* * *

New York has entered the annual Daylight Saving period, to the accompaniment of the dignified protest of theater men. Long experience has shown that night lures the customers into the show places, while daylight at 9 p. m. keeps them out on the beaches, in their cars, and sprawling on the verandas of country clubs.

* * *

Calamity Burke, who used to be managing editor of a Booze Bazaar in the environs of Park Row was entertaining some newspaper men in a speakeasy the other night with a detailed rehearsal of the long list of "outrages" he and his Brethren in Booze have been forced to endure since Prohibition became more or less effective. When he came to the Salvation Army he had this to say:

"They used to take the dimes and quarters and dollar bills of the hooch hounds lined up at the bar; and it was with the dough they collected from our saloons that Pussyfoot Johnson was able to put the Camel Law across. If that ain't fancy footwork, tell me what is!"

Whether or not the Worthy Brother's viewpoint is legitimate, his rehearsal, at least, is interesting.

* * *

Chauncey Depew had another birthday recently. He was ninety-three, and his old and faithful friends, the scribes, scrambled into his private office to kid him into the belief that he's really and truly going to live to be a hundred. Just why anybody should want to hang on to be a hundred is a mystery. But believe it or not, that is Chauncey's ambish, and as such is respected.

Last year the ranks of the birthday-greeting scribes included a gifted young female cub who had often heard of Mr. Depew but had never seen him. She was tickled to death to find herself face to face with the greatest after-dinner speaker of all time.

Oh, please tell me, won't you, dear Mr. Depew," she gurgled, "what's your idea concerning the double standard of morality?"

"My good young lady," murmured the frost-rimmed senator with a reminiscent smile, "when you slip past ninety, it's astonishing how little the single or double standard bothers you. Wait seventy years or so, and see if I'm not right!"

Twenty Years Ago - 07 - '27

Country home of William Johnson, northeast of Yellow Springs, was destroyed by fire this morning.

Steps are being taken to put the city in the best possible sanitary condition before the Board of Health makes its inspection.

Mr. Fred Baldner is relating an amusing story of the theft of a fifty-foot row of gooseberry bushes from a vacant lot he owns on Spring Hill.

Ova Belcher, former Xenian, who has been employed in the wholesale drapery department in the Marshall Field Co., Chicago, has been promoted to be city buyer in the same department.

Herman C. Holland, this city, will graduate from the Western University of Pharmacy at Pittsburgh, May 15.

WIFE PRESERVERS

Use two wooden or agate spoons instead of a fork to turn the roast and you will not lose any of the meat juices.

BAYER Genuine ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

FRESH FROM THE GREENHOUSE
Lovely Potted or Cut Flowers FOR Mothers' Day

OUR UPTOWN STORE

Will be in the first room east of the Xenia National Bank.
Come in and get our low prices.
L. SCHARDT & SON
Greenhouses, Bellbrook Ave.

NOTICE

Xenia, Ohio
May 5, 1927

Notice is hereby given that Ringer & Son, Xenia, Ohio, has filed in the offices of the Secretary of State of Ohio, and the clerk of the Common Pleas Court of Greene County, Ohio, a certificate duly sworn to for Registration of Bottles used by said Ringer & Son, for the distribution of milk and cream in Greene County, Ohio.

RINGER & SON
By John Ringer.

How to Achieve Beauty

WRINKLES

Wrinkles are the record of thousands of emotions to which we have given facial expressions.

Perfectly healthy skins have great elasticity and having been strained or pulled in any direction, tend to resume their natural shape with no more difficulty than any other elastic surface offers to pressure. But few skins are thoroughly healthy and just as you lose the alertness and elasticity of your step at the first sign of general ill health, so when your skin is below par, the elasticity goes out of it and every wrinkle you give your counutenance in worry, or anger or any other emotion, leaves its trace.

So, to prevent wrinkles, leave the skin as firm and healthy as possible and try to save your facial emotions for occasions when will be appreciated. Many women you need them and when they have the habit of sitting sewing or reading and wrinkling their brows at the same time until gradually the lines become permanent. Therefore aim for a reposeful expression while engaged in anything of this sort.

Don't let frown lines between your eyes deepen when you face a glaring light or the bright sun. If however, you already possess wrinkles, try to eradicate them. Stop doing the things that put them there.

Now don't misunderstand me, I do not advocate a smooth expressionless face that is almost maskike. On the contrary, pleasing lines that express and denote character are something I admire very much.

You see under the thin covering of the outer skin there lies a cushion of fat and under this lies the delicate small muscles and it is movement of these muscles that give us changes of expression. So if these muscles are only exercised to give out a pleasing attitude toward life the lines that form as a result cannot help but be happy expression lines. But when people become greatly enraged or go through life with a gloomy down-trodden outlook on life the play of these muscles in the facial expression cannot but be unlovely.

One great aid for stimulating wrinkles is good circulation of pure blood to feed the impoverished skin from within and the abundant use of rich feeding creams from without and, most of all, serene, steady nerves.

MAKING MODERN MENUS

MRS. BROWN: "I wonder, Mrs. Jones, if you can tell me whether rhubarb is a vegetable or a fruit?"

Mrs. Jones: "My dear, that has puzzled horticulturists for many years. I, myself, am content to leave the riddle unsolved as long as I can have all the rhubarb I want. We are very fond of—"

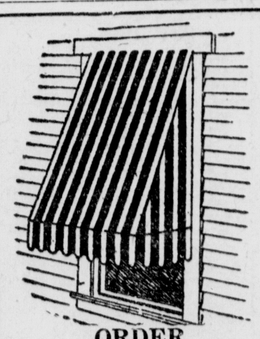
RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

Two cups soft stale breadcrumbs, two tablespoons butter, one bunch rhubarb, one and one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix breadcrumbs with melted butter, put a layer in greased baking dish, add a layer of rhubarb sprinkled with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Repeat until material is used, having crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven about twenty-five minutes until rhubarb is cooked and crumbs browned.

REAL Rug Cleaning
Ivory soap shampoo will not injure the finest nor cheapest rug.
Dry Cleaning—Shampooing
Sizing.
CALL 330-W.
M. A. ROSS

FOR SALE
Grottendick
HOMESTEAD
215 W. Second St.
Inquire at residence.



ORDER AWNINGS NOW
Samples shown and prices given on request
Galloway & Cherry

Dollar Day
Saturday
About 300 fine shirts, Ide, Ambassador and other good makes. Collar attached styles. Madras, Broadcloth, Rep, Satin, and Percales. Limit 3 to customer.
$1
Made to Measure Suits
$25.00 up to $60.00
Phone 604 R. De Mint's Toggery Shop Cleaning Dyeing Pressing.

UNDEFEATED LEAGUE TEAMS TO MEET ON DIAMOND HERE SUNDAY

Three close games are in prospect as the third week of play in the Buckeye League is resumed Sunday afternoon on the Xenia, Harshmanville and Beavertown diamonds.

Xenia Reserves and the Dayton Police, the two undefeated teams of the league, will meet at Washington Park to remedy this situation, and one club must tumble from the summit.

Both clubs have registered two victories, the Police holding a 10 to 2 victory over Harshmanville, a team the Reserves slaughtered 15 to 4 last Sunday.

"Lefty" Leeper will probably pitch for the Police with DeWeese behind the plate. Payton, a Springfield pitcher, who replaces Bob Herman as the regular Reserve pitcher, will be Xenia's pitching selection against the cops, Weller catching.

A revamped Harshmanville nine will try to atone for two defeats against the Beavertown team. Sam Harshman is understood to have released six players and added Green for the catching assignment. Wolbert for first and Scott in the outfield. These changes and additions are expected to make the team well fortified in every position.

Osborn Miami Cements will play Bellbrook on the Beaver diamond. McMichaels and Davis will probably form the Bellbrook battery, with Regan, a Xenia boy, or Atkinson, pitching, and Dennis on the receiving end for the Cements.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis	12	6	.667
New York	13	7	.650
Pittsburgh	10	8	.556
Philadelphia	8	7	.533
Chicago	8	8	.529
Boston	9	9	.500
Brooklyn	7	14	.333
Cincinnati	5	14	.263

Yesterday's Results.

New York 4, Brooklyn 1.
St. Louis 4, Pittsburgh 2.
Philadelphia-Boston, rain.
Cincinnati-Chicago, not scheduled.

Today's Games.

Cincinnati at Boston.
Chicago at New York.
St. Louis at Brooklyn.
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	12	7	.632
Philadelphia	11	7	.611
Chicago	12	9	.571
Detroit	9	8	.529
Washington	10	9	.526
St. Louis	8	8	.500
Cleveland	8	12	.400
Boston	4	14	.222

Yesterday's Results.

Washington 6, New York 1.
Detroit 3, Chicago 2.
Boston 3, Philadelphia 2.
Cleveland-St. Louis, rain.

Today's Games.

No games scheduled.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

	W.	L.	Pct.
Milwaukee	11	6	.647
St. Paul	10	7	.588
Toledo	9	7	.533
Minneapolis	9	8	.529
Indianapolis	9	8	.529
Kansas City	9	9	.500
Louisville	6	11	.353
Columbus	6	13	.316

Yesterday's Results.

Columbus 10, Minneapolis 2.
Milwaukee 5, Louisville 0.
Toledo 6, St. Paul 1.
Indianapolis-Kansas City, (wet grounds.)

Today's Games

Toledo at St. Paul.
Columbus at Minneapolis.
Indianapolis at Kansas City.
Louisville at Milwaukee.

DONAHEY EXPECTED TO SIGN AIGLER ACT

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Indications today were that Governor Vic Donahey will attach his approving signature to the Aigler bill increasing the corporation franchise tax, and the Kumler bill, boosting the state excise tax levied upon certain public utilities.

The governor has until Tuesday midnight to act upon these two measures, appropriating bills and the Norton bill, recodifying the Ohio's highway laws.

Unless the legislature, af ter it re-convenes here Monday, makes certain changes in the Norton bill, so as to eliminate provisions objected to by Donahey, the governor will veto the bill, it was stated.

Appropriation measurers now being considered by the governor include the Williamson bill, appropriating about $53,000,000 for state governmental expenditures during the 18-month's fiscal period ending December 31, 1928.

QUOIT TEAM WILL PRACTICE FRIDAY

Members of the Xenia Quoit Club are urged to attend a practice session Friday night in preparation for the opening game of the season in the Miami Valley Quoit League against Riverdale of Dayton, next Monday night in Xenia.

Local pitching grounds on E. Market St., have been moved to a new location on the same property and entirely rebuilt. Many improvements have been made to beautify the grounds.

President James Hughes is anxious to have as many pitchers out for practice Friday as possible, to get in form for league games.

CHAMP DESERTER GONE AGAIN

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—Ohio's champion deserter, according to Fort Hayes officials here, is gone again, police were notified today, when asked to search for Hallock Sayler, 23, Lucasville, Scioto County.

According to records at the army barracks, Sayler enlisted at Ft. Thomas, Ky., Nov. 20, 1924 and has deserted three times since, in fact, army officials here say, Sayler has deserted so successfully they have had time to sentence him only once when he was given a year in the guardhouse and a dishonorable discharge.

Sayler, according to the post records, escaped Thursday, while awaiting sentence for his desertion of March 23, 1927.

CARRIED MILE ON ENGINE PILOT—UNHURT

CLEVELAND, O., May 6.—Carried for almost a mile on the pilot of a locomotive after the truck he was driving had been struck and demolished at Bay Village by a fast Nickel Plate passenger train, pulled by two engines, Hugo Gemmer, 33, Cleveland, was alive and conscious here today. He spent a fairly restful night in Lakewood Hospital, and although seriously injured, physicians say there was no skull fracture, which is in Gemmer's favor.

Driving a National Biscuit Company truck, loaded with cakes and crackers, Gemmer was on his way to Lorain late yesterday when the accident happened.

E. S. Cloud, engineer of the head engine, said he blew the whistle for the crossing as usual, but saw the truck, which he expected to stop, pull directly into the path of the flyer, which was reported running at a speed of approximately sixty miles per hour.

REAL ESTATE

Lawrence W. Yowler to Henry S. Bagley, Sr., property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

George H. Snyder to Warren T. Morris, three tracts of property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

George L. Huffman to Laura E. Huffman, property in Jefferson Twp. $1.00.

William Henry and Rosa E. Henry to Harry R. Tavenner, property in Yellow Springs Village, $1.00.

John Henry to Harry R. Tavenner property in Yellow Springs Village, $1.00.

David T. Jones to E. A. Harris, property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

W. J. Kennedy and Theresa M. Kennedy to Arthur St. Claire Garwood, city property, $1.00.

Arthur St. Claire Garwood to W. J. and Theresa Kennedy, city property, $1.00.

Elmer H. Smith and Martha L. Smith to G. M. Keach and Nina Keach, property in Silvercreek Twp., $1.00.

Samuel Engilman to George Deger, property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

Forest F. Fogle and Eva Fogle to Elizabeth M. Furray, property in Osborn Village, $1.00.

Leslie E. Smith to the Roxanna Grain Co., property in town of Claysville, Greene County, $1.00.

Farrel E. Spahr to H. Alva Stephens and Clara J. Stephens, property in New Jasper Twp., $1.00.

The International Development Co. to Frank and Teresa Trotta, Gus Groeske, Charlotte B. Lee, James G. and Katherine A. Wilson, property in Bath Twp., $1.00.

DAILY MARKETS

LIVE STOCK

PITTSBURGH LIVESTOCK

Cattle—supply, light; market, steady; choice, $11.75@12.40; prime, $10.35@10.75; good, $10.25@10.75; tidy butchers, $9.50@10; fair, $8.50@9.50; common, $7@8; common to good fat bulls, $6@8; common to good fat cows, $3.50@6.50; heifers, $7.50@8.50; fresh cows and springers, $50@$100; veal calves, $13.

Sheep and Lambs—supply, 1,800; market, steady; good, $9.50; lambs, $16.25; spring lambs, $22.

Hogs—receipts, 2,000; market, lower; prime heavy hogs, $10@10.25; heavy mixed, $10.50@10.75; mediums, $10.90@11; heavy yorkers, $10.90@11; light yorkers, $10.90@11; pigs, $10.90@11; roughs, $8@8.75; stags, $5@7.

CHICAGO LIVESTOCK

Hogs—receipts 18,000; market steady; top $10.50; bulk $9@10.25; heavy weight, $9.60@10.25; medium weight, $10@10.45; light weight, $10@10.50; light lights, $9.90@10.40; packing sows, $8.60@9.25; pigs, $9.25@10.25.

Cattle—receipts 2,000; market steady; calves: receipts 1,000; market steady; beef steers: good and choice, $12@14; common and medium, $8@11.50; yearlings, $8.50@12.75; butcher cattle: heifers, $6@11; cows $6@9; bulls, $5.75@8; calves, $9.50@13; feeder steers, $7.50@9.50; stocker steers, $7@9; stocker cows and heifers, $5@7.

Sheep—receipts 7,000; market steady; medium and choice lambs, $16@17.25; culls and common, $12@14; spring lambs, $14@18; yearlings, $12@15; common and choice ewes, $5@9.50; lambs clipped, $14@16.

CINCINNATI LIVESTOCK

Hogs—receipts 5,200; held over 2,137; market steady; bulk quotations: 250-350 lbs., $9.25@10; 200-250 lbs., $10@10.50; 160-200 lbs., $10.40@10.50; 130-160 lbs., $10.35@10.50; 90-130 lbs., $9.50@10.50; packing sows, $8.25@8.75.

Cattle—receipts 400; calves 650; market steady. Veal slow, top, $12.50; quotations: beef steers, $9@10.50; light yearling steers and heifers, $8.50@10.50; beef cows, $6@7.25; low cutter and cutter cows, $4@5.50; vealers, $8@11.50; bulk stock and feeder steers, $8.50@9.

Sheep—receipts 500; market steady. Quotations: top fat lambs, $14.50; bulk fat lambs, $12.50@14.50, bulk cull lambs, $6.50@10.50; bulk fat ewes, $5@7; bulk spring lambs, $16@19; bulk cull spring lambs, $15@16.

XENIA LIVESTOCK
Greene County Livestock Shipping Assn'.

Heavies—$9@9.25.
Mediums—$9.25@9.75.
Lights—$9.75@10.
Roughs—$7@7.75.
Calves—$9.25.
Sheep—$4.50.
Lambs—$12.00.

DAYTON

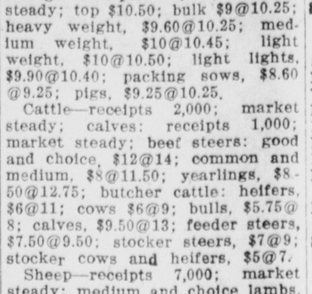
Receipts, 4 cars; market, steady.
Heavies, 300 lbs. up $9.75
Heavies, 250-350 lbs. up $10.00
Mediums, 140-250 down $10.25
Pigs, 150 down .....$8@10.00
Stags .....$5@6.50
Sows .....$7@8.25

CATTLE

Receipts, 10 cars; market, strong.
Best fat steers .....$9@9.50
Veal calves .....$7@11
Medium butcher steers .....$8@9
Medium butcher heifers ....$7@9
Best butcher heifers .....$7@9
Best fat cows, ...$6@7
Bologna cows .....$3@4.50
Medium cows .....$4@5
Bulls .....$6@7

SHEEP

Spring lambs .....$10@14
Sheep .....$2@3



Inconvenience? Yes; But Never Pain

Menstruation is Nature—but menstrual pain is NOT natural, and not necessary. Science has conquered the painful part. In a harmless—yes, healthful—little tablet called midol.

Midol is a more remarkable means of relieving such pain than even a habit-forming drug. It acts directly on the organs affected by menstruation, and relief comes in five to seven minutes.

Don't have another day of forced quiet, of pain, low spirits or even discomfort! Midol is effective twelve hours or more. Yet it does not depress the heart, is not narcotic, and is utterly harmless. All druggits, 50 cents, in thin aluminum box that fits the smallest purse.

Midol
Takes Pain Off the Calendar

GRAIN

DAYTON
Flour and Grain
(By the Durst Milling Co.)
(Prices being paid for grain at mill).

Wheat, No. 1, New, $1.20.
Rye, No. 2, 90c per bushel.
Corn, 75c per 100 lbs.
Oats, per bu. 48c.

PRODUCE

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

BUTTER:
Extra, 45@47c tub lots.
Extra firsts, 45 1-2@46 1-2c.
Firsts, 42@43c.
Packing stock, 28c.
Eggs, extra, 26c.
Extra firsts, 25c.
Firsts, 23@23 12c.

LIVE POULTRY:
Heavy fowls, 29@30c.
Live fowls, 25@26c.
Leghorn fowls, 18@20c.
Heavy broilers, $45@48c.
Springers, 45@48c.
Leghorn broilers, 22@23c.
Roosters, 17@18c.
Geese, 20@22c.
Ducks, 30@33c.

POTATOES:
Ohio's, $1.40@1.50.
Cobblers, $4@5 in 150 lb. bags.
New Jersey, $1.40 per hamper.
Idaho, $4.50 per 110 lb. bag.
Michigan, $4.00 per 150 lbs.
Minnesota, $3.75@4 per 150 lbs.
Home grown, 90c per half bushel basket.
Wisconsin, $4.25@5.35, 150 lb. bag.
Sweet Potatoes, Jersey, $1.40 per hamper.
Oleo, high grade animal oils, 25@25 1-2c. lower grades, 20@22c.
Cheese, York State, 27c@30c.
Apples, Baldwins, $4.50@5.25.
Tomatoes, $4@5 per 10 lb. basket.
Strawberries, Louisiana, $3.50@3.75 per 24 qt. crate.
Alabama, 24 qt. crate $2@3.25.
Mississippi, (Klondike) 24 qt. crate, $3@4.
Arkansas, 24 qt. crate, $2@3.25.
Louisiana, 24 qt. crate $3.50@3.75
Tenessee, $2@3.25.
Cabbage, 60c@65c per 1-2 bu. basket.
Cucumbers, $4.50@5 crate.
Onion, Ohio Yellow, $2.50@3 per sack, Green, 10c per bunch.
Rhubarb, home grown, 25@35c.
Sweet corn, Texas, $1.50@2.25.

DAYTON PRODUCE
Retail Price
(Corrected by The Joe Frank Co.)

Butter, 50c.
Eggs, 25c doz.
1927 fries, 60c lb.
Spring ducks, 29c.
Live roosters, 22c lb.
Live hens, 30c lb.
Turkeys, dressed, 75c lb.
Turkeys, live, 60c lb.

Prices Being Paid at Plant for Live Poultry and Eggs

Eggs, 20c per dozen.
Hens under 4 lbs., 25c.
Hens over 4 lbs., 25c.
Leghorn fries and hens, 25c lb.
1927 fries, 33c lb.
Turkeys, 40c lb.
Roosters, 12c lb.
Spring ducks, 20c lb.
Geese, 13c lb.

Butter
Butter, 46c wholesale.
Milk Producers' Association)
(By Miami Valley Co-operative

Retail Price
XENIA
Heavy hens, 23c.
Young roosters, 15c
Leghorn fries, 23c.
Eggs, 19c.

Mrs. Wm. Taylor

Women, Why Suffer Needlessly?

"During my early married life I was very delicate," said Mrs. Wm. Taylor of 209 Crystal Ave., Findlay, Ohio, "did not have a bit of health, was very weak and sickly. Finally during motherhood, I was so miserable I could not do anything. I doctored but got no relief. My doctor told me he could do nothing more for me and advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it not only strengthened me but my child was a fine, healthy, strong baby—weighing ten pounds. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the most wonderful help in motherhood of any medicine a woman can take. I always recommend it."

Many doctors advise the use of "Favorite Prescription" because they know in almost every case it shows results. Druggists sell it in both fluid and tablet. —Adv.

VULCANIZE

IT SAVES TIRE EXPENSE

A blown-out or badly cut tire may often be saved for thousands of miles of service. We specialize on Balloon Tire repairs.

TAILORED TIRE REPAIRS
NOT THE BULGY, DISCOLORED KIND

The investment in your tires is worth the protection of occasional inspection. Grit and moisture work into minor injuries and cause ply separation—quick, inexpensive repairs can often be made while you wait. Let us inspect your tires frequently.

Xenia Vulcanizing Co
102 East Main St.
CALL 1098

YOU PAY LESS AT KENNEDY'S
SHOE STORE
39 West Main Street

GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY

Copyright 1925 Keyes Religious News Service

Church Services

SECOND U. P. CHURCH
Market and West Sts.
H. B. McElree, Pastor

Bible School, 10:00.
Morning Worship, 11:00.
Y. P. C. U., 6:30.
Evening worship, 7:30.
The evening service will be a union service of all the churches of the city held in the Friends Church. The Rev. D. A. Sellers will bring the message of the evening.

FIRST U. P. CHURCH
East Market at Collier
James P. Lytle ,Pastor

Come to church! Worship and work!
10 a. m. The Bible School, C. M. Ervin, Supt.
11 a. m. A Mother's Day sermon: "Virtues—Virile or Vicious?"
6:30 p. m. The Y. P. C. U. meeting.
Union service, Friends Church, 7:30 p. m.
The "Flood Fund" offering recieved last Sabbath morning was $120.50.
Wed., 7:30 p. m., mid-week meeting.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Willoughby N. Shank, Pastor

"It has been said that genius always came of the male line. This is a mistake. No great man ever was born who didn't have a great mother."—Robt. G. Ingersol on Shakespeare.
Sunday School at 9; Mr. Chas. A. Bone, Supt., Mr. Carl Pramer, Asst. Supt. Classes for all grades.
Preaching at 10:30, subject, "Mother of Mine."
Epworth League at 6:30.
Union serivces at Friend's Church at 7:30.
"A mother is not the best who will not let a child grow up; who does all the talking; makes all the decisions, and meets all the issues."—The Survey.

FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
W. Main St.
Where you will feel at home.
C. E. Engelhard, Pastor
"MOTHER'S DAY"

9:15 A lively growing Sunday School. C. F. Mellage, Supt. Interesting and friendly classes for every one. Come.
10:30 We cordially invite you to attend this inspiring public service in honor of the mothers.
6:30 p. m., Luther League. Come.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Market and King Sts.
Rev. Wm. H. Tilford, Minister

Sunday services—"Mother's Day" 1927:
9:15 a. m. Mothers will have charge of the Sunday School and teach the classes and superintend the whole matter. Fathers and mothers invited.
10:30 a. m., Morning worship: "Mother's Day Song— Mr. Ray Cox. Sermon: "A Tribute to Motherhood". Honor your mother by attending this service.
7:30 p. m., union services, Friends Church—Rev. D. A. Sellers preaching.

THE U. B. CHURCH
West Third Street.
MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
10:30, display by the Banner Class.
At 10:45, hour of devotion. Pastor's sermon on "Our Mothers."
Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.
Special program by the Missionary Society at 8 p. m. Mother and daughter program of pantomime character.
Wednesday evening prayer service will be followed by official board meeting. Annual election of officers. All members requested to be present. Ever member canvass, Sunday, May 15.

K. K. K. MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

A Mother's Day program of varied features will be held at the Tabernacle, East Third Street, at 2:30 p. m., Sunday. The Dayton Glee Club will render several selections. Rev. Smith, Baptist pastor of Brookville will speak. The public is cordially invited to this service.

SAMARITAN ARMY INC.
50 Columbus Ave.
Captain Mary Mendenhall
Officer in Charge

Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
Praise meeting, 3:30 p. m.
Battle for souls, 7:30. p. m.
Everybody welcome.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Church School at 9:15 a. m.
Morning service and sermon at 10:30.
Young People's Society at 6:30 p. m.
Union service at Friends Church, 7:30 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
R. E. Brown, Minister

Sunday School, 9:30.
Morning worship, 10:30. The pastor will preach on "Modern Idols and Their Worshippers."
Let us remember that Sunday is the Lord's Day and we should spend part of it in the Lord's House.

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH
North Detroit at Church St.
David A. Sellers, Pastor

9:15 a. m., the new Supt, Mr. H. E. Eichman will be in charge of the opening services. There will be an election of new officers, let us make it "A Bigger and a Better School."
10:30 a. m., morning worship. A special duet, "My Faith Looks up to Thee" by Bassford will be sung by Mrs. John Watkins and Miss Julia Peterson. In remembering Mother's Day the Pastor will speak on the theme, "The Prevailing Mother," Matt. 15: 21-28.
7:30 p. m. union service at the Friends Church at which the pastor of this church will be the speaker. Subj., "How May I Know I Am a Christian?"
8:00 p. m. Wednesday, prayer and Bible study. Come to "The Friendly Church on the Corner."

TRINITY METHODIST
V. F. Brown, Pastor

Trinity, always welcome, extends an invitation to Mother's Day services. Sunday School, with a good orchestra to assist, meets at 9:15.
Public worship, with sermon by the pastor, 10:30 a. m. The sermon will be appropriate to Mother's Day, and you will be helped by hearing it.
At the evening hour of 7:30, Trinity joins in the union services at the Friends Church, and Rev. D. A. Sellers of the Reformed Church will preach.
Mid-week services, Wednesday evening, 7:30.
Better come.

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
Corner Orange and Bellbrook Sts.
F. H. Landgrabe, Pastor

Sabbath School, 9:15.
Morning worship, 10:30, subject, "How to Keep Sanctified."
Y. P. S., 6:30.
Evangelistic service, 7:30.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30.
Everybody welcome.

FRIENDS CHURCH
Chestnut and High Sts.
Russell Burkett, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:30. Classes for all ages. L. L. Jordan, Supt.
Morning worship, 10:30. Appropriate services for Mother's Day. Sermon by the pastor. Special music.
Christian Endeavor, 6 p. m.
The union services of the city will be at this church Sunday evening at 7:30. The Rev. D. A. Sellers will bring the message. The Aechie Harrod Concert Party, colored singers, will be present at this service singing negro spirituals, fifteen minutes before and fifteen minutes after the sermon.
Good Samaritan class social Tuesday evening at McKinney cottage at the pumping station.
Ladies' Aid, Wednesday afternoon.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.
Miami Quarterly meeting will be held at the Xenia Friends Church Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Meeting of Ministry and Oversight Friday morning at 10:30. Quarterly meeting session Saturday morning, 10:30. Dinner will be served in the basement.
Sunday School rally will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. W. W. Rowe, pastor of the Central Reformed Church of Dayton, will bring the message. Special music.

Everything Electrical
—AT—
H. E. EICHMAN
Phone 652 52 W. Main St.

This Page Is Made Possible By These Business Firms Who Believe That The Church Represents The Greatest Force For Good

Have You Tried our
TWIN LOAF BREAD
All Grocers Handle It.
BURNS BAKERY
113 E. Main St.

For Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET
So Smooth—So Powerful
LANG CHEVROLET CO.
33 Green St.
Phone 901

KODAKS AND FILM
All needed supplies for Kodaks and all other makes of Cameras.
SAYRE'S DRUG STORE
Xenia, Ohio.

THE STOUT COAL CO.
J. J. Stout, Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.
High Grade Domestic Coal and Coke
Also Cement, Lime and Builders' Supplies
Office and Yards—
Washington St. and Home Ave.
Phone 22

Everything Electrical
—At—
H. E. EICHMAN
52 W. Main St.
Phone 652

DR. G. W. KUHN
—Dentistry—
Exodontia and Plate Work a specialty
Hours 8 to 11:30—1 to 5
26 S. Detroit. Kingsbury Bldg.
Bell Phone 62-W.

GLASS
Auto Windshields and Sidelights. Installed Quickly.
FRED F. GRAHAM

Go to Church Sunday.
Rent a Safety Deposit Box with Us Monday.
CITIZEN'S NATIONAL BANK

STATE COMMITTEE WANTS H. A. HIGGINS ON ELECTION BOARD

Settling a factional dispute in the ranks of the Democratic Central Committee in Greene County, the State Democratic Central Committee, at a meeting Thursday in Columbus, recommended Harry A. Higgins, Xenia, for appointment to the Democratic vacancy on the Greene County Board of Elections.

Acting on this recommendation, the appointment will be made by Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown after he has received certification of the committee's action. The term of office is for two years and the new appointee succeeds Edward Wood, Xenia, whose term expired.

One committee faction, claiming to be the rightful executive committee, had recommended Higgins for the appointment. The other faction, also claiming party control, certified the name of Wood for re-appointment.

Brown, in making his list of appointments to county boards over the state, referred disputes to the respective party state central committees, for decision. Higgins was formerly a Democratic board member.

When the official appointment is made, the new board will probably meet to effect permanent organization by the election of a chief deputy and clerk.

CAESARCREEK HIGH GRADUATES CLASS OF TEN THURSDAY

Xenia High School Orchestra furnished music at the commencement exercises of Caesarcreek High School, Thursday night.

The following students receievd diplomas: Mildred Malvinia Carle, Robert L. St. John, Sarah Aletha Conklin, Elden Earl Heinz, Clara Wilmina Peterson, Donald H. St. John, Grace Liming, Forrest D. Ellis, Wilma Irene Shambaugh, and Clarence L. Ary.

L. C. Dick, London, superintendent of Madison County Schools, delivered the class address. Invocation and benediction were pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Chancellor. The "class will" was read by Wilmina Peterson, the "class history" by Grace Liming, the "class prophecy" by Aletha Conklin, and the valedictory by Mildred Carle.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The orchestra journeyed to Caesarcreek Thursday night to play at commencement exercises at Caesarcreek High School. Personnel of the orchestra: Emma LaMar, piano; Dorothea Pagett, Lucile Ireland, Marian Moser, Lucy Stout, Charles Karch, Julian Doggett, and Dena Watkins, violins; Anna Mae Toops, cello; Hubert Glass, saxophone and clarinet; Roger Pagett, cornet, and William Harrison, drums. Principal Shank is directing the orchestra in the absence of Mr. Whitworth.

The Latin Club held it regular meeting Wednesday.

Miss Roxie Channel, faculty member, and Miss Gladys Beals, student, left Friday for Columbus where Miss Beals is entered in the state short-hand and typing contests. She recently placed third in the sectional meet in Dayton, thus winning the right to participate in the state meet. The Xenia party joined a group from Steele and Stivers of Dayton on the trip.

The "Syncopating Music Makers," the school's only jazz orchestra, furnished the music for an entertainment given by Spring Hill school in the auditorium Wednesday night.

In preparation for the concert Friday, May 13, the glee clubs are holding many extra practice sessions. They hope Friday, the thirteenth will not prove unlucky and are urging patrons to purchase tickets.

Two weeks of play find the seniors and juniors tied for first place in the intro-mural recreation ball league, the sophs and faculty in second position, and the lowly frosh in last place. Although tied in the percentage column, the seniors are actually the leaders, having won two games and the juniors one. Neither team has met defeat. The faculty dropped out of a first-place tie by unexpectedly losing to the sophs Wednesday. The standing:

Team.	W.	L.	Pct.
Seniors	2	0	1.000
Juniors	1	0	1.000
Sophomores	1	1	.500
Faculty	1	1	.500
Freshmen	0	3	.000

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 5.—What's in a name? The second break in the town of Hard Times, a tiny village in Tensas parish, which had never had a day's bad luck in its life until the levee broke.

The devouring Mississippi poured into the hapless village and on its destructive way with a mighty roar to the next town. The next town was Waterproof, a village of 325 souls immediately south of Hard Times. Both are now under water.

EAST END NEWS

Mrs. Mary Beckley, of Cincinnati is the guest for a few days of friends here.

Miss Carolyn Ward, of Indianapolis, stenographer for Doctors Hummon and Stewart of that city, is visiting for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, E. Market St.

Mr. Archie Harrod, tenor singer and Miss Matilda Walton, contralto of the Famous Jubilee Concert Company, will appear at the Zion Baptist Church, E. Main St., Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. These charming entertainers have made for themselves an enviable reputation. So successful were they in the states that they crossed the water and for a period of two years they sang their way into the hearts of the people of England, Australia, Trinidad, the Bermudas and Hawaii. Mr. Harrod is also the reciter and pianist and his many years of experience peculiarly fitted him for successful work. Hear them.

Mrs. Fannie Hall and son Charles of E. Church St., are the week end guests of Mrs. Mamie Custer, Middletown, O.

The Mite Missionarmy Society of the St. John's A. M. E. held a splendid session at the home of Mrs. Mattie Price, E. Church St., Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Price, as hostess royally entertained the ladies at the close of the session.

Rev. A. M. Howe and Rev. J. H. Harris of E. Market St., attended the Western Union Ministerial Institute at the Zion Baptist Church, Cedarville, Thursday.

Mrs. Emma Curry and Mrs. Charles Lockett of Springfield, were visitors here Thursday.

Mrs. Lillie Pegg, of Chicago, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McKnight, E. Second St.

The Zion Baptist Missionary Society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Patti Smith, E. Main St. An excellent attendance and much interest was had. The Springfield District President, Mrs. Emma Curry, in company with the treasurer of the district, Mrs. Chas. Lockett, was present and gave many helpful suggestions and encouraging words. Plans were made and delegates elected to the district meeting the 28th and 29th of May with the Zion Baptist Church, Yellow Springs. Mrs. Lucy Brown and Mrs. M. D. Hilliard were sent as the messengers.

C. M. E. MISSION
East Main St.

Regular services Sunday.
Sunday School usual hour, 9:30 a. m.

We will observe Mother's Day. Go to church Sunday if for nothing else, for the sake of mother.

Most churches will have three services.

Come to our prayer and class meeting every Wednesday evening, 7:30 p. m.

J. H. Hargrave, Sect.
Alvin M. Atkins, Pastor.

MIDDLE RUN BAPTIST CHURCH
W. C. Allen, Pastor

11:00 a. m., theme: "Mother and Her Bible."

1 p. m., Sunday School. J. T. Rountree, Supt.

2:30 p. m., the G. U. O. O. F. will have their thanksgiving services. Sermon, Rev. O. O. Jones, of London.

7:00 p. m., B. Y. P. U. M. L. Allen, president.

8:00 p. m., worship and impromptu program. All are made welcome.

THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH
A. McClintock Howe, Minister

9:30 a. m., Bible School. H. W. Gales, Supt., with Mrs. A. McClure, assistant superintendent. Everybody ought to know what our blessed Lord has to say in His word. Come and study the word with us. You are welcome to this school.

10:45 a. m., worship and sermon. (Special.) This being Mother's Day. Immediately following the morning message, the hand of fellowship will be given new members, and the Lord's supper will follow. It is hoped that every member will be present.

6:30 p. m., B. Y. P. U. Mrs. Elizabeth Simms, with Mrs. Dorothy Wynn as vice president. Those who were present on last Sabbath at the B. Y. P. U. hour will not forget the inspiring service, and the helpful discussion of the program by Mr. Lamont. We are looking for you on this Sabbath B. Y. P. U. hour, as a treat is in store for all who will attend.

7:45 p. m. This being Mother's Day, a special program will be rendered in memory of and as a tribute to Mother. The women of the church will have charge of this service. It is asked that each person bring a plant or flower of your choice for the occasion. Those bringing potted plants will designate same by writing their names on a card, and put same in or on said plant, and at the evening service you can take or dispose of same as you wish. Committee in charge.

Mrs. Cora Kelcy, Mrs. Isadore Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth Simms, Miss Maude Nickens, Miss Lucile Shenault, Mrs. W. L. Collins.

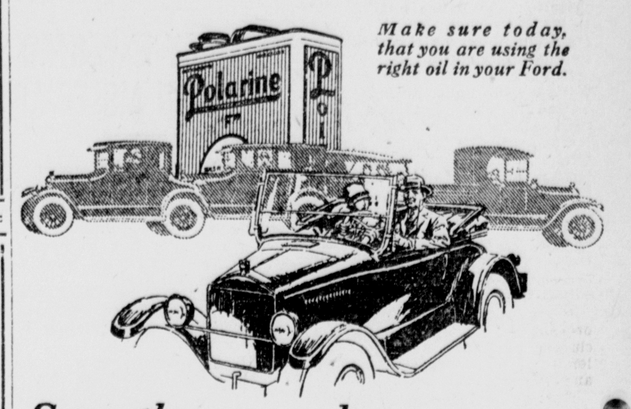
This is the evening for the Penitentiary Quartette, Friday evening, May 6. Come and meet your friends.

Feminine Charm Disappears When

the nose has an ugly shine. Keep the skin looking like a peach with this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called Mello-Glo. Stays on indefinitely—so pure and fine—prevents large pores—keeps your skin youthful. Get this new wonderful Face Powder MELLO-GLO at the toilet counter today.—Hutchison & Gibney. —Adv.

PANSIES FOR MOTHER'S DAY
and other potted plants.
R. O. Douglas
Phone 549-W.
Cor. Monroe and Washington Sts.

MOTHERS' DAY FLOWERS
Fine selection of beautiful Cut Flowers and choice Potted Plants. Uptown Store in room in Steele Building. Our prices are low.
J. J. Lampert



Make sure today, that you are using the right oil in your Ford.

Smoothness and economy depend upon the oil you use

Only a specially-compounded light-bodied oil—Polarine F—can give best results in your Ford. There are several reasons why this is so.

The Ford motor is a high speed motor and requires an oil which flows freely and quickly to all engine parts.

It is a high compression motor in which carbon formation is more serious, hence an oil of low carbon tendency is required.

Its bearing construction requires an oil light enough to penetrate quickly to bearing surfaces, yet of sufficient body to withstand heat and pressure.

The splash system of lubrication is used, requiring a light-bodied oil which will atomize readily when splashed by the connecting rods.

Polarine F also has the second vital Ford oil characteristic. It keeps transmission bands soft and pliable—prevents chatter and grab.

Our recommendation of Polarine F for Fords is based on our own experience with these cars as well as the judgment of lubrication engineers.

Change crank-case oil every 500 miles and refill with Polarine F. For chassis lubrication use Polarine BB (for differential gears) and Polarine Cup Grease. These high-quality lubricants are available everywhere in Ohio to help you get best results from your Ford.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(An Ohio Corporation)

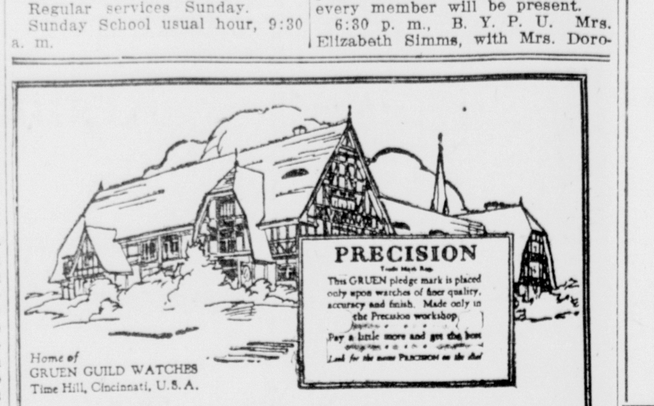
Polarine "F"
for FORD Cars
5 Grades Polarine for Other Cars

RED CROWN GASOLINE

Look for the Red Crown Sign. In a wilderness of pumps—hundreds of brands and many prices—the Red Crown Sign blazes the way to uniform power and satisfaction. You get gasoline value to the last cent's worth when you stop at a Red Crown pump. 600 Service Stations, thousands of dealers.

See These Before You Buy
1925 Star Sedan
1925 Ford Sedan
1926 Star Coupe
1926 Star Four Coach
1925 Ford Coupe
1926 Dodge Coupe
Johnston Motor Sales
109 W. Main St., Xenia, Ohio

SKIN ABRASIONS are painful and dangerous. Heal them quickly and prevent infections with Resinol



Home of GRUEN GUILD WATCHES
Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.

Gruen—the most extensive variety of watches in America

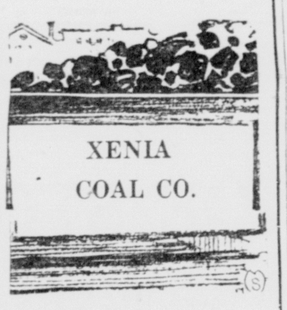
At our store you can choose a Gruen Watch for every member of the family.

The Guild provides a watch specially suited for every man, woman, boy or girl.

We invite you to come in and inspect our display—prices, $25 to $500.

TIFFANY
Jewelry Store

SPECIAL
FOR SATURDAY
7 in. O. S. Wheel for Ford
$1.98
FAMOUS AUTO SUPPLY
Yellow Front Phone 1100



XENIA COAL CO.

SENSIBLE

That is what you are when you insist on getting finest quality coal, full weight and right prices! You are sure of all three when you order your coal here. Remember this when planning to lay in your next season's supply at low spring prices. You will save money if you order soon.

PHONE 130
THE XENIA COAL CO.
W. 2nd St. at Pa. R. R.
Cement—Lime

Regain Health this Way!

There is a right way to regain health—if you are anemic, weak, nervous and run-down, because of thin, watery blood and deficient gland activity.

The way is easy, pleasant, prompt. It is scientific, for it deals with supplying the elements needed by the system. The method has been used successfully 15 years. The use of Cadomene Tablets has grown to over one million a week, by users telling others how effective the method is. There are people in your own circle who have regained lost health. Your doctor or druggist can tell you of "the miracle-like" recoveries of thin, anemic, weak, nervous-run-down folks.

Take from your food all calcium, phosphorus, iron and magnesium—and you wither and die. Reduce the amount your blood and glands should have, and you soon become afflicted with Nerve Trouble, Gland Trouble, Anemia, Weakness, Digestive Disorders, Infected Teeth, Headaches, Lowered Vitality, Fatigue, a tendency to have "colds" frequently and a general lethargy of mind and body.

The "Balance" or level of your system is upset, due to modern methods of preparing foods from which vital elements have been taken. Cadomene gives back this lost balance promptly. Six to eight weeks' use is time enough to produce a delightful buoyancy of spirit and reserve strength. Simply take three to six tablets daily as per directions.

Cadomene Tablets is not a cheap "catch penny tonic", but an efficient enricher of the blood and a potent strength-inducing agent. Go, try it now. Learn that you can be well and strong. Druggists everywhere sell Cadomene on a guarantee of delightful satisfaction or money back.

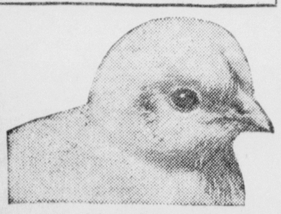
Rheumatism

Relief of Pain? Get relief safely, quickly by using Su-thol Tablets, the remedy evolved by German and American science. A proper diet and Su-thol will soon rid the system of the poisons that cause the pain and distress. Gratitude then fills your heart.

Try Su-thol (soothe-all) for a few days and see how greatly they benefit you. The cost is trivial, the relief prompt and the results amazing!

Six 25c tubes in each $1.00 package at leading drug stores.

LIFE!



Guarantee life to baby chicks. Raise *every* livable one!

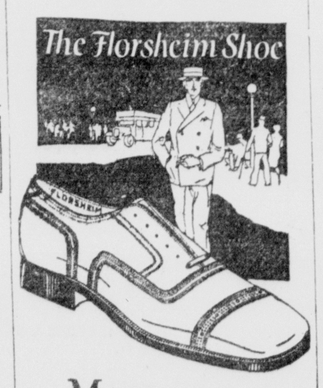
Pratts is the complete baby food for baby chicks . . . made from the finest grain products . . . mechanically predigested . . . furnishes completely everything needed for bone, flesh and muscle,

If you want chicks to live, thrive and grow into strong, sturdy egg producers, start them on Pratts and follow up with Pratts Buttermilk Growing Mash.

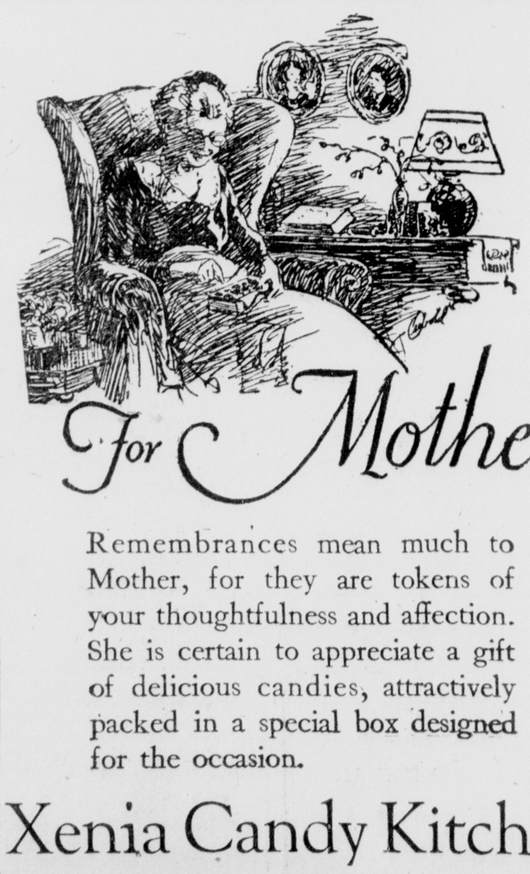
Avoid chick losses by using

Pratts
BUTTERMILK
BABY CHICK FOOD
Sold and Guaranteed by

C. L. BABB HARDWARE STORE



MAKE your feet comfortable. Wear Florsheims and you will have easy going from morning to night. That's worth a lot to you.
$10
FRAZER'S
SHOE STORE
11 E. Main St., Xenia, Ohio.



For Mother

Remembrances mean much to Mother, for they are tokens of your thoughtfulness and affection. She is certain to appreciate a gift of delicious candies, attractively packed in a special box designed for the occasion.

Xenia Candy Kitchen

Moser's Shoe Store
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS Sale
Prices Cut Below Wholesale Cost

LADIES' PUMPS, OXFORDS AND SLIPPERS

1 Big Lot Ladies' Pumps, Oxfords and Slippers. Blonde, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers, Satin, Fancy and plain ties, 1 and 2 straps, spike, cuban and low heels. Values to $10.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR ___ $2.69

LADIES' NEWEST STYLE DRESS SLIPPERS

Our entire line of Ladies' newest style Dress Pumps, Ties, Oxfords and 1 and 2 strap slippers. Blonde, Patent, Parchment, Rose Blush, and tan leathers. Spike and cuban heels. Values to $9.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $4.98

CHILDREN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS

1 Lot Children's Shoes and Oxfords in Patent leather, black and tan, lace, 1 and 2 strap. Footform lasts and flexible soles. Values to $2.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR _____ 98c

MEN'S DRESS SHOES AND OXFORDS

The well known Walk-Over, J. P. Smith and other good makes of high shoes and oxfords. Black, brown and tan leathers. Rubber and leather heels. Values to $12.00. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $3.98

MEN'S HIGH GRADE DRESS OXFORDS

Our entire line of Men's Walk-Over and J. P. Smith Dress Oxfords in Black and Tan leather. Leather and rubber heels. All new styles. Values to $9.50. SALE PRICE—A PAIR____ $5.95

MEN'S TENNIS SHOES

1 Lot Men's good Tennis Shoes in plain white, white with gray trim and white with brown trim. Lace to toe. Values to $4.50. SALE PRICE—A PAIR _____ 98c

HUNDREDS OF OTHER BARGAINS
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!
Moser's Shoe Store

HAMILTON MAN HEADS DISTRICT LOAN GROUP

OFFICERS ELECTED WHEN CEDARVILLE ENTERTAINS GROUP

Many Addresses On Program Of Meeting On Thursday

Officials of fifty-seven building and loan companies in six southwestern Ohio counties, comprising District No. 2 of the Ohio Building Association League, representing financial institutions with total assets of $156,757,977, reported a 15 per cent increase in business during last year at their annual spring meeting in Alford memorial gymnasium at Cedarville College Thursday.

More than 125 delegates were present for the all-day session including officials from Greene, Butler, Clark, Montgomery, Preble and Warren Counties.

Charles J. Parrish, Hamilton, was elected president of the group for the coming year, succeeding Andrew Jackson, Cedarville, at the business session in the morning. Other new officers chosen were: C. A. Fay, Springfield, vice-president, and Edward F. Worndorff, Hamilton, secretary.

Retiring officers are: President Andrew Jackson, of the Cedarville Building and Loan Association; Vice President C. J. Parrish, of the Hamilton Homestead and Loan Co., and Thomas J. Kennedy, of the Xenia People's Building and Savings Association.

Address of welcome was delivered after the meeting convened at 10 a. m. by Dr. W. R. McChesney, president of Cedarville College, Mr. Parrish making the response.

Reconvening at 1 p. m. after the noon adjournment, the speaking program for the afternoon included twenty-minute addresses by J. Ben Wilberding, Cleveland, O., president of Ohio Building Association League, on "Good Work;" "In the Ranks," by Paul P. O'Brian, Dayton, first vice president, Ohio Building Association League; "National Taxation," Congressman Roy J. Fitzgerald, Dayton, O.

"Impressions," by Walter Locke, editor-in-chief, The Dayton Daily News, Dayton, O.; "Meeting Issues," J. W. Tannehill, Columbus state superintendent of the building and loan department; "State Taxation," Senator Miles S. Kuhns, Dayton; "Progress," Senator L. T. Marshall, Xenia, and "On the Job," James A. Devine, Columbus, secretary, Ohio Building Association League. Mr. Devine did not appear until late in the afternoon due to a slight attack of indigestion in the morning which threatened to prevent his attendance.

Delegates enjoyed a chicken dinner at 12 o'clock prepared by women of the Advisory Board of Cedarville College. Musical entertainment was supplied by the Cedarville College Glee Club. Andrew Jackson, president, presided at the meeting.

The next spring meeting of the district will be held the first Thursday in May, 1928, probably at Hamilton. The meeting place and date for the fall meeting of the group will be set by the new officers of the district.

Building and loan companies in Greene County represented at the meeting, were: the Cedarville Building and Loan Association, Cedarville, and the Home Building and Savings Co. and People's Building and Savings Co., Xenia.

FAYETTE COUNTIAN GIVES COLLEGE LAND

Charles L. Persinger, Fayette County, has deeded to Wilmington College a tract of nearly 400 acres, near New Holland, on the Washington C. H.-Circleville Highway.

The gift was made under substantially the same terms as that of 240 acres near Mt. Sterling deeded to the college some time ago by Mr. Persinger. The total acreage given the Wilmington school by Mr. Persinger is more than 600.

The Fayette County man has presented land to five colleges and recently provided a scholarship at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, in honor of Story Academy at Bowersville, which he attended years ago.

SOY BEAN SEED
Manchu Variety;
Price $2.50
Per Bu.
Greene County Farm Bureau
Phone 1094 or 207-R

XENIAN STRUCK BY MACHINE IN DAYTON

Noah Earnst, 75, was removed to Miami Valley Hospital suffering from shock after being struck by an automobile driven by a man registering as Albert Clark, 727 E. Main St., Xenia, O., at Main St. and Riverview Ave., in Dayton at 6:30 o'clock Friday morning.

His injuries are not believed serious, consisting principally of bruises, although he is in a nervous condition and the heart may be affected by the shock, hospital attendants said.

The aged man is said by witnesses to have stepped off a street car, en route to work, and walked directly in the path of the automobile. He was taken to the hospital in a police ambulance.

XENIA GIRL WINS HONORS AT OBERLIN

Miss Anna L. Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Jones, 229 E. Church St., this city, was honored by election to the sophomore ranking list at the observance of Honors Day at Oberlin College Thursday.

To be included in the special honor groups publicly announced on Honors Day is one of the outstanding distinctions which may come to an undergraduate at Oberlin. Miss Jones is a member of the college of arts and sciences.

BELLBROOK

Notwithstanding the decisive defeat of the local aggregation in a 6 to 0 shutout game with the Dayton Police last Sunday, the home boys are by no means discouraged. Their splendid showing with Beavertown in the first game of the series when fifteen innings were required to reach a decision, and barring a few errors and loss in breaks in the second game, it is reasonable to predict that they will prove themselves real contenders for supremacy in the contest now going on. They will have for their opponents on next Sunday, the strong Osborn team who has one victory and one defeat chalked down on the record. The game will be played at Beavertown, and will start promptly at 3 p. m.(Eastern Standard Time).

CHICHESTERS PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ters Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TERS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 40 years known as Best, Safest, Reliable. Buy Now!
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Sunday Is Mother's Day

Remember your Mother with some suitable gift on this Day—here are a few gift suggestions that Mother would choose for herself:

Silk Hose in all the new shades
$1.00—$1.65—$1,95
Silk Gloves— new styles and colors.
$1.50
Flowers for Coat or Dress
50c to $1.00.
Perfumes and Toilet Articles of all kinds.
Jewelry would be suitable.
Silk Underwear
Fancy Pillows—$1.95 to $3.95.
Embroidered Towels
Silk Umbrellas—$5.00.
Writing Paper in Fancy Boxes

MAKE HOT WEATHER DRESSES NOW
Our stock of wash materials is now at its best. New materials and new patterns are plentiful. All fast colors, reasonably priced.
39c to 85c

Jobe Brothers

Announcement!

Larger and finer rooms now ready at lower rates

As you can see, these are rates which fairly urge you to take advantage of them. I can frankly say, we believe that the values we are offering are extraordinary.

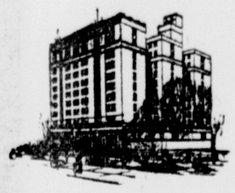
An entirely new policy has been adopted here—one that offers you a larger room, finer service, unsurpassed meals at the same or lower rates than ever before.

You will be pleasantly surprised to find that here is a hotel where you can get, not only a full measure of value for your money, but also a home-like atmosphere and courteous, intelligent service.

I have every reason to believe that you will thoroughly enjoy stopping with us. Come to Hotel Winton—soon!

L. H. Frew
President

New Rates
150 outside rooms $2.50
100 outside rooms 3.00
100 outside rooms 3.50
100 outside rooms 4.00
Every room with bath
W. Stiles Koonas
Manager



HOTEL WINTON
THE HOTEL WITH THE NEW POLICY
Cleveland
PROSPECT AT NINTH
Large, outside rooms, all with bath. Our own garage facilities.
Coffee Shop served by main kitchen

Dunkel's
PURE FOODS AT CUT PRICES

MOLASSES KISSES Pound 19c

TOILET TISSUE "E" BRAND 1000 Sheets 4 Rolls 29c

FLOUR William Tell or E Brand ... Silver Star, 24 1-2 lb, 98c. $1.13

BUTTER Fresh Every Day. Pound ... 48c

SUGAR Jack Frost 10 pounds ... 65c

SOAP POWDER Big 3 lb. Box ... 17c

Navy Beans 4 Pounds 25c

PRUNES California Big 40 Size 2 lbs. ... 25c

Brooms A Well Made 5 Sew Heavy $1.00 value ... 63c

Oats Rolled or Pinhead, 6 Lbs. ... 25c

Cheese Colby. Best In Town, Lb. ... 35c

Palmolive Soap 3 bars ... 19c

Macaroni 3 Boxes ... 23c

Coffee Our Special Blend Try One Pound ... 42c

We Deliver Your Order Of Three Dollars Or More

Galloway & Cherry

ENDING

Spring's Big Remarkable

"They Bake Better"

DETROIT JEWEL RANGE SALE

"They Bake Better"

"They Bake Better"

"They Bake Better"

Can't Go On After Tomorrow

This is the final call.. To come—whoever will—and all are welcome

Biggest DETROIT JEWEL Range Sale of Spring ends! Best terms of Spring—come to a close. Lowest prices on all the newest ranges, made by the Biggest Stove Factory in the World ends—and goes its way. But tomorrow is long—and time to choose takes up only a few minutes of it—early or late—is not too late—while our store doors are open.

Here's A Special!
Big and High in the Spotlight
(Big Family Cabinet—Right or Left Oven)
$74.00
THIS SALE ONLY!
Your Old Stove Taken As Good Part Pay

(Oven Regulator $12.50 Extra)
"They Bake Better"
Look Better and Last Better! Big or Little— or White or Black or Grey—Whatever the Size or the Price $37.95 or $120.00 — They Bake Better! And Please Every Cook.
Have Done It 62 Years

DETROIT JEWEL Oven Heat Control can be had on any DETROIT Jewell Cabinet Range

Other Prices: $37.95 $59 to $120

STYLES:—you see—and prices—and models to pie ase every home—big or little—high or low—and—Terms: you'll n ever see better!

Pay only $5 DOWN

THAT'S ENOUGH

Long time on balance. We're doing our part and the Biggest Stove Works in the World is helping us to help you find it easy to have a bright, new, Better Baker DETROIT JEWEL.

Big Allowance for Your Old Stove! We're doing everything we can to show worry the way out of every old-stoved kitchen in town.

FREE! $8.95 Baking Set
14 Pieces—Fireproof Glassware!
A 35 Piece Breakfast Set FREE
—With Our Compliments To Every Buyer—This Sale Only!
Bake in glass—Serve in glass! That's the very New Way—That's the "Good Housekeeping Way"—Tested and Approved. And delighted in by Housewives, proud and particular everywhere!

"YES, I SOLD IT," HE REPLIED; "I USED AN AD IN CLASSIFIED."

Classified Advertising Page

THE EVENING GAZETTE, XENIA, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1927.

"I FOUND JUST WHAT I WANTED," SAID HE; "A CLASSIFIED AD BROUGHT IT TO ME."

Classified Advertising Rates

Daily Rate Per Line for Consecutive Insertions.

Insertions	Cash	Charge
Six days	.07	.08
Three days	.08	.09
One day	.09	.10

Advertisements are restricted to proper classification, style and type. The right is reserved by the Publishers to edit or reject any advertising.

The Xenia Gazette and Republican maintain a staff of clerks ever ready to perform service and render advice on all kinds of advertising.

Advertisements ordered for irregular insertions will be charged for at the one-time rate. No advertisement will be taken for less than the cost of three lines. Special rates for yearly advertising upon request.

The Publishers will be responsible only for one incorrect insertion of any advertisement. Classified Ads will be received until 9:30 a. m. for publication the same day.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

1 Card of Thanks.
2 In Memoriam.
3 Florists, Monuments.
4 Taxi Service.
5 Notices, Meetings.
6 Personal.
7 Lost and Found.

BUSINESS CARDS.

8 Cleaning, Pressing, Laundering.
9 Dressmaking, Millinery.
10 Beauty Culture.
11 Professional Services.
12 Roofing, Plumbing, Heating.
13 Electricians, Wiring.
14 Building, Contracting.
15 Painting, Papering.
16 Repairing, Refinishing.
17 Moving, Packing, Storage.

EMPLOYMENT.

18 Help Wanted—Male.
19 Help Wanted—Female.
20 Help Wanted—Male or Female.
21 Help Wanted —Agents — Salesmen.
22 Situations Wanted.
23 Help Wanted—Instruction.

LIVE STOCK—POULTRY—PETS

24 Dogs—Canaries—Pets.
25 Poultry—Eggs—Supplies.
26 Horses—Cattle—Hogs.

MISCELLANEOUS

27 Wanted To Buy.
28 Miscellaneous For Sale.
29 Musical Instruments—Radio.
30 Household Goods.
31 Wearing Apparel—Shoes.
32 Groceries—Meats.

RENTALS

33 Where To Eat.
34 Rooms—With Board.
35 Rooms For Rent—Furnished.
36 Rooms For Rent—Unfurnished.
37 Houses—Flats—Unfurnished.
38 Houses—Flats—Furnished.
39 Office and Desk Rooms.
40 Miscellaneous For Rent.
41 Wanted To Rent.

REAL ESTATE

42 Houses For Sale.
43 Lots For Sale.
44 Real Estate For Exchange.
45 Farms For Sale.
46 Business Opportunities.
47 Wanted Real Estate.

AUTOMOTIVE

48 Automobile Insurance.
49 Auto Laundries—Painting.
50 Tires—Tubes—Batteries.
51 Parts—Service—Repairing.
52 Motorcycles—Bicycles.
53 Auto Agencies.
54 Used Cars For Sale.

PUBLIC SALES

55 Auctioneers.
56 Auction Sales.

LOST AND FOUND 7

LOST—Boston terrier dog with white front feet. Ans. to name of Boots. C. H. Poland, 335 W. Third St.

DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY 9

HATS CLEANED—And reblocked, all work guaranteed. American Hat Cleaning Shop, 19 N. Detroit St. Phone 662.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES 11

ELECTRIC—Wiring of all kinds, prompt service, full line of new fixtures. H. E. Eichman Electric Shop, 32 W. Main St.

ROOFING, PLUMBING, HEATING 12

PIPE—Valves and fittings for all purposes. Bockler's line of plumbing and heating supplies are the best. The Bockler-Ailing Co., 413 W. Main St. Phone 364.

HELP WANTED—MALE 18

WANTED—Collector and salesman. Must be neat, clean and courteous. White-Maytag Sales Co.

WANTED—Farm hand, able to run Fordson tractor and milk. Good home for right person. Apply C. J. Butcks, Spring Valley, O.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE 19

WANTED—Girl for housework. 713 W. Second St.

LADIES
For Branch Manager Positions
Steady Employment
Good Pay
Box J L, care Gazette.

HELP WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE 20

AMBITIOUS—Industrious person to introduce and supply the demand for Rawleigh household products in Greene Co. Make sales of $150 to $600 a month or more. No selling experience required. We supply products, sales and advertising literature and service methods. Lowest prices; best values. W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. OH9222, Freeport, Ill.

HELP WANTED—AGENTS—SALESMEN 21

BATTERY — Recharging and rebuilding. Carroll-Binder Co., E. Main St.

SITUATIONS WANTED 22

WANTED—Position as companion or housekeeper. Lock Box 149, Xenia, Ohio.

POULTRY—EGGS—SUPPLIES 25

200 S. C. RED—Chicks, 10 cents each. Good laying stock. Mrs. Carl Morgan, 38-F-5, Spring Valley.

POULTRY FEEDS—Cod liver oil, charcoal, O. K. poultry litter, tobacco dust, oil and coal brooders, full line of poultry accessories. Xenia Hatcherie Co., Xenia. Phone 576.

BABY CHICKS—Pratts B'milk, Baby chick food, poultry feeds, supplies, remedies, Simplex brooders. Babb Hardware, 53R, Xenia.

HORSES—CATTLE—HOGS 26

FOUR—Heifers due to calve and 11 shoats. Phone 4061-15.

HORSES—CATTLE—HOGS 26

FOR SALE—4-year-old mare, priced right. Lawrence Peterson, 4064-F-13.

SHORT HORN BULLS—From ten to twelve months old. R. K. Haines, R. No. 6, Xenia, Ohio. Phone 4079F-13.

WANTED TO BUY 27

WANTED—To buy yearling heifers. Chas. Weiss, Phone 659R.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE 28

MOVING—Van for sale, $400.00. John Harbine, Allen Bldg. Telephone.

LAWN — Mowers, grass catchers, lawn rakes, garden hose, lawn seeds, lawn fertilizers, etc. Huston-Bickett Hdwe. Co.

FOR SALE—Bicycle. Girl's bicycle, excellent condition, new tires. 218 E. Main St.

FORDSON — Tractor, plows, corn planter, hand cultivator, dash churn, old cook stove, cupboard and a Duroc sow, due to farrow July 21. One mile west of Yellow Springs on Galigan farm. Mrs. E. Clingan.

OLIVER—Cultivator for sale. Call 895R.

BICYCLE—And motor in good running order. Ralph Gilman, 516 W. 2nd St., Xenia, Ohio.

GASOLINE—Engine, pump jack and three large chicken coops. H. M. St. John, Phone 4082F-15.

GARDEN—And flower plants. All varieties. Transplants. Nichols Gardens, Burlington Pike, Phone 4010F-5.

ALL KINDS—Of garden and flower plants; also pansies. Chas. Grandin, 230 High St. Phone 773R.

WOOL—Wanted, will pay highest market price for wool. James H. Hawkins, Phone 4030R-3.

STRAWBERRY—Plants, 50 cents per 100. Roy Hull, Dayton Ave., Phone 1229R.

GOOD WORK—Mare; one Ford touring car with new tires and in good running condition; also storm buggy. Phone 4092F-14.

WOOL! WOOL!—We are now ready to receive wool at highest market price, at Stout's coal yard. Grieve, Harness and Bales, Phone 583.

TRANSPLANTED — Vegetable and flower plants; also pansies in bloom. R. O. Douglas, cor. Washington and Monroe, Phone 649W.

GARDEN—And flower plants. All varieties. Chas. Weiss, Lower Bellbrook Pike, Phone 659R.

BEDS—Tables, bureaus, sideboards, computing scales, phonographs, sewing machines, chairs, other furniture. Sat. afternoons only. John T. Harbine, Allen Bldg.

LAWN MOWERS—Horse clippers and plow shares sharpened. The Bocklet-King Co., Phone 260.

WIRE FENCING—Gates, steel and locust posts; also full line of Pratts chick feed. C. O. Miller's Elevator, Trebeins, Ohio.

GET IT AT DONGES

NO. 1 BEDFORD—Shale drain tile. C. O. Miller elevator, Trebeins, O.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—RADIO 29

PIANOS—$65.00 to $350.00. Small payments. John Harbine, Allen Building.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS 30

QUARTERED—Oak dining room set, 9 pieces or separate. Phone 4016-12.

FUMED OAK—Davenette and library table. Call 531R in evenings.

FURNITURE—And stoves. Medenhall & King St. Phone 724.

ROOMS FOR RENT—FURNISHED 35

SLEEPING—Rooms on ground floor, private entrance, board if desired, good home for elderly person. 239 E. Third St. Phone 265R.

LIGHT—Housekeepers and roomers wanted, 302 E. Market, corner Monroe and Market Sts.

FURNISHED—Room for rent. Apply at 264 Chestnut St., Xenia, O.

HOUSES—FLATS—UNFURNISHED 37

FIVE—Room apartment, corner West and Main Sts. Martin H. Schmidt. Phone 891W or 97.

MODERN HOUSE—Of seven rooms and bath, natural gas, electricity, hot and cold running water. Centrally located and in good condition. Located on S. Detroit St., three blocks from Court House. $25.00 per month. Call Gazette office.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR RENT 40

PASTURE—From May first. Rent reduced. John Harbine, Allen Bldg.

GARAGE—For rent on E. Market. Call 132R.

HOUSES FOR SALE 42

LOT—On N. Detroit St., $300. John Harbine, Allen Bldg.

TOM LONG—Real Estate Man. I will sell your farm and city properties or will loan you money. See me. No. 2, W. Main St.

FARMS FOR SALE 45

MONEY TO LOAN—On FARMS, at five per cent interest. Write W. L. Clemans, Cedarville, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES 46

FORD'S—New industry will make many people wealthy. Free information how you can obtain full facts, which will give you an opportunity to profit in your own city by the starting of Ford's new industry. Send two cent stamp and self-addressed envelope to Donovan's Economic Service, Lafayette Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—Restaurant doing good business in Springfield. Inquire Radison Cafe, 145 W. Main St., Springfield, O.

MEN—Learn barbering. Earn from $50 to $100 weekly. Write Moler Barber College, 206 E. 4th Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHATTEL—Loans, notes bought, 2nd mortgages. John Harbine, Allen Building.

USED CARS FOR SALE 54

GOOD USED FORDS—
1 1925 Ford coupe.
1 1922 Ford touring.
1 1925 Ford roadster.
1 1923 Ford coupe.
1 1922 Ford roadster.
1 1926 ton truck chassis.
—Bryant Motor Sales.

LANG'S USED CARS—
1 1926 Ford coupe.
1 1926 Star coupe.
1 1926 Chevrolet coach.
—Lang Chevrolet Co., Green St.

NOTICE TO COAL DEALERS

Sealed proposals are invited and will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Greene County, O., at their office in the Court House in Xenia, Ohio, until 10:00 o'clock a. m. on May 16, 1927, for high grade coal for county use as follows, to-wit:

FOR COUNTY INFIRMARY:
300 tons (more or less), lump and mine run.

FOR HEATING PLANT FOR COURT HOUSE:
150 tons (more or less), lump and mine run.

FOR COUNTY JAIL:
50 tons (more or less), Pocahontas lump and mine run.

The above to be delivered in the respective bins on or before September 15, 1927.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Greene County Commissioners,
GEO. C. STOKES,
Clerk.

(May 6-7)

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Estate of John J. Murray, Deceased.

Margaret Agnes Donley has been appointed and qualified as Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of John J. Murray, late of Greene County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 20th day of April, A. D. 1927.

S. C. WRIGHT,
Probate Judge of said County.
(Apr. 22-29—May 6)

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Estate of Sarah E. Miller, Deceased.

Wm. H. Miller has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Sarah E. Miller, late of Greene County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 20th day of April, A. D. 1927.

S. C. WRIGHT,
Probate Judge of said County.
(Apr. 22-29—May 6)

RADIO PROGRAM

FRIDAY, MAY 6

International Radio Programs

ETHER'S WHITE-CAPS

7:00 P. M.—WTAG (546) Worcester—National Artists Program.
7:00 P. M.—WTAM (389) Cleveland—Whittalls Angio Persians.
7:00 P. M.—WTIC (476) Hartford—Merchants program Chamber of Commerce Series.
9:00 P. M.—WSM (282) Nashville—Ward Belmont Conservatory program.

SILENT TONIGHT
Eastern: WFI, WIP. Central: WCBD, WLW, WSUI. Western: KPRC.

EVENING CONCERTS

5:30 P. M. 6:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WTIC (476) Hartford. Organ recital.
WJZ (454) New York. Vocal Trio.
WGY (379) Schenectady. Studio program.

5:45 P. M. 6:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WJJD (370) Mooseheart. Organ Recital.

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOW (526) Omaha. Musical duett.
WGR (319) Buffalo. Joint with WEAF.

6:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M. (E.T.)
CFCF (411) Montreal. Mt. Royal Concert.

7:00 P. M. 8:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMBB (250) Chicago. Trianon Duo.
WBAL (246) Baltimore. Musical Program.
WTAM (390) Cleveland. Studio Recital.
WEBH (370) Chicago. Classical.
WSB (429) Atlanta. Concert.
WSAI (326) Cincinnati. Band concert.
KTW (536) Chicago. Baseball—Boston.
WEAF (492) Broadway, N. Y. National Concert Artists.
WOO (508) Philadelphia. Special Medley program.
WORD (275) Watch Tower. North Shore Line.

7:30 P. M. 8:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WBAP (476) Fort Worth. Studio Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Studio Program.
WCAU (278) Phila. Studio program.
WCX (517) Detroit. Studio program.
WFBH (255) Clearwater. Artists recital.
WHO (526) Des Moines. Northland Serenaders.

7:45 P. M. 8:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WHT (238) Chicago. Popular Studio.

8:00 P. M. 9:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WCCO (417) St. Paul-Mpls. Orchestra Program.
WOAD (275) Batavia. Musical Program.
WFIW (261) Hopkinsville. Studio Program.
WJJD (370) Mooseheart. Studio Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Feature program.
WCX (517) Detroit. Studio program.
CFCF (411) Montreal. Hour of Music.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Philco Hour.
WRC (469) Washington. Announced.
WWJ (353) Detroit. Musical.
WFIW (261) Hopkinsville. Studio program.
KTW (536) Chicago. Mpdeal, The Jesters.
WOAD (275) Watch Tower. Musical program
WJZ 454) New York. Arm Chair Hour.
WOC (484) Davenport. Anglo Persions from WEAF.
WPG (306) Atlantic City. The Sand Pipers.

8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. (E.T.)
WOS (441) Jefferson City. Shelbina program.

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KOIL (306) Council Bluffs. Studio Program.
WOC (484) Davenport. Musical Trio.

8:50 P. M. 9:50 P. M. (E.T.)
CFAC (435) Calgary. Concert Trio.

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert program.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Musicale.
WOW (526) Omaha. Classical music.
WWJ (353) Detroit. From WEAF.
WOK (411) Homewood. Varied program.
WMAK 368) Buffalo. Niagara Falls Studio.
WOK (411) Homewood. Hawaiian Serenaders.

9:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WCCO (417) St. Paul-Mpls. Studio feature.

9:45 P. M. 10:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WSB (428) Atlanta. Studio program.

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMCA (341) N. Y. Studio Program.
KYW (536) Chicago. Suffolk Orchestra.
WICC (255) Bridgport. Pinnette program.

11:00 P. M. 12 Midnight (E.T.)
KNX (337) Hollywood. Courtesy Program.
KOIL (306) Omaha. Friendship Club.

FEATURE TALKS

3:00 P. M. 4:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WIP (508) Philadelphia. Surgical lecture, U. of P.

5:25 P. M. 6:25 P. M. (E.T.)
WMCA 341) White Way, N. Y. C. Base ball scores.

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WHK (273) Cleveland. Difference Hour.
WAAM (263) Newark. Tellmeth Sports.

6:20 P. M. 7:20 P. M. (E.T.)
WGY (379) Schenectady. Baseball scores

6:30 P. M. 7:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WCAE (462) Pittsburgh. Uncle Kay Bee.

7:00 P. M. 8:00 P. M. (E.T.)
KFNF (461) Shenandoah. Letter Basket.
WTAG (545) Worcester. News review.
WGY (379) Schenectady. Travalogue, Ireland.
WHB (366) Kansas City. Aviation Talk.

7:30 P. M. 8:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KFNF (461) Shenandoah. Sunday School Lesson.

7:45 P. M. 8:45 P. M. (E.T.)
WORD (275) Batavia. News Digest.

8:00 P. M. 9:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOO (508) Philadelphia. Astronomical talk

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
KHJ (405) Los Angeles. Children's program

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WOKT (341) Rochester. Theatrical Letter.
KPO (428) San Francisco. Book reviews.

9:35 P. M. 10:35 P. M. (E.T.)
CFCT (329) Victoria. Auntie Bab.

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WGN (302) Chicago. San 'n Henry.

11:15 P. M. 12:15 A. M. (E.T.)
WRVA (256) Richmond. Old Virginny.

12 Midnight 1:00 A. M. (E.T.)
KNX (337) Hollywood. Legion Events.

WANT TO DANCE?

6:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WCAU (278) Phila. Piccadilly.

6:40 P. M. 7:40 P. M. (E.T.)
WMAK (268) Buffalo. Dance program.

8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WGY (379) Schenectady. Dance program.
WEAF 492) N. Y. Palais D'Or Orchestra.

9:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WMBB (250) Chicago. Trianon.
WCK (217) Chicago. Trianon.
WICC (288) Bridgeport. Seven Gables.
WHK (273) Cleveland. Blue Mask Orchestra.
WICC (255) Bridgeport. Seven Gables Orchestra.
WGR (319) Buffalo. Statler Orchestra.

9:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M. (E.T.)
WEAF (492) N. Y. Greenwich Inn Orchestra.
WPG (306) Atlantic City. Gateway Casino

10:00 P. M. 11:00 P. M. (E.T.)
WAMD (244) Mpls. Skyrocket Frolic.
KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Pittsburgh Post.

Did you READ it?

THESE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGE FOUR

1. Charles W. Svenccon, uncle of Gloria Swanson, was burned to death while trying to save his paintings. He was known as an artist.

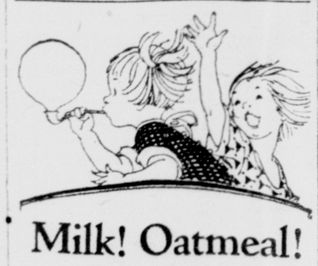
2. Henry Judd Gray, on trial with Mrs. Snyder for murder, has been deserted by his wife. His mother, Mrs. Margaret Gray, will take her place as a defense witness.

3. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has donated $100,000 to the Harvard Law School, contingent upon the raising of an additional $149,000.

4. Francesco de Pinedo, whose plane was wrecked at Roosevelt Lake, has received a duplicate ship. It is being guarded by a group of Fascisti.

5. Viscount Cowdray, British oil magnate, known here as a former rival of the Standard Oil Company, is dead.

6. A plot to kidnap one of the children of Charles H. Schweppe, son-in-law of John G. Shedd, was uncovered in Chicago. Money was needed to defend "Midget" Fernekes on a murder charge.



Milk! Oatmeal! Sunshine!

A wonderful trinity of growth-promoters

Today children are healthier than they ever were before. For mothers everywhere are learning new facts about the real needs of the growth years.

Simpler foods—foods that provide for growth and health—these are now being urged by nutrition authorities, in place of the heavy adult meals that children used to get.

Sunlight's strengthening power is being more appreciated. And oatmeal with milk, long known to be valuable, is now considered a growth food of the first importance.

A bowl of Quick Mother's Oats with milk makes a remarkable contribution to perfect development. Not only energy and tissue-building elements—but vitamins! minerals! and bran!

For Quick Mother's Oats is a whole-grain food, rich in flavor and as naturally nourishing as sunshine.

Two kinds—the kind you have always known or Quick (cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes). Both with coupons interchangeable with Aunt Jemima coupons, redeemable for dinnerware, hand bags, clothing—many other fine premiums.

Quick Mother's Oats

TWINE MADE BY XENIA COMPANY HELPED DEVELOP TWINE BINDER

Back in the days when twine was warring with wire for supremacy in grain bindery work, the twine product of The Hooven and Allison Co., had invaded Texas ranches and was becoming popular in that section.

This has been learned through an article published in Farm Implement News, a Chicago trade magazine, copies of which have been received at the Hooven and Allison Co., offices here. Waldo B. Stone, manager of the Premium Cotton Guild of Oak Park, Ill., has revealed that twine used in Texas in 1878 was the product of the Xenia company, then but nine years old, the company beginning operations in 1869.

The information became known when the magazine published a letter taken from the records of Parker and Stone, who built the first Appleby binders at Beloit, Wis., in 1878. Mr. Stone, son of the junior member of the firm, found the following letter:

Austin, Texas,
October 10, 1878.

Parker and Stone:

Gentlemen:

I hereby certify that I ran a steam threshing outfit in this county during the past season and the grain bound by your twine binder gave better satisfaction than any grain bound by wire, both in the cutting of the band and in not getting into the wheat as did the wire; also in the straw and the danger of killing stock.

Yours truly,
James Daugherty.

After publication of the letter Mr. Stone wrote The Hooven and Allison Co., that the twine used in this experiment was made by the Xenia company and also notified the magazine, which published a second article including this statement in its current issue.

Back of the revelation is an interesting story of the fight to popularize twine for grain binding purposes instead of wire—a fight that drew the bitter opposition of the large implement manufacturers of the day because all of them were making wire-binding machines. Now the replacement of wire by twine has become universal and the Xenia company, which was in this business in its infancy, is still one of the largest producers of binder twine.

Heirs of Gustavus Stone, manufacturer of the early twine binder, plan to place a memorial tablet on the ground where the first successful twine binders were made and the first one sold fifty years ago. The tablet will also be a reminder of an interesting phase in the development and use of binder twine in which the products of this city have played such a large part.

Beds, tables, bureaus, sideboards, computing scales, lawn mowers, sewing machine, chairs, other furniture. Saturday afternoons only.
JOHN HARBINE
Allen Building

BABB Means BEST

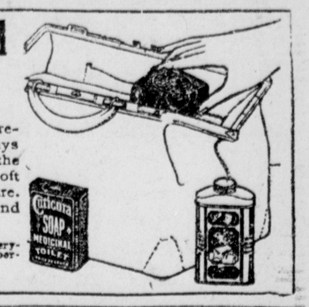
Sold Only At
BABB'S HARDWARE STORE
16 S. Detroit Phone 53-R

THE site of Hotel Cleveland, on the Public Square of Cleveland, has been used continuously for hotels since 1802. The original building was Mowrey's Tavern—a station on the old Post Road.

In Hotel Cleveland—the most modern successor to a long line of famous hotels—you'll find the same hearty hospitality, the same friendly helpfulness of those old coaching days. We *like* to see to it that you enjoy your stay here.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
Room Rates Begin at $3.00
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND

Travelers Should Carry Cuticura



Daily use of the Soap and Ointment removes the dust and grime of travel, allays irritation, redness and roughness of the face and hands, and keeps the skin soft and clear under all conditions of exposure. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant, cooling and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 21F, Malden, Mass."
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

LONG LIFE, AND SATISFACTION PROCLAIM DAYTON A WINNER

XENIA AUTO NECESSITY CO.
"TOM AND DICK—THE TIRE BOYS"

TELEPHONE YOUR WANT ADS

"L. E. JOHN & CO." CIGARS
"Where Dad Played When Young"
EST. 1901

MOTHER'S DAY
MAY 8TH

Remember Mother with Box of our
SCHRAFF'S
CHOCOLATES
ALSO WE HAVE
CIGARS
L. E. JOHN & CO.
East Main St.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Furnish The Money
We Will Finance You Regardless Of Your Circumstances
Loans Of Any Size
ON ANY KIND OF SECURITY YOU HAVE TO OFFER
WE SPECIALIZE IN LOANS TO FARMERS
Payments Ranging From 4 Months To 4 Years.
Do not hesitate. Come in and investigate our method of loaning money. Quick and confidential service.

AMERICAN LOAN CO
M. CRAMER
27 Steele Building. Xenia, Ohio.

BRINGING UP FATHER — By GEORGE McMANUS

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The WAY I FEEL ABOUT IT

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

You are never too old to unlearn.

EPH SNOW

"Romantic girls should learn that a stage career is not always a wage career," suggests Eph Snow.

THE FOLLY SHOOTER

Sometimes in shooting folly as it flies,
We're piercing wisdom in a strange disguise.

IN OUR TOWN

Squire Everett Godwin, president of the Anti-Sports Roadster League, is raising a fund to buy shoes for girls who walk home.

WHO REMEMBERS

When a good road was one that a horse could pull a spring wagon through after a hard rain?

HE GETS AN EARFUL

The politician who keeps his ear to the ground is likely to hear some pretty dirty news.

SOMETIMES IT DOES.

The view of the advanced feminists is that the hand that rocks the cradle ought to rock the world.

HE'LL FIND WARS STILL HIGH-PRICED

John Bull in the China shop is not shopping. He's just looking at the price tags.

THE POINT OF VIEW

An idealist never understands
That the only way to get out of the world
What he wishes,
Is to get a strangle-hold on its neck
And take away from the world
What he wants.

A SHORT STORY

Harry Long, of counsel for the United States Shipping Board, received the following letter from a farmer acquaintance in the Middle-west:

"Dear Sir:

"My son, John, is no good on the farm and no good in town, so I thought you might like to have him for the navy. I've tried to make a man of him but all I've produced so far is a clothes-horse. I think he must be fitted for a naval career because he is not fitted for anything else. Maybe he'd make a pilot. Whenever his boss in the hardware store told him to clear up his work all he did was pile it. Perhaps the salt air would help him. He's been given the 'air' around here a lot of times and it never did him any good. If there is an opening, let me know and I'll have him drop in."

HALF-MINUTE ESSAY

The gold digger is the silliest work of Nature—sillier than the nine-toed bippus which walks backward to keep from stepping on itself.

She clothes her skin in the hides of other wild animals, but her mind is as bare as a Hottentot baby.

She toils not, but in her gilded carriage how she can spin!

She is seldom worried except when she doesn't know whom her next alimony is coming from.

And she believes everything comes to her who mates—if she does so often enough and the parties of the second part have money enough.

But a gold digger has her good qualities—she never wants anything but the best of it.

MINOR MUSINGS

They are called "speak-easies" because everybody speaks harshly about them.

* * *

The ideal man is an "ideaed" man.

* * *

Collecting bills is not hard. Most of us collect them but not so many pay them.

* * *

At least there was no war tax on admissions to the old-time medicine show.

* * *

The divorce lawyers put new ink in their fountain pens when a strong-willed man marries a strong "won't" woman.

* * *

A beautiful mental picture cannot be set in an ugly frame of mind.

* * *

Moving pictures are not always entertaining, especially at house-cleaning time.

* * *

Many still long for the good old days when they could get a good old daze.

WILBUR E. SUTTON.

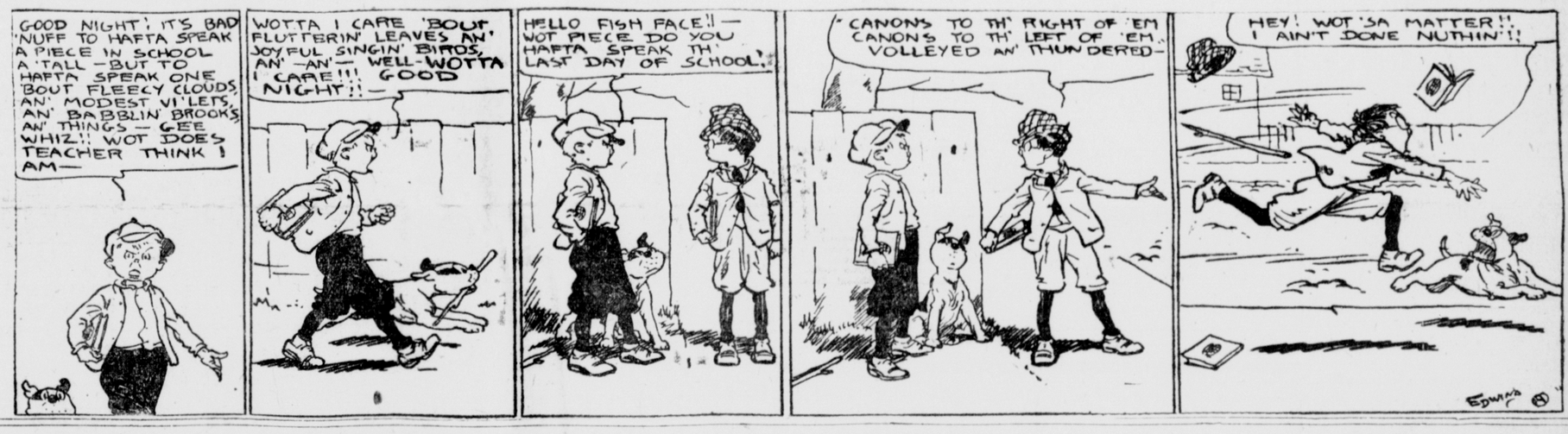
THE GUMPS—IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

ETTA KETT

by Robinson

"CAP" STUBBS—Cap'll Get Mad Pretty Soon

By Edwina



Goofer Dust

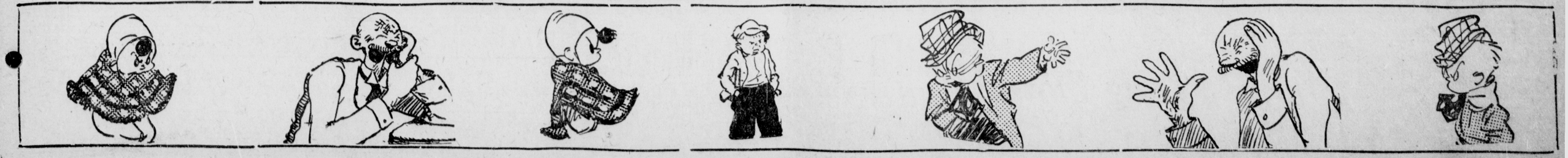
SKIPPY

by Percy Crosby

GIRLIETTES

CAESAR BONAPARTE SMYTHE

by Milt Youngren



LINDBERGH'S DASH MOST DARING PLAN TO CROSS ATLANTIC

(Continued From Page 1)

tened; he plans to remain at Roosevelt field only a day or two, then dash eastward.

Quite alone, he will be cooped in the small cockpit where he will figure out his position during the thirty-hour grueling race. The cockpit is covered by a window, which will protect him from possible storms.

Lindbergh plans and expects to make Paris in about twenty-eight hours. So confident of his success is he that he intends to carry no radio sending apparati, although a collapsible boat will serve as part of his equipment.

Should unfavorable weather conditions be met, he figures the journey may require an additional six hours. Since his motor will burn approximately ten gallons of gasoline an hour, his cruising radius will be forty-two hours or 4,200 miles.

Pins Himself Awake.

The Ryan monoplane, the building of which Lindbergh has supervised at a factory here, is slightly larger than the stock model of the same make. Except for size and special care in building, it is the counterpart of dozens of others seen along western airways every day.

"How will you keep awake?" many people ask the flier every day visitors are admitted to the airdrome.

"Coffee and a pin," he remarks laconically.

The pin part of it may sound like a joke but he will carry several quarts of hot coffee; and unless plans are changed, a pin-pricking device will be fixed to the back of his back-rest. When he feels himself dozing away, he can start the pin, and with that jabbing in his back he will remain alert throughout the long night.

COLORED SINGERS GIVE "SPIRITUALS" AT UNION SERVICES

The Archie Harrod Concert Party, colored singers, will give a number of "spirituals" and reading at the union service of Xenia churches at the Friends Church, next Sunday evening. The Rev. D. A. Sellers of the First Reformed Church will preach.

Mr. Harrod, leader of the singers, was a caddy for President W. H. Taft at one time. For eight years he was messenger for Champ Clark who became interested in his musical ability and provided for his training. His repertoire includes concert singing, Negro spirituals, and readings from Paul Lawrence Dunbar. He is assisted by Matilda Walton, contralto.

The party has traveled extensively on the Chautauqua platform in America, England, Australia, Trinidad, the Bermudas and Hawaii.

The singers will give a fifteen-minute program preceding the sermon and close with a fifteen minute program after the sermon. A special offering will be taken at the close of the meeting for the singers. The public is cordially invited.

Relieve Constipation!
Pleasurably!
Abundantly!
Blackburn's
CascaRoyal-Pills
"Better than Castor Oil"
15 Doses 15cts. - 45 Doses 30cts.

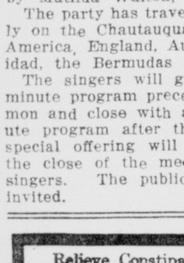
NOTICE

For the convenience of our customers, we are putting cut flowers and plants at Geyer's Book Shop for Saturday, May 7. You will receive the same courteous treatment accorded our customers at the main store,

101 W. Main St.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY KEEP WELL

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Here is Proof



St. Paul, Minn.—"Here is a little advice I would like to have you put in the papers," Mrs. Jack Lorberter of 704 Dellwood Place wrote to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company. "If young women want to keep their health and strength for the next thirty years of their lives, it is best to start in right now and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have tried the Compound myself and received fine results." In describing her condition before taking the Compound, she writes, "I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight, I used to lock the doors and pull down the shades so that nobody could see me." One day a booklet advertising the Vegetable Compound was left on her porch and she read it through. In so doing, she found a letter from a woman whose condition was similar to her own. "I bought the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Lorberter continued, "and have had fine results. The condition I was in made me a burden to my husband. Now I ask "How is housekeeping?" and he says, "It is just like being in Heaven!"

The Theatre

The successful race of a gearless motor against a fast trans-continental express train through the snows, floods and landslides of eight states is the thrilling situation in Priscilla Dean's new Metropolitan star picture "The Speeding Venus," at the Bijou Theater, Saturday.

In addition, Priscilla manages to crash into a plate glass window, overturn her car several times, cross railroad tracks a fraction of an instant before the train and otherwise fearlessly disport herself. "The Speeding Venus" is the fastest picture in which Priscilla Dean has ever been seen. It was so fast that the dynamic star was obliged to race eighty miles an hour in order to keep up with it. Robert Frazer is her leading man and Dale Fuller also takes a prominent part.

* * *

Screenland's foremost authority on feminine style—Adrian costume designer for the DeMille studio who recently completed an elaborate wardrobe for Leatrice Joy to wear in "Vanity" gives an ultimatum on what milady will wear this Spring.

The smallest Easter bonnets in history will make their appearance this season.

Skirts of modish costumes will be perceptibly longer.

Grays will remain the predominating Spring shades although graduated pastel tints also will be fashionable.

Decorative gauntlet gloves will be passe.

"Sleekness is the keynote of Spring style," said the designer. "Slender lines are emphasized as never before. The exceedingly tight-fitting creation of the milliners assures the stay of the bob.

"Skirts will not be super-short, as in recent seasons," explained Adrian, "but will be long enough to give the designer opportunity to elaborate on the cut and style of the garments. Coats of delicate plaids and tweeds, either long or short, according to individual preference, will rule."

* * *

Greta Garbo's weeks of sulking and refusing to appear at the Metro studios, have availed her nothing, according to the Motion Picture Magazine. The immigration authorities decided that Greta would have to go to work or be deported. And then Greta appeared to awaken to the fact that America and a movie contract were better than deportation. She will begin work on "Anna Karenina" the story that caused her temperamental gesture and her desertion of the studios.

* * *

It is said that "Too Many Crooks" in which Mildred Davis Lloyd, wife of Harold Lloyd, appeared and which was in Xenia star sufficiently to hold her in this week, did not appeal to the the movies, after a long absence. She has announced that bringing up her young daughter, Gloria, will be her future career.

Klan Mother's Day Program

Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
At Tabernacle
East Third St.
Dayton Glee Club
Address by Rev. Smith
Brookville, Ohio
Public Invited

Bring Mother In

Next Sunday is Mother's Day. Bring Mother in and help her to select a becoming hat.

Smart hats of Silk, Hair and Milan—moderately priced.

Mother's Day Artificial White Carnations and White Violets

50c up.

Osterly Millinery

37 Green St.

Get Your Kodak Out

That camera of yours — get it out and load it up ready for that motor trip you're planning or those pictures of the youngsters that you've wanted so long.

Kodak Film in all sizes is ready for you here, as well as finishing of the quality kind.

Used By Champions

Full Pt. 75c
1-2 Pt. 45c

RUBBING ALCOHOL

The great rub-down that tones you up!
Makes new life leap through tired, aching muscles.
Prescribed by Physicians and used in homes, athletic clubs, Turkish baths and hospitals every where.

Special Sale

1-lb. ROLLS HOSPITAL COTTON

49c

Sterilized long fibre cotton for physicians and family use. A real bargain at this price.

For one week only.

Sayre's Drug Store

Xenia, Ohio

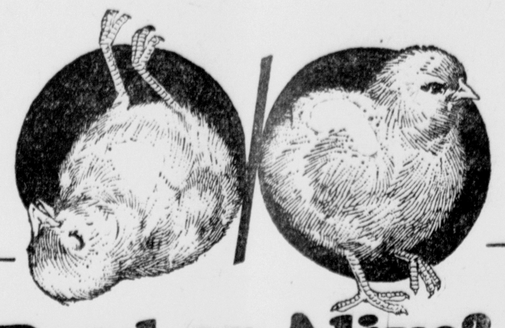
BURNS' TWIN LOAF

THE BETTER LOAF

Also all kinds of Rolls and Pastries. Ask your grocer for Burns' Twin Loaf or get it at

BURNS BAKERY

113 E. Main St.
Watch For Our Saturday Specials.



Dead or Alive?

It's up to you! Baby chicks die because they're not fed right or cared for properly at the start. To stop chick losses we recommend BLATCHFORD'S Chick Mash (a buttermilk feed). Here's a mash that's easy to feed, costs less per chick, and raises the biggest percentage of chicks. Keeps them healthy and matures them quicker. So why experiment when you can be absolutely sure of best results? BLATCHFORD'S quality feeds are known everywhere as most efficient and dependable. Save the baby chicks—Make more profits—feed

Blatchford's CHICK MASH

Buy a bag and see the difference

$4.65 Per 100

The Xenia Hatcheries Co.
THE XENIA POULTRY FARMS

Phone 576 Xenia, O. P. O. Box 161

Compare

EXTRA SPECIAL!

We Offer

5

EMBOSSED HIGH-GRADE PAPERS suitable for Hall—Living Room or Dining Room for the Very Low Price of

7½c

Per Roll.

Compare

(No Advance in Border Price)
We Have Added Another Paper
And Now Show 5 Papers for

2½c

Per Roll

(Border is 3c per Yard)
This is Not a Cheap "Skin Paper."

Compare

Plenty of Other Papers All at "The Lowest Price for the Complete Room."

FRED F. GRAHAM CO

17 & 19 South Whiteman St.
XENIA, OHIO.

FOR MOTHER

Make your gift for Mother's Day one that will bring both pleasure and comfort. We suggest reading or Clampo Lamps—Electric Fans, all sizes—Electric Toasters and Stoves —Electric Curling Irons—Electric Irons—Waffle Irons — Percolators.

See Our New Electric Oven Cooker

H. E. Eichman

ELECTRIC SHOP
52 W. Main St.

Highest Quality **KROGER'S** Lowest Prices

Veal SHOULDER ROAST Lb. **25c**
Choice Rib Chops lb. 30c Loin Roast lb. 30c

Beef CHUCK STEAK Lb. **25c**
Short Ribs lb. 15c

Pork Chops Lean End Cuts, pound 25c

FRESH CALLIES Fine for Roasting lb. 18c

BACON SUGAR CURED, 3 Pound Piece or More, A REAL BUY, Lb. 25c

SMOKED HAMS half or whole lb. 25c

JOWL BACON lb. 15c

PURE LARD, No. 10 Pail ... $1.25 CORN BEEF, Sliced, Lb. ... 30c

Bananas Luscious Yellow Ripe Fruit ..... 4 lbs. 25c

Grape Fruit Fancy Large 54 size Full of Juice 3 For 25c

ORANGES California Navels Sweet Juicy 216 Size 37c

LEMONS Large Juicy 360's doz. 20c

STRAWBERRIES Red Ripe quart 15c

POTATOES New Red Triumphs 5 lbs. 27c

ONIONS New Texas Yellows 3 lbs. 25c

Potatoes Round Whites U. S. No. 1 Grade A Low Price ..... 15 Lb Peck 49c

TOMATOES Fancy Red Ripe 2 lbs. 35c

CABBAGE Solid Heads 2 lbs. 15c

Peaches Clifton Brand New Low Price Large Can 15c

OLEO Eatmore, Per Pound 15c
Churngold, per lb. 31c.

MILK Country Club Tall Cans ..... 3 For 25c

Bread Country Club, Large or Twin Loaf 9c
Pound Loaf 6c. Vienna 7c.

GRAPE JUICE, Country Club, Pint Bottle 15c

Coffee Golden Santos, Per Lb. 25c
Country Club, Steel cut, lb. 47c.

SCREENS Adjustable Wood 24 x 37 each 49c

CAKES Cocoanut Bon Bons, Peanut Marshmallows, Milco Grahams Milco Pecan Marshmallows, Lb. 25c

SOAPCHIPS Kroger Large Box 15c

Special One regular 5c roll Clifton Toilet Paper given with each purchase of Waldorf at our prices of .... 3 Rolls 25c

WALL PAPER CLEANER Avondale 4 cans ... 25c

DEAN OF SERIAL WRITERS

IDAH M'GLONE GIBSON

Idah McGlone Gibson

The Biggest "Name" In The Business Of Writing American Newspaper Serials - Dean Of All American Serial Writers - Originator Of The First Confession Serial, Has Written Her Greatest Story

"My Son's Sweethearts"

Exclusively For This Newspaper

FOR YEARS MRS. GIBSON HAS FELT THAT IN THE DISCUSSION OF THE ROMANTIC AFFAIRS OF YOUNG PEOPLE, THE BOY HAS NEVER BEEN GIVEN THE "BREAK" HE DESERVES. HER NEW STORY IS A FRANK AND MODEST DISCUSSION OF THE HEART PROBLEMS OF THE YOUNG MAN OF TODAY. SHE WRITES FROM THE RICH EXPERIENCE OF A MOTHER.

THE SON

THE MOTHER

THIS NEW SERIAL IS THE STORY OF A MOTHER, SEARED BY THE MEMORY OF HER OWN BLASTED ROMANCE, AND HER ONLY SON, TO WHOM SHE HAS CONSECRATED HER LIFE. SHE DOES NOT APPROVE OF HIS CHOICE OF HIS FIRST "GIRL." IN HER ATTEMPT TO SAFEGUARD HIM IN HIS LOVE AFFAIRS, THE AUTHOR HAS REVEALED A FASCINATING PLOT.

PHIL AND LYRA

A GENEROUS OPENING INSTALLMENT OF THIS STORY ON SUCCEEDING PAGES AND EVERY DAY IN THE

THE Evening Gazette And The Morning Republican

(TURN OVER)

A Dramatic Story Of Mother Love

MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS

By Idah McGlone Gibson

PROLOGUE

NTO the white face of Anne Huntington Tracy—which looked like a aper mask that had been burned id would at a breath dissolve into ihes, there came a flame of vivid le. She half rose from the chaise ngue at a light tap on her door. With a low groan she fell back s it opened.

"What is it Nonnie?" she asked npatiently.

"The box from the Francine Shop, Madam," answered the maid.

As quickly as it were possible the oman raised her unwieldy form nd almost snatched the dress box rom the hands of the servant.

Opening it quickly she fairly oured out a gorgeous negligee of each-colored chiffon velvet and talian lace upon the floor.

At its delicate beauty a sudden hopeful smile curled her lips.

"Has Mr. Tracy arrived home?" she asked.

"I think, Madam, that Mr. Tracy opened the hall door as I tapped on yours."

"Hurry, Nonnie, get me into this," the woman commanded, "I want Mr. Tracy to see me only when I am looking as well as possible under the circumstances. Perhaps this gown will prove the Open Sesame to my lost good looks."

With her eyes still on the door, through which Anne Tracy seemed to expect her husband would come any minute, she held out the robe with the trembling fingers of one hand, while with the other she unfastened and dropped on the floor the one she had on.

As she stepped out of it, the maid slipped the new peach velvet garment over her mistress' black, wavy hair. As she felt its softness against her shoulders and arms a tremor of physical pleasure seemed to ripple over her entire body.

"It's very becoming to Madam," said the maid obsequiously.

Eagerly the woman went to the long cheval mirror at the other side of the room.

There had been expectation in her large gray eyes. But after the first glance she pulled down the faintly bluish lids until the heavy black lashes shut out even the scintillating anger which she had turned upon her maid after her view of herself in the glass.

"Why did you lie to me? Why did you make me think that I might possibly get something that would be becoming to me? You should have told me that nothing could be becoming to this ungainly body—that no tint could compliment the shallow complexion of my bloated face.

"Take it off immediately. It makes me look even worse than I really am."

The maid hurried to do her bidding, but before she even reached her mistress a gay voice called from outside the door: "Anne, my dear"—The door burst open and the man standing there, in one horrified glance took in the grotesque figure and turned away his eyes from the ones bright with tears that were pleadingly trying to find in his face a little crumb of comfort.

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY III was surprised. He had expected his wife to be lying down at this time, patiently awaiting the hour of her agony. He thought that he would go over and lightly touch her forehead with his lips, telling her that he would not be home to dinner.

"After all," he had told himself, as he drove home to dress for his dinner engagement with Sabra Welford, "a woman, when she marries must expect children." He himself was very proud and happy over the coming event. He could not understand why Anne should be so unresigned to what must be. It was a part of life—the only life which nature recognized in humanity.

Naturally he was quite annoyed to find Anne in this mood. It would make it harder to tell her that he was not going to have dinner at home.

He noticed the new negligee and was fully aware that she was trying to make herself more presentable to him, and he thought that probably at this very moment she was expecting him to take her in his arms and comfort her in her disappointment.

Surely she should not expect this, for he had told her many times, both before and after marriage, how he hated all ugliness, especially an "ugly woman," and that peach-colored negligee made her look worse than ever.

By what grim stroke of fate had the woman he had just left been wearing a peach-colored negligee?

It had enhanced Sabra's beauty a hundred times, while Anne—

"Poor Anne! I wonder if she will ever be slender and lovely again?" he said to himself and there was a good deal of pity in the question.

He had been silent a longer time than he had meant to be, but for the life of him he could not reach out and kiss the dry, feverish lips of the tortured woman standing before him after the recent touch of the dewey, rose leaf mouth of Sabra.

The tension was snapped by Anne's eyes brimming over and a sob that she could not suppress breaking the ugly silence.

"Don't cry, Anne. Don't cry. It's almost over now. Think how wonderful it will be to have a son. I would not want to live our lives without children."

"I would." The words issued from the woman's lips through clinched teeth.

"Of course you want children—every man does. It adds to his egotism as a masculine human being. You have none of the agony and pain. You will not have to give up your youth to minister to a baby—all that devolves upon the woman—all that is mine.

"However"—with a sigh she became, if not resigned, at least acquiescent—"I've got to go through with it, but I want you to know, Wynne, that I do not want this baby and I'll never be reconciled to the role of mother."

"You should have thought about this three years ago, when you married me, Anne."

"WELL, I did not. Why, I hardly thought of myself in the role of wife. I loved you and I wanted you. I wanted to be your sweetheart, and I only thought that to marry you would be a continual love making under the eaves of the church and approbation of society.

"Now look at me! This is what I have come to—something ugly and unlovable, some one who longs for you and yet who would hide away before your very eyes, while you, as you stand there, might be the symbol of the perpetual lover."

Phillip Wynne Tracy III felt the blood rush up to his sleek, dark brown hair. It was going to be deucedly hard to get away and yet it was almost physically impossible to stay here all the evening with Anne, especially when she was in this frame of mind. He wondered how he would tell her.

Fortunately or unfortunately, his wife seemed to notice for the first time that he had changed to his dinner coat.

"You are not going to leave me this evening are you, Wynne?" she asked, coming forward and putting her hand on his shoulder as though she would hold him even against his will.

Gently Wynne Tracy unloosed his wife's hand. "I am sorry, Anne, but I have got to go. There are some very influential banker clients in town and you know they always expect to be entertained."

For the life of him he could not meet her eyes and to cover this cowardice and make his excuse seem casual, he brought Anne's hands up to his lips and kissed them, one after the other. "Anne's hands were always beautiful, even more beautiful than Sabra's," he reflected.

Violently those kissed hands pushed his away. "Go, go, before I tell you what I think of a man who leaves a woman in my condition to bear all her suffering in loneliness."

At this he lashed himself into anger. "Yes, I will go, for you must know that you are unreasonable. I hope when I come back you will be in a pleasanter mood." He started forward as if to kiss her, but Anne Tracy had turned away from her husband and she did not move as he went out and shut the door noisily.

"Call the nurse," she said to the maid, who made her appearance the minute Mr. Tracy had left.

"Give me something to make me sleep," was her curt direction to the white clad woman who instantly prepared a dose of nervine.

"Leave me, both of you," was Anne's next command.

"But, madam," remonstrated her maid.

"You heard me—go."

Both women silently left the room. Anne threw herself on the bed in a passion of sobs, all the while tearing at the velvet and lace of her negligee.

The sobs grew fainter shortly and her hands less destructive as the sedative began to take effect.

* * *

Anne Tracy sat up in bed! For a moment she could not tell where she was. A peal of thunder that had seemed to shake the foundations of the house was still reverberating in the distance and an agonizing pain that had been convulsing her body was becoming less torturing.

SHE was not sure whether it was the pain or the shock of the lightning that had awakened her.

Beside her bed the telephone tinkled.

Nervously she picked it up and put the receiver to her ear.

"Let me speak to Mrs. Phillip Wynne Tracy," an excited voice commanded.

"This is Mrs. Tracy speaking."

"Mrs. Tracy this is the Morning Tribune. Have you heard nothing from your husband in the last few hours?"

"No, not since he went out to entertain some guests at dinner."

"Then we have some very bad news for you—" there was a slight hesitation at the other end of the wire.

"Yes, yes, what is it?"

"Your husband, Mrs. Tracy, was killed about ten minutes ago by a tree which had been struck by lightning falling on him. By strange coincidence his car was directly under it when it fell on the Pinehurst Road, just this side of the Pinehurst Roadhouse."

Queer what fantastic tricks one's brain will play upon one at such a time! Anne did not think for the moment of her dead husband; instead, she thought of the "visiting bankers" and asked quite calmly: "Was any one else hurt?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tracy. Mrs. Sabra Welford was also killed. We have just telephoned her husband."

The hand which held the receiver dropped slowly to Anne Tracy's side. An agonizing pain swept out everything but physical torture as she slowly sank to the floor.

* * *

Twenty-four hours later she opened her eyes. She was lying in her silken covered bed. In a hollow of her arm there rested a little fragrant bundle of flannel and lace. About her was the odor of anaesthetic. But above, and over it all, there rested an atmosphere of ineffable peace. Slowly her eyes traveled over the top of the bald satiny head; tenderly she smiled: "Oh, Baby, I DO want you! I could not live without you! How could I have been so wicked—forgive me—"

The nurse, hearing a murmuring sound, came to the bed. "It's all right, Mrs. Tracy. I have never seen a finer boy."

With this she picked up the tiny body and laid it close to the heart of the woman lying there.

With an ecstatic smile Anne Huntington Tracy closed her eyes for she felt the moist nuzzling mouth of her son against her breast.

The story begins seventeen years later tomorrow.

CHAPTER I

THE BLUE ROADSTER

ANNE HUNTINGTON TRACY threw up the window quickly and leaned out to look down the street up which in all the glory of an open cut-out and the noise of honking siren came a brilliant blue roadster at break-neck speed.

She caught her breath, however, for only a little way behind it a motorcycle was seen.

"Phil is going to get arrested the very first time he drives his car," Mrs. Tracy said to herself and then her attention was brought back to the boy at the wheel.

"Oh, Mum—Mum—I've got it—I've got it—isn't it a beauty?"

With almost as much enthusiasm as was the boy's Mrs. Tracy leaned further out of the window and waved her hand gayly at her son, Phillip Wynne Tracy IV.

It seemed to her that the greatest happening since her boy was born here in the old Tracy house at Flushing over seventeen years ago had come to pass. Her eyes were full of love and pride as she surveyed her son in all the glory of the blue roadster and its accompanying college-cut raccoon coat.

In the warmth of Phil's expansive smile—that smile which he had not yet learned was usually to bring him everything he wanted from men as well as women—she forgot the Law which was rapidly gaining on the roadster as it slowed down with a jerk and screech of brakes at the gate before the house.

The boy stood in the car and looked up at his mother in triumph. "At last I've got it," he shouted. "The guy who sold it to me said I was not to run it over twenty-five miles an hour until I had gone 500, but we fooled him. We came from the salesroom at a sixty-mile clip."

"We." The word seemed fairly to pop out at the woman in the window. She noticed now what had escaped her before. Peeping around the great raccoon coat from which her son's bare, sleek, brown head emerged was another head, also bare, its straight hair like corn silk put up in cap fashion and bound with a scarlet band.

At this moment the motorcycle policeman had dismounted at the blue roadster.

"Say, young fella, who do you think you are, anyway—the driver of an ambulance or the chief of the fire department?"

The boy turned a laughing face toward him.

"Hardly, officer. I couldn't have been going very fast. Don't you see this is a brand new car and no one is supposed to run a new car over twenty-five miles an hour?"

"Come off—come off—don't lie any more'n you have to. I just heard you call up to your mother that you'd been going sixty."

The boy hung his head.

IT was then the girl on the seat beside him took a hand. Her straight, scarlet mouth smiled trustfully and her lapis lazuli blue eyes looked almost black as she raised them to the man's face. "Have you got a car, Mr. Officer?" she asked.

He looked at her in surpise and answered gruffly: "Yes, I've got a flivver, but what's that got to do with it, young woman?"

"Nothing, only—only you see it's Wynne's first car and my first ride in it—you would not spoil all that for us, Mr. Officer, now would you?"

The man looked down into the two young faces so confidently raised to his and smiled reluctantly. "Oh, go on with yer blarney, Miss. For you I'll let him off this time, but if I catch him at it again I'll run him in."

"Thank you, Mr. Officer—have a smoke?" Phil's hand was thrust in his great coat and came out with an ornate gold case which he held open to the policeman.

"No, thank you, my lad. I don't smoke cirgarettes and you should not either," the officer said gruffly as he stepped from the roadster's running board, mounted his motorcycle and rode off down the street.

Mrs. Tracy stepped back from the window. She wondered if Phil was going to bring Natlee Jones up. She wondered if he had forgotten that she had told him that today, when he would get his long delayed roadster, she had arranged to go with him to Arrowhead for dinner. She wondered when Phil had taken up Natlee again.

Ever since her son Phil was nine years old and Natlee Jones was eight they had had periods when they were inseparable and periods when they had apparently forgotten each other's existence.

From time to time Phil's attention would wander and during this last year of high school when he had been trying to do two years in one, his entire attention had been taken up with athletics and his studies.

She had noticed this with great pleasure and had told herself that next year when he would be in college he would probably completely break off any silly intimacy that he had with his childhood playmate.

Natlee Jones! whose father kept a dairy. Why Phil had first seen her when she was sitting on the front seat of a milk wagon driven by her father, who sometimes even now, although he had grown rich, delivered milk himself!

Surely this girl was not the sort that Phillip Wynne Tracy IV should be driving about with in his new roadster which had been ordered for him just before Christmas with the proviso that he was to make up one condition in time to enter the spring term at college.

HER thoughts were interrupted by the noisy entrance of her son.

"Here's Nat, Mum," he announced, as if the fact did not need an explanation. A quick glance from the girl, however, seemed to say that she knew better.

"I did not want to come, Mrs. Tracy——"

"Oh, shut up, Nat, you don't have to be polite. Mother, what's got into you? Whenever you come near Natlee lately you make her feel like a punctured balloon."

"Phillip!" "Wynne!"—his mother and Natlee both used the name by which they called him in unison.

"Well, Nat," said the boy in grieved tones, "you know you told me she did."

"I an sorry if I make Miss Natlee uncomfortable," said Mrs. Tracy in her most formal manner. "I am sure I do not mean to do so."

"There you go, Mum—that's just what I am trying to tell you. You never high-hatted Nat before and that's what makes her feel it now."

"I am sure, Phil, I had no intention 'high-hatting' (as you call it) Miss Natlee, but you must remember that you two are growing up and it is time that your childish familiarity should be put upon a more conventional basis."

The moment after Anne Tracy had said this she was sorry, for glancing at the clever little face before her, with its pointed, aggressive chin and curiosity-laden eyes, she knew that by calling attention to the thing she would have avoided she put into the quick brain of Natlee Jones something that had not been there before. She had in one moment erased from the girl's mind all the childish innocence, which up until now had characterized her youthful friendship with Phillip, and had placed in her mind self-consciousness.

Phillip, slower and more obtuse, evidently did not realize this, for he remonstrated vehemently when his mother said: "Well, take off your coats, children. I'll order dinner on the table shortly."

"Oh, Mum, this is a great day for me with my roadster and everything—I don't want to stay at home and just have eats, but I am broke and I thought I'd ask you for $10 so that I could take Nat out to Arrowhead."

"Oh, baby, I do want you. I could not live without you."

WITH a clutching at her heart Anne Tracy thought, how like his father Phil is growing. He has forgotten all about her suggestion that when he got his car and the raccoon overcoat he so much wanted they should finish up his holiday together with a dinner at Arrowhead Inn. Only the name of the restaurant stuck in his memory and made him think it might be a good place to take Natlee.

The girl sensed something wrong from Mrs. Tracy's face and she spoke up quickly: "I am sure, Mrs. Tracy, that I don't want to go with Wynne if you don't want me to do so. I had made half a date with Rodney Maxwell for tonight, anyway."

"Oh, come off, Nat, you know you don't like that codfish. You know you told me when I stopped for you that you had never been to Arrowhead and we both decided that we had to begin to do things now that we're more grown up.

"Now, Mum, you see, you've already been thinking the same thing. You just told us so. Let me have the ten bucks, Mumsy," he coaxed.

Without a word Anne Tracy got from her pocketbook a $10 bill and placed it in her son's outstretched hand.

With a whoop of delight Phil clutched Natlee's hand and dragged her along while he shouted: "Come on, Nat, now we'll have a regular party."

"Don't stay out late," his mother called after him.

"We won't," Phil answered blithely—a moment later with a roar of open cut-out Phil and the blue roadster went tearing down the street on their way to a "regular party."

With a sigh Mrs. Tracy watched the car out of sight. Somehow the avid, curiosity-filled eyes and the aggressive little pointed chin of Natlee Jones haunted her.

As Anne Huntington Tracy sat down on the familiar couch chair she found herself wondering more than ever before what the years would bring forth.

What was to be the destiny of her son?

CHAPTER II

ANOTHER NIGHT OF ANXIETY FOR ANNE TRACY

AFTER Phil and Natlee were out of sight, Anne Tracy let her mind stray back to the birth of her son.

It had been some time since she had really thought much about the events of that night. Many years had elapsed since her husband's death and the birth of her boy had come back to her with such poignant emotions.

She felt as though she had never been very happy and tonight all her troubles seemed duplicating themselves.

Involuntarily she looked in the glass and smiled as she told herself that she was not living ONE thing over again—she certainly was not as ugly as she was that other night when her husband left her for a fairer woman. Her son had often told her she was better looking than any of the mothers of his friends.

She was deserted just the same now. The son of the man who had forgotten her in the past had tonight forgotten that she had expected to go out to dinner with him and had left happy and unconscious with a younger doll of a girl.

She went into her bedroom, removed her dinner dress and put on a negligee. It was pink and made her think of that peach-colored robe she had worn one night more than 17 years ago! She wondered idly what had become of that gown, as she only had a remembrance of tearing it off her body and throwing it down upon the floor. She had never seen it since.

She went to her mirror to look again and see if she really was good to look at. It was the first time since her boy was born that she had really taken account of herself. She had always groomed herself well and worn good clothes because dainty women did this almost unconsciously. She did not feel called upon to make a fetish of such things—they were just a part of her, that was all.

Tonight she scrutinized herself carefully and with a sigh of satisfaction she said: "Why, I am beautiful."

"I am still young enough to know romance in life," she confided to her mirror.

"You vowed to devote yourself to your boy the night he was born," the mirror seemed to say severely.

"But my son does not want me. Don't you know that he has cast me off this very evening for another?"

WITH this Anne Tracy turned away from the glass abruptly.

"You are a silly, cowardly, spineless thing," she accused herself. "You act like a child just because your son has gone to a dance and to eat with a pretty girl. Of course, he wants to be with those of his own age. Do you have to be little and mean as well as jealous of Natlee Jones? Your son will probably have a dozen sweethearts before he marries. Natlee is only a childhood playmate. Why, they both rode on the front of her father's milk wagons.

"For heaven's sake, don't indulge in self-pity. You have done that for too many years. You ought to know by this time that it is the most destructive thing in all the world."

But notwithstanding her sneer at herself, Anne Tracy could not help indulging in a little heart burning because of her loneliness.

To shake out of her mind all unhappy thoughts she determined to read. She picked up a volume that had been recommended to her by a friend who told her that the hero of the story made her think of Phil.

But even that interesting coincident could not hold her attention for long. Her mind kept wandering. She wondered if she had not been too indulgent with Phil. Perhaps she should not have given him the car. She would never forgive herself if he had an accident.

She got up, threw the book on the table. She could not read and it was useless to say that she must not worry.

She told herself that Phil was over 17 years old and that in his own mind he probably thought himself a man and she reminded herself that it was not any part of her plan to keep him tied to her apron strings. And then she asked herself was it her fear of his physical hurt that worried her so greatly and she was honest enough to acknowledge that she wished he had not taken Natlee Jones with him. She didn't want her son to fall in love with the daughter of her milkman.

"I must invite some 'nice' girls over—or better still, I will invite them to a theater party and a fox-trot afterward at one of the cafes," she told herself.

"Nice." Why was it that different words seemed to pop out at her every little while? What did she mean by "nice" girls? Surely Natlee Jones was a "nice" girl, if one used nice in a moral sense.

THE whole thing was that she, Anne Tracy, was afraid of Natlee Jones. She had seen tonight that this slip of a girl could influence her son more than his mother, for Natlee had not scrupled to tell her so when she had sweetly offered to stay away from the Arrowhead Inn if his mother had not wished Phil to go.

Would the girl have done this had she not been sure Phil would have insisted on her going in spite of his mother?

Anne Tracy got up and walked to the window as she told herself that she must not be suspicious. "The girl is cunning and pretty," she said aloud. "In the last few months that I have not seen her she has developed into a really lovely young woman and although she is a year younger than Phil she seems to have grown five years older in knowledge of the world lately."

Where did Natlee learn this? Was it one of the weapons that is put into the hands of a girl early so that she may fight more efficiently to her destiny of wife and motherhood?

Anne tried to think what kind of a girl she herself had been when she was Natlee's age and found that she had only the vaguest recollection of anything about herself before her marriage.

"Girls must have been different in my time."

She took refuge in the age old cry of every mother of a child, for each generation believes itself better than its children, while always the children know that they are better than their parents.

A worrying clock struck one.

Anne could not believe her ears. She walked over to the mantel on which it stood—yes, it was 1 o'clock—surely Phil should have been home long before this—she ought not to have given him that money—what if something had happened to him—if it had, she would never forgive herself.

Resolutely she made herself pick up her book again, but she turned its pages with unseeing eyes.

At last she could keep still no longer. She walked again to the window. The motor cars on the street before her house were becoming fewer. She looked across to that place on the other side of the drive which was called "the lovers' petting place." As she did so, in the moonlight before her two forms dissolved into one, a girl put her arms around the neck of the man beside her and raised her face to his.

QUICKLY Anne turned away. Was that what she had seen in the dark blue eyes of Natlee Jones? Had the girl begun to realize that there were other kinds of kisses besides the frankly innocent touching of the lips of childhood?

She tried to remember if she had invited her first kiss, but broke off to mutter, "Oh, why doesn't Phil come?" The clock was now striking two.

Impulsively she went to the telephone and called up Arrowhead Inn.

A man's voice answered her. "The last people went from here about an hour ago, madam."

"Yes—I noticed two, a boy and a girl dancing about and seeming very happy. The girl's long ropes of blonde hair dropped down her back and she did not even stop to put it up. Every one in the room remarked its beauty. They were among the last to leave, but they probably will be home very shortly now. Don't worry about your girl, madam—the boy looked like a manly lad—I'm sure she is perfectly safe with him."

"Thank you," Anne Tracy cut in and hung up the receiver abruptly.

Her lips curled into a wry smile as she wondered what the garrulous old fellow would have said if she had told him that she was not worrying about the girl, but the boy.

Again she went to the window. The drive was almost deserted now. Even the young lovers across the way had finished their last lingering kisses and left.

Something must have happened! Visions of a smashed car by the roadside and beside it Phillip's handsome boyish face upturned in the moonlight, unseeing and unconscious forevermore.

"I must do something—I must do something." She trembled at the sound of her voice. There was a tone so hopelessly futile in it for she realized that there was absolutely nothing to do but wait.

Startled she raised her head as the insistent clock struck three! Was that the hall door opening? "Phillip?"

"Yes, mother, why are you still up? I was trying to be quiet so as not to waken you."

"I could not sleep. You should not have stayed so late."

"Oh, Mum, don't be cross. I've had enough scoldings for one night. We were having such a good time. It's such a beautiful place, Mum. I never knew that Nat was such a good dancer and she was the prettiest girl there.

"Mum, I'm going to marry Natlee some day."

CHAPTER III

PHILLIP ANNOUNCES HIS ENGAGEMENT

ANNE TRACY managed to ask her son: "Have you already proposed to Natlee?"

"Yes, tonight. We decided that we could be married even before I went to college. It will make it so much nicer for you, Mum."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, we'll live with you, of course," he said confidently, "and you'll have company all the time I'm away. Then when I come back I'll go right into the office."

"Oh, you're going to work in an office, are you?"

"Of course. I'm going to carry on Dad's work just as soon as I can. I thought you always meant me to do that. I thought that was the reason you didn't sell out his business. Oh, Mum! wouldn't Dad have liked Natlee?"

Anne Tracy, remembering her husband's liking for any pretty girl, answered with more emphasis than she had spoken before: "He surely would, son."

Phil, quick to notice something different in his mother's voice and thinking its quality was due to her admiration of Natlee Jones' beauty rather than her recollection of her husband's admiration of all young girls, came over and put his arms about her.

"Mother, you are a queen. I told Natlee not to worry, you would come through. You'll go and see old Jones, won't you?"

"Why should I go to see Mr. Jones, Phil?"

"Oh, I forgot; I thought I had told you. Well, I guess it was a little late to take a girl home, but there was no need of her father's tearing his shirt about it, was there, Mum? You're not doing it, I notice.

"In the first place, Nat had no night key. Don't you think it's a shame for a girl old enough to be engaged to have to let the whole family know every time she comes in?"

"It is very probable, Phil, that Mr. Jones and his daughter have different opinions on the subject of how old a girl should be when she becomes engaged."

"Oh, I expect so, but what he thinks doesn't make any difference, you know. He probably wants her to be an old maid.

"Well, when we got almost to Nat's house she told me about the night key business and I saw she was awfully frightened. I told her not to worry—we would probably find a kitchen window unlocked and I would get in and open the door for her.

"We scouted around the place, and sure enough, we did find an open window. Nat wouldn't let me go in alone. She said if her father heard me he would take me for a burglar and probably shoot me.

"Honest, Mumsy, I didn't tell her, but I didn't like the idea of getting plugged a bit, so I didn't make any very great objections to her coming along.

WHEN I got the window up she wanted me to put her in and go away, but I couldn't do that, you know.

"I crowded through first and pulled her after me.

"We had gotten up the basement stairs and were doing fine, in fact, I was just ready to open the front door, when a voice bellowed from the upper staircase: 'Who's there?'

"'Only me, father,' said Nat, in the littlest voice I ever heard her use.

"How'd you get in? What do you mean by staying out all hours of the night? You go right up to bed, young lady, and I'll settle with you in the morning.'

"'Phil let me in the kitchen window, Dad, and I'll come up as soon as I let him out.'

"'Phil! Do you mean Phil Tracy? Is he there with you?'

"I tell you I was scared, Mother, but I really couldn't help laughing when I saw beneath his cotton shirt the long, lean, hairy shanks of Mr. Jones start down the stairs.

"'Hurry, Phil. If Dad catches you I'm afraid he'll kill you. He's crazy mad.'

"'Will he hurt you, Nat?' I whispered as I fumbled with the door latch.

"'No, no!' she almost shrieked.

"Mr. Jones stumbled on the last step and that gave me time to get the door open. He almost caught me, though, and as I fairly slipped out of his hands he said: 'Get the hell out of here and don't you let me see your face around here again, you young whipper snapper.' He was so mad, Mother, that for once he forgot his religion."

Here Phillip stopped and looked as though he expected his mother to say something, but for the life of her she couldn't do it. Her mind couldn't follow the boy's story. She had only taken in the awful news that he had told her so blithely.

So he was going to marry Natlee Jones and bring her into this house to live—this house where four generations of Tracys had been born and from which three had been buried.

It was ridiculous if it had not been tragic.

Suddenly she found her son was speaking. "I have been awfully selfish and kept you up until it is almost daylight. Go to bed now and we'll talk this out in the morning. Good night," he said, kissing her.

"Oh, Phil," she said, kissing him. "Don't marry any one until after college."

"That's what Natlee said, but I persuaded her that it would be better for all of us if you had her here while I was away, for you would be very lonely without me. Mother, did you ever notice her hair? Isn't it the loveliest you ever saw in your life? It reminded me tonight of spun gold. It is so beautiful that every time I looked at it I think I prayed that God would never let anything happen to Natlee's hair."

"There, there," said Anne. "I know now, that it is time for me to go to bed for you already have gone to sleep and are telling me your romantic dreams."

ALTHOUGH Anne Tracy joked her son a little, she was more touched by that worship of his sweetheart's lovely hair than she would have admitted to Phil. She bent down from the high step and looked into her boy's face. He was so handsome with his eyes alight with tenderness and reverence. Softly she drooped her head until her lips touched his roughened hair. "Good night, my son, I am glad you are home."

While she was having her breakfast in bed the next morning Nonnie, her maid, came in to say that Mr. Jones was in the hall and wished to see her.

"He said to tell you, madam, that he was here and would wait until he could see you."

"Has Mr. Phillip gone out, Nonnie?"

"Yes, madam, about an hour ago."

"Hand me that mandarin coat. Clear all this breakfast out of the way. Spread up the bed and open the shutters wide. Then tell Mr. Jones to come in."

In a minute or two, before she had fairly gotten fixed upon her chaise longue by the window, he came.

He seemed somewhat embarrassed and Anne could not tell whether it was because he was not used to interviewing women in their bedrooms, or whether he did not know how to begin about Phil.

She would not help him, however. She did not even ask him to sit down. She just contented herself with saying: "You wanted to see me, Mr. Jones?" as though he were a perfect stranger.

"Yes, Mrs. Tracy. I had to see you this morning. I am only sorry that I am obliged to tell you instead of your husband what I have to say about your son. The business that I have come upon is a man's business."

"Oh, you need not be afraid to say anything to me that you want to about Phillip. You know I have been both his father and his mother since the night he was born. My son early recognized this and a little ceremony which he instituted when he could hardly talk made me understand that he had already an inkling of our unique relationship.

"Every morning when he came down to breakfast—at that time we breakfasted together—he used to hold out his hand as he passed my chair and say, 'Good morning, Father.'

"I would gravely answer: 'Good morning, Son.'

"That salutation ended, he would hold up his mouth for a kiss and with his arms tight about my neck and lips close to mine he would whisper: 'Good morning, Mother.'

"With a returning kiss I would say again: 'Good morning, Son'."

Mrs. Tracy became aware that she was talking against time and also against a stone wall. Mr. Jones did not want to hear anything about Phil's childhood. He had come to tell her something about his own child.

"Are you aware what time your son got home last night?" he barked out.

"It was this morning, Mr. Jones, about three o'clock when he arrived here."

"Do you know who was with him at that late hour?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones, your daughter was with him. I saw them drive away from here in Phil's new roadster which I gave him yesterday, about half past six last night."

At this, the man seemed to be consumed with rage. "So you let my daughter go with your son to that vile place? Well, I'll tell you now that I have forbidden my daughter to ever speak with your son again. No decent boy would take a girl to that den of sin and keep her there all hours of the night, making her disobey her mother, who had expressly forbidden her to go to any of these wicked dancing places. The first thing I know your son will be teaching my daughter to dance."

CHAPTER IV

PARENTAL CENSURE

"I DIDN'T dream for a moment, Mrs. Tracy, that you knew where your boy was last night any more than I knew where Natlee was. I wouldn't have believed any one had they told me you were actually allowing your son to go to these eating and drinking places. Why, for a minute my wife even thought she smelled liquor on Natlee's breath when she kissed her good-night. But my daughter denied it."

"But—but, Mr. Jones," spoke up Mrs. Tracy—

"After telling me that you knew where your son was taking my daughter," the man again interrupted, "I can listen to no excuses, and I tell you if I find him hanging around my girl in the future, I'll horsewhip him within an inch of his life."

"Surely Mr. Jones, you do not think my boy would hurt your girl in any way? At least I hope Phillip is a gentleman.

At last Phil's mother had been able to get a word in.

"I know he will not hurt my daughter," again put in the man, angrily, "for I shall take mighty good care that he doesn't have a chance.

"Phillip Wynne Tracy IV." Mr. Jones repeated the name with infinite scorn. "You pride yourself, madam, that your son is the fourth of his name, but I tell you I would not want to remind any one in this city of that name. You see I remember the night he was born and know how his father died. I knew his father and his grandfather before him.

"It's bad blood and bad character that you are so proud of, and I do not intend that my daughter shall ever have to purify one or bolster up the other."

At this Anne Tracy became as angry in her turn as was the shaking man in front of her.

"You need not worry, Mr. Jones, I don't think it ever entered my son's head that he would like to marry your daughter. The Tracys do not mate with Joneses. In the first place, Phil is too young to marry any girl. He must finish his education. And in the second place, when my son marries, he will marry a girl, I hope, in his own set."

"His own set," snorted Jones, "thank God my daughter does not belong to that dancing, drinking, pleasure mad group of young people.

"Natlee belongs to a God-fearing Christian family. Her mother has been very careful to bring her up in the way that she should go and I do not intend to have her immortal soul imperiled or in the slightest contaminated by an irresponsible waster like your son and his father before him. And I may as well tell you while I am here that you must get another milkman. After this morning I'll order my driver to deliver no more milk at your house."

ANNE TRACY'S sense of humor got the better of her anger. With a smile she said: "I really cannot see, Mr. Jones, just how the fact that some milk and cream from your dairy coming into this house will react for the worse on the character of your daughter."

"You may laugh, Mrs. Tracy, and make fun of me and my fatherly care of my daughter. I have found that all you rich folks laugh at the efforts of self-respecting Christian people when they try to keep their children away from the contamination and the wickedness that these idle youths are spreading in the world."

Anne Tracy arose. "I think we'll terminate this interview, Mr. Jones. We do not seem to be getting anywhere. Evidently, we don't speak the same language."

"Oh, I'll go quick enough, and I know I can't talk grand like you, but I hope to make this plain to you—if I find your son hanging around my daughter, I'll make his handsome face look like a milk rack. Tell him that for me."

"I'll tell him, Mr. Jones, never fear, and if I know Phil, as I think I do, your threat will probably make him think that he cannot get along without Natlee."

When Phillip returned that night and his mother told him what Mr. Jones had said, he grinned.

"Why didn't you tell him, Mother, that his daughter taught your innocent little boy a lot of new fox-trot steps last night and that she was quite the best dancer at Arrowhead. Much he or his wife knows what Natlee does when she is out of their sight, or what she thinks at any time. And if he thinks that I am going to keep away from her just because he has gotten it into his ivory dome that I am trying to coax her into eternal Hades, he has got another think coming.

"Why, Mum," a deep wave of color spread over Phil Tracy's face, "I am probably the only little Rollo she knows at the present moment." He made an elaborate pretense of picking up a thread from the carpet.

As he raised his head he said: "Well, it looks as though we're in pretty Dutch, doesn't it, mother? What are we going to do now?"

Mrs. Tracy smiled to see that her son had included her in his troubles.

"First, Phil, I think you must make Mr. Jones understand that you are not the terribly bad boy he thinks you are."

"I am afraid I'll never be able to do that. You see, mother, he probably has got it in his head that the man who marries Natlee must be a cross between John the beloved and Martin Luther, and however good you as my mother think I am, I know you realize that I cannot measure up to that."

"If that's the case, my dear, I'm afraid you'll have to forget Mr. Jones' daughter."

"You are very young, Phil," suggested Anne Tracy wistfully.

"I am old enough to know my own mind," he answered with masculine decision. "Why, mother, I've really never thought of any other girl but Natlee. Ever since I was old enough to ride on her father's milk wagon we've been playmates.

"HELP me to win her, mother. You know you have always given me everything I have wanted. Don't let that old nanny goat make you fall down on this."

"I'll make a bargain with you, Phillip," said his mother solemnly. "If you promise me to go to college this spring, if you still find at the end of your senior year that you know your own mind in regard to Natlee Jones, I'll do my best to make her father give her to you as your wife. In the meantime, you must not keep away from the other girls—daughters of my friends. I want you to know a lot of other girls, for only in that way can you make comparison. Only in that way will you surely know your own mind."

Out shot Phillip Tracy's hand. His mother clasped it. "I'll do it, mother, provided you do not ask me to give her up entirely. You must give Nat a show in the money. But pshaw! I know you'll play the game fair, as I will."

"But don't expect me to make love to any of these other girls."

Mrs. Tracy said nothing. She could not help thinking how much that last speech of Phillip's was like his father. Already the boy was getting an idea into his handsome head that he was the hunter and to him always belonged the spoils. Not yet had he subscribed to that theory, voiced by George Bernard Shaw, that it is always the woman who makes her choice.

Again she thought of that peculiar possessive gleam in Natlee Jones' lapis lazuli eyes.

"I think the first thing to do, Phil, is for us to give a party. When Mr. Jones hears of it he will think you have given up his daughter. I'll call it a farewell party before you go away to Yale."

"How are we going to get Natlee there, mother?" asked Phil, innocently.

A Dramatic Story Of Mother Love

MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS

By Idah McGlone Gibson

"I'm afraid you won't be able to have her there at all. Her people will never let her go to any party that your mother would give."

Mrs. Tracy hoped that her son did not detect any note of satisfaction in her voice, for she could not help feeling a little ashamed as Phil said instantly:

"I do wish Natlee could come, mother. I do not think she has ever been to a real party, the kind you and your friends give, in all her life."

FOR fear Phil might begin to suggest some way in which to smuggle Natlee in, Mrs. Tracy began to talk of the social details of the party.

"I think we had better have a dinner at the Biltmore. We should have about 12."

"Oh, I wish that Natlee was going to be there," said Phil. "I don't think you understand, mother, what a hard time she has at home, and sometimes I'm not as good to her as I might be. I forget that I am about the only friend she has who is any good.

"Lately I've been so interested in getting ready for college and picking out my new car and having that fur coat made that I guess I neglected her. In fact, I don't think that I would have even thought of her yesterday if she hadn't sent me this."

Phil pulled out a beautiful gold cigaret case from his inside coat pocket and handed it to his mother.

"I don't believe you can understand what that means, Mum," he said as Mrs. Tracy rather apathetically handed the case back to him with no comment. "Why that stingy old coot of a father of hers only gives her $5 a week spending money and then he tries to make her tell what she spends it for. He says she should put $3 of it in the savings bank. Of course, I don't know what this case cost, but Lucia Randolph gave Jerome Kenyon one not as large as this and contrived to tell him that she paid $40 for it. Natlee must have been saving for this, mother, for the last year; she could take out such a little of her allowance at a time. She never said a word, Mum, about my neglecting her, she just put inside this: 'With Natlee's love.' Don't you think that was sporting of her? You can bet the first thing I did when I got in this boat was to sail around there and mighty glad I am I did it, for maybe if I hadn't Rodney Maxwell would have copped her out, poor girl.

"Oh, why can't we arrange to have her at the party, Mum?"

CHAPTER V

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY IV GROWS UP

MRS. TRACY began to feel sorry for Phillip. For fear that he would finally persuade her that Natlee Jones in some way could attend his party she began again to talk of social details.

"Of course, Son, we must have Lucia Randolph," she declared, consulting her date book.

"All right," said Phil, rather reluctantly, "but you know, Mum, she's an awful counterfeit."

"Son, her father is the richest man in all New York who has a young lady daughter."

"And she never lets you forget the fact for an instant. She makes me sick. However, Jerome Kenyon is fussing around her or her money just at present and we can invite him to take her off our hands."

"Shall I invite Bernice Cameron, Phil?" His mother was pretty sure by now that he was going to find some fault with every girl invited, so she was not at all surprised when he said: "Bernice is pretty much of a highbrow, but if you invite old Bill Husted he probably will take some of the conceit out of her. You see he is cramming to be a college professor if he can only make the grade."

"Luella Carr," read Mrs. Tracy from her list.

"That little cat," exclaimed Phil, "she snubbed Natlee last night at Arrowhead and I know it was because Natlee looked better than she did. However, we've got to invite Jack Kilgore and he won't come without her, he's got a bad crush on her."

"That leaves Claire O'Donnell for Pierre Marquard," said Mrs. Tracy.

"It's too bad to pair Claire off with Pierre," said Phil, "for she is a good scout. She told me the other day that she thought Natlee was the prettiest girl she knew. Claire likes to dance, however, and Pierre is the best hoofer in the crowd."

Mrs. Tracy checked off the names and remarked: "I am going to invite my friend, Lyra Hilliard. She has wired me that she will be here tomorrow and I shall need a woman somewhere near my own age to keep me company among all you young people."

She looked over the list again. "We have forgotten Rodney Maxwell, Phillip."

"Oh, I expect we'll have to invite him. Just because he lived next door to us I've had to be bored with him more or less all my life. Sometimes I think he has an idea that he owns me. He's always advising me to do things I don't want to do."

A sudden smile lighted up Phil's face. "I'll tell you what, Mumm," he said mischievously, "he can take your elderly friend in to dinner."

"YOU'LL not call Lyra Hilliard elderly when you see her, Phil. Unless she has changed greatly in the last few years she will be younger than any other girl at the party. She has always been very popular with young people."

"I hate old women who try to be coy and young."

"She is younger than I am, Phil," said his mother, realizing for the first time that to a boy his mother is always old.

"Don't you remember her, Phil? She never makes me think of anything in the world so much as a brilliant, devouring flame with her gorgeous red hair, her red brown eyes, her lithe figure and her transparent skin that always seems lighted from within by an eternal fire."

"Good lord, Mother, I know I never saw any of your friends who were like that. You are making her out a lulu."

"Lyra Hilliard was, when last I saw her, the most beautiful woman I have even seen. I think I remember now that you were always at camp when she was here.

"Did you say she was married, Mum?"

"Yes—to a man much older than herself. As a girl she always said that she was going to marry money and when Spencer Hilliard, many times a millionaire, turned up, she annexed him."

"I would not think you would like

"Son—I prayed to the good God that he would help me bring you up in such a way that you would never make another woman as unhappy as your father made me."

that kind of a woman, Mother—you, whose marriage to my father was purely one of love."

For a moment Anne Tracy forgot herself. All the pent-up feeling of hurt that, she had stored in her heart for 17 years overflowed.

"Yes," she responded quickly, "I married your father because I loved him, but what did that marriage bring me? Nothing but loneliness, humiliation and grief.

"Phillip Wynne Tracy III never considered his wife for a moment when she interfered with his inclination, and you must have known, my son, although I have never spoken of it to you, that the very night you were born your father gayly went joy-riding with another woman.

"You have probably also heard before this that they were both killed while returning from a notorious roadhouse."

PITYINGLY the boy gathered his mother up into his arms. "Don't—don't tell me any more, Mother. Of course I have known it, but I did not think that you could hold such bitterness all these years. It was probably only an impulse on Father's part. You have often told me that he was gay, irresponsible, and full of life. Possibly he was bored."

This struck the bitter tinder of his mother's self-pity again.

"Yes, that was it," she flashed out. "He was bored with me because I had become logy, both in mind and body, because I was only waiting to bear you, my son—the child he was never to see. He wanted to pass over the time as quickly and pleasantly as possible. But what of me? Do you not think, Phillip, that your father should have gone at least a little way in trying to make my life at that time more comfortable? He didn't try. Instead, he left me alone with my thoughts while he went out seeking pleasure and forgetfulness because he was bored."

"Mother—please, Mother—"

"Oh, I expect it's indecent for a mother to tear great rents in the pride that a son should always feel toward his father, but some way your egotistic criticism of Lyra Hilliard just now made me see red. Have I been happier than she because I believed that love was all that was needed to make a marriage happy? I am almost ready to say to you, Son, that the woman who marries for love is laying up for herself a great unhappiness. She is sure to be disappointed,"

"Mother, surely—"

Anne Tracy threw her arms convulsively about her son's neck.

"Phil, do you know what I vowed the first time I clasped your little helpless body to my breast—and I have renewed that vow in my prayers every day since—Son, I prayed to the good God that He would help me to bring you up in such a way that you would never make another woman as unhappy as your father made me."

Phillip Wynne Tracy IV never forgot the tragic story which his mother told him that morning. But his mother would have been horror stricken if she had realized that her impulsive confidence about Lyra Hilliard had changed her son from youth to manhood. At that time neither mother nor son had the slightest inkling that Anne Tracy had planted a queer kind of male curiosity in his mind with regard to women.

UP until this morning, Phillip had thought of women as something quite apart from the human family. He had classed them in his mind as mothers and sweethearts, who were potential wives—and other women.

True, he had heard much about these "other women" from his school companions, but in some way what he had heard had rather disgusted him. Today, however, his mother had given him an entirely new idea of those "other women" who had no relation to him except that of curiosity and sense. She had made him wonder if that woman with whom his father had been riding that night had been beautiful, with red hair, red brown eyes, and a white skin that looked as though it had been lighted by a flame from within.

He drew himself up and shook his head, as though he would clear his brain from this treason to his mother.

In doing so, he found he was facing the long mirror that was set in his closet door. He threw back his shoulders and laughed at the tall, handsome youth he saw there. He knew that he had grown up. His white teeth came together with a snap. Life was all before him and it only remained for him to bite into it and find it good!

He began to think of that party his mother was going to give, as a kaleidoscope of beautiful girls in lovely dresses making ever changing figures in the dance. There was a sound of barbaric music in his ears cut into here and there by the sensuous wail of the saxophone. Already he had forgotten his mother's tears. He was not concerned with the past. He had even forgotten the present. No thought of Natlee Jones entered his brain. His mind was storming along the paths of youth into the future.

"Yes," he told that strapping, grinning-faced individual in the mirror, "I am going to conquer the world."

He would annex to himself friends, fame, wealth and love! He was going to do great things. He would try for the football squad at Yale. He saw himself being carried on the shoulders of his admiring fraternity brothers off from the field where he had saved the day for his team! He was going to take up his father's work where he had left off. He was going to make a greater mark in the financial world than his father had ever done.

He walked closer to the mirror and ran his hand over the side of his face. "I expect I ought to begin to shave every day," he said to himself. "I think I'll buy a safety razor this morning."

CHAPTER VI

FLAMING YOUTH

"COME in," Phillip fairly shouted as some one tapped on his door.

"Mr. Phillip," said Nonnie, "Mrs. Tracy sent me to ask you if you would go to her room before you went out. She isn't well enough to get up this morning."

"Tell her that I will be right there."

The maid went out and shut the door softly.

Phillip rushed out to his sleeping porch. There was a little feathery snowflake here and there in the crisp air.

He quickly decided that it was cold enough to wear that raccoon coat which his mother had given him yesterday.

Back inside his room he slipped himself into its capacious depths.

Above its great collar his sleek head with his laughing eyes was the very reality of youth and pent up energy. Any mother might be proud of him—any girl could love him without effort.

Racing down the hall he knocked at his mother's door. Not waiting for her invitation to enter he opened it.

His mother was lying in bed, her eyes swollen and her face white and parched. Evidently the few hours that he had passed in dreamless sleep since they had parted the night before had been for his mother a time of torturing wakefulness.

"Have you anything particular to do this morning, dear boy?" she asked in a weak voice.

"Nothing of importance, Mum. I just thought I'd take the car out and get it warmed up and adjusted."

"Then will you go to the train and meet Mrs. Hilliard? My head is aching so badly that I positively cannot raise it from this pillow. Tell this to Lyra, Phillip, she will understand."

Phillip Wynne Tracy IV wondered why he suddenly found his raccoon coat so uncomfortably warm. He pulled it off with impatience and dropped it on the floor with a thud which made his mother wince.

"Is it very cold outside, Phillip?"

"I thought so a moment ago, but that fur coat is hotter than an oil stove in a cubby hole. I think perhaps I had better leave it at home."

"You'll probably need it in the car, Son, and you certainly do look fine in it. Lyra's train will be in about 12 o'clock. If you don't think you'll be bored you might take her some place to luncheon down town. That will give me time to get enough aspirin down to dull this agony and perhaps get a little sleep.

"I wouldn't ask you to do this, dear, if I were at all sure that Lyra would bore you. But she knows all about boys."

"Has she got any?"

"No, but she always has a string of them hanging around her. Her house is the meeting place for all the young people in her town."

WITH a groan Anne Tracy turned her head toward the other side of the bed and Phillip with a little light kiss on her hair just above the dampened bandage which she was readjusting over her eyes picked up his coat and left the room.

He wanted to whistle or sing, but he told himself that he couldn't do this with his mother enjoying a splitting headache. Looking at his wrist watch he found it was after 10.

When he got up this morning he had intended hanging around some of the haunts of Natlee. He wanted to see her and tell her what he had promised his mother.

He was quite sure that Natlee would consider the arrangement all right as she had suggested waiting until he had finished college. "We are very young," she had told him.

It was he who had been impatient last night. He it was who had insisted it was foolish to wait.

"I want to know that you belong to me, Natlee," he had said arrogantly. "I don't want any men hanging around you for the next four or five years."

Some way this morning this "belonging" business didn't seem quite so important. He decided to take a run out to the Country club and get back just in time to meet Mrs. Hilliard. He whistled as he took the roadster out of the garage and life looked very bright to him as he drove it down the street where he overtook Rodney Maxwell.

Instantly a plan sprung into his head.

He drew up to the curb with a great honking of his horn.

The youth in front turned around and stood stock still in the middle of the sidewalk, his eyes almost bursting from his head.

"Where did you get it, old dear? Where did you get it?" he exclaimed.

"I bought it yesterday, Rod."

Although he felt like a traitor to his mother to say this, he still had the thrill of making old Rod think that he was a person of means and able to buy his own automobiles.

"Gee, Wynnie, that's great, isn't it? I wish my guardian would buy me a car. He says I can't have one until I come home from college."

"Get in her, Rod, I want to talk to you. I want you to do me a favor."

PHILLIP WYNNE TRACY IV shivered. He wished Rodney Maxwell would not always call him that childish name. If he hadn't wanted Rodney to do something for him he certainly would have made him understand that minute that to keep his friendship he would have to cut out the "Wynnie" business.

"Well, spill it, Wynne," said Rod after they had driven almost a mile in silence.

"You see, old man, Mother is pulling off a party—a kind of goodbye-mine-bwn-light-of-my-eyes-farewell affair before I go to Yale. I'm not strong for it, but women seem to like these things.

RODNEY MAXWELL looked up quickly at Phillip's man-of-the-world tone.

"Of course, if I must have a party in my honor I would want Natlee Jones there, but I took her out in the car the other night and we stayed at Arrowhead very late."

At the mention of Arrowhead Rod's eyes opened. Phillip pretended not to notice it.

"Mr. Jones threw a fit when I brought his daughter home and told me never to speak to Nat again as long as I lived, or as long as he lived, I don't know which.

"That would not have been so bad for you know, Rod, what he would say wouldn't make any difference to me, but he had to go over to the house and give Mother a song and dance about it. And would you believe it, Rod, he told her she would have to look for a new milkman.

"No wonder Nat has a hard time of it with a balmy old duck with no more sense of humor than that for a father. Fortunately, my mother could see the joke even if she is a woman.

"She laughed at him which, of course, made him more furious than ever. The consequence is that the Joneses and the Tracys have come to the parting of the ways. Little boy Wynne can no more have little girl friend Natlee to play with and little boy Wynne's mother can have no more of Daddy Jones' milk.

"Now here's the program, Rod. Mother wants you to come to the party and bring Nat with you. You can go over right away and make this perfectly clear to her. Tell her the reason why Mother does not send her an individual invitation is because she knows that old man Jones would not let his daughter go into a house which was not fit to receive the milk from his high-priced Jerseys.

"Fix up any sort of a plan, old top, that will be good enough to get Nat out with you.

"Don't say a word to Mother about the affair because she doesn't want to be in on it. Tell Nat to keep mum, too."

RODNEY MAXWELL eagerly acquiesced to everything that Phil proposed, and returning Phil dropped him near the girl's house and proceeded to the station where he arrived just as the train was coming in.

Standing a little to one side he watched the passengers get off.

Finally there came a slender woman very smartly dressed who looked about as though expecting some one.

"Why, she isn't young or very good looking," he said to himself disappointedly. Nevertheless, he started forward. "Is this Mrs. Hilliard?"

"Yes," the woman answered tonelessly. Then as she recognized Phillip her eyes lighted and her scarlet mouth curled up in a welcoming smile. "Why, you are a man—I must call you Mr. Tracy," she said. "Where's Anne?"

He caught a glimpse of that light from within that darted into her red brown eyes—he wondered to himself why he had called her old—she was young as love and as beautiful as his dream of bliss.

No girl had ever given him a look like that before.

"They always act as if I were so damned young," he said to himself.

"Mother said I was to take you somewhere for luncheon, Mrs. Hilliard, as her headache was so intense that she could not do anything nice for any one—not even you."

"I will tell her when I see her that she has done the nicest thing she possibly could do for me. I never dreamed that when I stepped off that boresome old train I should walk straight into a young man as satisfying as you."

CHAPTER VII

NATLEE JONES ALSO GROWS UP

RODNEY MAXWELL lounged against the big elm tree that had stood sentinel in front of the house across the street from the home of Natlee Jones ever since he could remember.

Rodney was not very happy, for he had loved Natlee quite as long as Wynne Tracy had but was coming now to understand that Natlee loved only Phil.

As children the three had grown up together forming a youthful triangle from the time that he and Wynne were 6 and Natlee was 5 years old.

Rodney, being a rather stolid boy of a one-track mind, had never swerved from his allegiance to her even when he recognized that Wynne has her first choice.

He seemed satisfied to take what Natlee gave him from time to time when Wynne had one of his periods of neglect.

The truth of the matter was that although Rodney Maxwell was yet too young to know it, he had a genius for friendship instead of love.

Such men go through life just "filling in"—they try to heal the wounded hearts and the pride of the girls their friends throw away—they even try to heal the breach between the girls they love and the friends to whom they give loyalty even while they disapprove of their thoughtlessness.

Rodney suspected nothing queer about taking Natlee's invitation to her in the peculiarly informal way that Phillip had given it to him.

It did not enter his mind that formal Mrs. Tracy would not invite any one to her house to a party through another person who was asked to say nothing about it even to her.

He had accepted Wynne's explanation without a shadow of a doubt that Mrs. Tracy had sent him to Natlee with the message.

From his vantage place at the old tree he saw her come out of the house and he called to her softly: "Oh, Nat."

He was surprised to find she had been crying. Her eyes were red and swollen. She did not answer him but silently pointed down the street and Rod, obeying the command as he had often done before, walked quickly ahead and turned the first corner.

AS soon as he was out of sight of house he slowed up and before he had gone half a block he was joined by the girl.

"Did Wynne send you to me, Rod?" was her first question.

"Yes—how did you know?"

"I thought it would be just like him to send you and just like you to come.

"He has not been near me since we went to Arrowhead Inn in his new car."

"He told me, Natlee, that your father had promised him a horse-whipping if he came to your house or your father saw you together."

"I never knew before that Wynne was a coward," the girl remarked, bitterly.

"He isn't Nat—he isn't," Rodney earnestly came to the rescue of his friend's reputation.

"He told me that threat of your father's meant nothing to him, but after your fussy old daddy had gone to his mother and spilled the beans he could hardly get into a row with your father over you again."

"In other words, Wynne does not think I am worth the risking of a fight!"

"What's the matter with you this morning Nat? You've got it all wrong. Wynne is thinking of you every minute and is willing to risk everything for you and so is his mother. That is the reason they sent me to you."

"I'm sure that's very nice of them," said she dryly.

"Don't be silly Nat," broke in Rodney with as much impatience as he ever used to any one.

"You know as well as I that Phillip Wynne Tracy IV thinks the world and all of you. Why, you and I are the only ones on earth he allows to call him 'Wynne.' You remember the day you said you were going to call him by his middle name and he answered that he wished both of us would, as that would make everyone understand that our three-cornered friendship was eternal and that we considered him our best friend—a little nearer than any of the rest of the boys and girls."

"Now look here Nat, be yourself for a minute. Wynne sent me to you with a wonderful plan. His mother is going to give a party to all the sons and daughters of her friends and she wants you to come."

"Does she—are the invitations out? I have not received mine yet. I don't think I'm really in line for that party anyway, Rod. You see, my dad is not Mrs. Anne Huntington Tracy's friend. He has only been her milkman for years."

"He is not that any more Nat," remarked Rodney with a grin. Then he told her that her father had refused to deliver any more milk to the Tracy residence.

NATLEE JONES grew almost hysterical as she alternatly laughed over her father's silly action and cried over his tyrannical ideas of his dignity as a father.

"You wait till I see him tonight, Rod, and I'll tell him that he can't act this way with me. I'll run away from home and earn my own living.

"No you won't Natlee—promise me you won't do that," pleaded Rodney, clasping both her hands as if he would himself keep her from that extreme.

"Well," he continued more calmly, "you can certainly see that after all this Mrs. Tracy could not risk another visit from your father after she had been spoken to in the insulting way he had talked to her the other day.

"Yes—yes—she—"

"Wait a minute Nat—don't be so darn quick to interrupt—you are altogether too suspicious. Mrs. Tracy likes you very much—I am sure of it—even if she may think you have been unfortunate in picking a father—"

"But Rod—"

"Shut up girl until I tell you what she has done.

"I'm to come over for you the night of the party—or better still, you are to tell your folks that you are going to stay all night with one of the girls and I'll go after you there."

"I never lie to my father and mother, Rodney," Natlee again interrupted him.

"Well, you needn't lie now, need you? I'll arrange for you to stay all night with some one of the other girls who are going."

"But I don't know any of those society girls well enough for that."

"I'm sure some one is going that you know. Claire O'Donnell told me the other day that she thought you were the prettiest girl in town and that she was going to have you at her next party."

NATLEE JONES' scarlet mouth grew mutinous and her dark

"Why, you're a man! I must call you Mr. Tracy."

blue eyes showed the fire of hurt pride in their luminous depths.

"I hope you thanked her for her kindness and consideration of me, Rod."

"Look here, Nat, I ought to go away and just let you make yourself miserable."

"Why don't you, Rod?"

"Because I guess I'm not built that way—I can't bear to see any one I love suffer."

That answer drew a quick, furtive glance from the tear-suffused eyes partly hidden under Natlee's curling lashes.

With a quick change of mood she said: "Tell me all about Mrs.—what Wynne wants me to do, Rod. I'll listen without interrupting again."

"Glad you have come to your senses at last. It's this way. I'm to bring you to the party and your father need not know that you have been to Wynne's house at all."

"Are you sure, Rod, that this is Mrs. Tracy's plan?"

"There you go again—you said you were not going to interrupt," said Rod impatiently. "Of course I'm sure it's her plan. You see she does it in the way so you will be sure to get there. She's afraid if she sent you a formal invitation your father would never let you go.

"If I fix it up with Claire you'll go won't you, Natlee?"

"I won't bother Miss O'Donnell, Rod. If I go I'll get Aunt Julia to let me go to her home and stay the rest of the night after the party and you can come for me there."

"Are you sure it will be all right, Natlee?"

"Perfectly. Aunt Julia is not so old that she has forgotten that she once was young. I'll tell her the whole story and I know that she will think that dad is unreasonable.

"You're a brick, Natlee, and I know you are going to have a great time at the party. It's going to be a wonderful dinner dance and I am sure that Mrs. Tracy and Wynne would not have it if they thought you could not be there. I must be off now to find Wynne and tell him the good news."

"Where are you going to meet him?"

"I expect that he will be at his own home by this time. His mother has sent him to the station to meet some one of her friends who is going to visit at her house for a while. I don't envy Wynne—he's slated to cart around some too-fat or too-thin middle-aged dame who will probably tell him that he reminds her of her little boy who died six years ago."

"What makes you think that, Rod?"

"I didn't think it, Natlee—I only wanted to see the color of your eyes when you opened them before your mouth smiled."

Natlee Jones gave Rodney Maxwell a comprehending glance—she, too, had grown up.

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE'S DELICIOUS PAIN

AS Phillip Wynne Tracy IV helped his mother's friend into his roadster and wrapped the robe about her he was distractingly aware of slender ankles in the thinnest of thin stockings and of tiny feet whose insteps were completely covered with shining cut steel buckles.

To hide his embarrassment he stopped a moment to light a cigaret. Over the flaring match he saw the face of Lyra Hilliard.

It was not the kind of face he had expected to find, particularly from his mother's intriguing description.

At that moment she was looking straight ahead and there was a peculiar, almost childish, wistfulness in the red brown eyes that made him want to press her head down on his fur-coated breast and let her weep while he quoted something about "There, little girl, don't cry—they have broken your doll I know." Then he blushed, for he was thinking that a man could write a book of poems not only about her wistful eyes, but of her slender ankles as well.

"Where are you going to take me, man?" she interrupted his thoughts as she nestled toward him.

"Why, I thought you were hungry," Phillip answered with boyish directness.

"Of course, you were polite about it and very flattering. You suggested that you were pleased to lunch with me because I was, but I knew that you were pleased because you are hungry. I knew what you meant."

"Did you?" she asked, turning her face toward him and the glorious brown eyes stared disconcertingly into his. "I wonder—if you did?"

Phillip did not answer unless an involuntary movement toward her was an answer. A fierce emotion of rebellion came into his consciousness. Why had he been born too late? Up until this morning he had never thought that love was anything like what he was feeling now—nothing that he had ever felt for Natlee had prepared him for this terrible pain and breathless joy that were so much alike he could not separate them.

HE drew up at the restaurant door and for one blissful moment she dropped into his arms as she stumbled out of the roadster.

"How strong you are!" she whispered as she straightened up beside him. "I would have fallen in my awkwardness if you hadn't caught me."

"It was nothing," he answered gruffly. "I just happened to be there and the doorman was not—that was all."

As though to steady her up the steps he put his hand upon her arm and again he was sure he felt her lean—if ever so lightly—upon him.

With great pride he led her across the room, passing a table where Jerome Kenyon, Bill Husted and Jack Kilgore were sitting.

These youths were all older than Phil. They had been at college a year and sometimes he had felt that they looked upon him almost as a baby—well—they wouldn't do this any more. He caught that by the lifting of Bill Husted's eyebrows and the surprised, if low tones, with which Jerome Kenyon exclaimed, "Look who's here."

He could, however, have killed them gleefully, for they arose formally as he and Mrs. Hilliard came abreast of their table saying, "Hello, Phil, we're just lunching. Won't you join us?"

He turned to Mrs. Hilliard politely. She, of course, could do nothing else but accept their damned invitation.

In the meantime there was a little confusion over introductions and getting chairs and plates adjusted at the table. Then, much to his chagrin, he found himself across from Mrs. Hilliard, while she was seated between Jerome and Jack.

He wanted to get up and punch their faces, which were plastered all over with triumphant grins, but he was a little comforted when he found that the red brown eyes had pirated around the table to where he sat and picked up his eyes and in some way taken them back to herself. All the while she had on her mouth a rather amused, absent-minded smile.

"I never expected to have the joy of lunching with four handsome young men," she exclaimed to Jack Kilgore after Jerome Kenyon had ordered the chicken a la king and salad. "Already I can see where every girl in the room is hating me.

"I've never asked much in the way of a reputation, but from the looks of that young woman over there I know that little will be taken away from me in this town before I have hardly arrived."

All the others hastened to tell her that that could not possibly happen and assured her that her reputation was perfectly secure from any jealous hurt, but Phillip kept silet, his eyes still on her face.

"Do you all dance?" she suddenly asked.

They answered with enthusiasm and in unison, "Yes."

"Well, if that's the case I shall expect at least one of you to be at every party to which I am invited and rescue me from the bridge tables, where most of my hostesses will probably think I belong.

"I WILL not play bridge. I may be older than some of those who are younger (she said this with a sly smile), but I shall insist that one and all of you will lie like gentlemen and say both to yourselves and everyone else that I am not old enough to settle down to cards."

"You can count on me," said Bill Husted. "And me—" "And me—" added Jerry Kenyon and Jack Kilgore.

Mrs. Hilliard lifted her eyes to his face. He thought he detected a look of disappointment and was glad.

"Speaking of dancing, Mrs. Hilliard, Mother is not going to set you down to bridge. She is going to give you a dinner dance next week."

All the others at the table groaned and Bill Husted said: "Of course, she will invite only her own friends to that, and you, Phil, will be lucky enough to dance with Mrs. Hilliard while we cool our heels outside looking in."

"Oh, don't you worry—you'll all be given a chance—Mother and Mrs. Hilliard will be the only—" he stopped and stammered, for he found he had been going to say "middle-aged women there."

Lyra Hilliard looked quickly at Phillip and then at the others around the table. Her mouth drooped as she realized how young they were.

"Who's your mother going to invite, Phil?" asked Jack Kilgore.

"All you fellows, of course, besides Rod Maxwell and Pierre Marquart," he answered, hoping that they would not ask about the girls. He couldn't tell them that Natlee was coming—neither could he let them into his plan, for now he did not want Rod to bring her.

He thought he would get away from the table as soon as possible and see Rod again. If he had not already seen Natlee he would call the whole thing off. He would tell Rod that his mother had decided, after thinking over what Mr. Jones had said, both to her and to her son, that she could not consistently have anything to do with any of his family.

HE looked across the table to Mrs. Hilliard.

She arose and immediately they left, in spite of all the efforts of the others to detain them. As it was, the fellows all followed them out to the car. He was glad that not one of them mentioned it—it showed that they envied him.

And truly he was to be envied, for a moment later, as they drove away, Lyra Hilliard turned to him and said: "They're nice boys, your friends, but some way they strike me as playing at being grown up. They do not have that man-of-the-world air which always fascinates me."

Phillip found his spirits fagging as they drove slowly home, for he knew that when they arrived he would have to share Lyra Hilliard with his mother.

He told himself that he had hardly had her long enough yet to get used to that wild thing she had put in place in his heart.

He was not any happier to see Rod and Natlee coming out of Millard's together, for he knew it was too late—Rod had already asked her to go to the party with him.

He was doubly sure of this by the smiles and waving hands with which they both greeted him.

"Who was that beautiful girl?" asked Mrs. Hilliard.

"That's Natlee Jones," he answered. "She, Rodney Maxwell, who was with her, and myself have been playmates all our lives."

"And you do not mean to tell me that you have never fallen in love with her—why haven't you?"

"I expect it's because I have never tried."

"Dear man, haven't you learned yet that nobody ever falls in love with anybody if he tries to do so. You wake up some morning or go to bed some night, as the case may be, head over heels in love—you don't know how, when or where you got that way—you only know that one of Cupid's arrows is sticking in your heart and is giving you the most delicious pain you ever knew."

"Yes—I've learned that, but so lately that I am afraid I was not sure of it until you told me, Mrs. Hilliard. There is Mother on the steps and it is half past three. She has probably been worrying for fear I have killed you in an accident."

"More likely Anne thinks that I have kidnaped her son."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Mother, you're a queen. I told Natlee not to worry—you'd come through."

HER MAN
FOREVER MATED

by BEATRICE BURTON
author of "Love Bound"

© JOHNSON FEATURES INC. 1926

"NO, I HAVEN'T LEFT HIM. I'M JUST GIVING HIM TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER," SHE EXPLAINED

CHAPTER LII

AT first Sylvia thought that he was talking to Mother Phelps. For he was saying something about putting up a bathroom shelf, and he often did little odd jobs like that for her.

"Yeah, I think a glass one would be best," Sylvia heard him say into the telephone, "I'll get one for you and put it up, tomorrow, if you like."

Then there was a pause. Then Ranny's voice again: "All right, I'll tell her. You know how much we enjoy having you. Goodnight, Babs."

Babs! So he was putting up bath room shelves for her, now, was he? Sylvia found herself saying "Humph," like Aunt Agony, as she softly shut the door, and scurried back to her chair.

When Ranny came into the room a half minute later, she was sitting in her chair, looking as if she had never stirred while he was out of the room.

"That was Babs on the phone," he said, picking up his book. "Poor little kid, she's awfully lonely over there in that flat. She wants to come back here for the week-end, so I told her we'd be glad to have her. That was all right, wasn't it?

Sylvia went on running her needle in and out of the sock she was darning, and looking as calm as any little housewife who ever owned a mending basket.

But behind the quiet mask of her face, she was all tumult and anger. "No, it wasn't all right, Ranny," she said, raising her blue eyes to his. "All I've done for two weeks is cook and clean and pick up cigaret butts for Babs, and I'm dead tired. I don't have any time any more to look after the baby the way I should—You don't know how much of a job it is to entertain Babs—No, I won't have her here this week."

She looked at him, wistfully—Didn't he want to have a few days alone with her, for a change? Wasn't he weary of having a third person around the house all the time?

He shrugged his shoulders, as he sat down in his chair on the other side of the lamplit table.

"Well, I guess we'll have to have her this time," he answered carelessly, "I've told her to come, now. I said I'd drop around for her about four, tomorrow afternoon."

Sylvia groaned—So she'd have to spend another evening alone with a book, while Ranny and Babs sat on the davenport busy with their works on architecture. Another evening of Babs' chatter.

"I'm going to call up Peter Wilk," she said, jumping up. "I'm going to ask him to take her to a movie tomorrow night. That'll get her out of the house for a few hours anyway."

Ranny laughed unpleasantly. "You told me a couple of weeks ago that you adored Babs," he reminded her. "You could hardly wait for her to get here, when she wrote that she was coming."

Sylvia went out into the hall and telephoned Peter.

"Well, what did your friend, the Purity Squad, have to say?" Ranny asked when she came back into the room. "After I kicked him out of the house the other night, I don't imagine he's so wild about coming here, again."

"He said he'd take her," Sylvia told him, "and then added mischievously, "Peter would do 'most anything for me."

Sometimes she thought it would be a good thing if Ranny did know how much Peter thought of her.

* * *

The next afternoon, Sylvia was burning old newspapers in the incinerator behind the garage when Ranny drove into the yard with Babs.

She was not expecting them for an hour, and she was still wearing a calico morning dress and a sweeping-cap. Her face and hands were dirty.

"Oo-ooh!" she said to herself, "I musn't let Ranny see me looking like this."

She kept perfectly still, and waited for them to leave the yard, so that she could slip in at the back door and run upstairs to wash and dress.

She heard Ranny open the garage doors, and drive the car into it.

"Did you bring one bag or two?" he asked, and Babs began to laugh.

"You ought to know I brought only one. You put it in the car for me," she gurgled. "You're getting to be like me—I forget everything when I'm with you. Do you know it."

There was no answer from Ranny, but Sylvia could imagine the way he was probably smiling at Babs with those blue-gray eyes of his. He never had been able to resist a woman who "made a play" for him.

Like a woman of ice, Sylvia stood perfectly still until they vanished around the corner of the house. Then she flew into the house, and ran up the back stairs to the bathroom.

She bathed and dressed herself as carefully as she had years ago, when she had been engaged to Ranny. There was no little trick of woman-daintiness that she forgot that night.

She perfumed herself, and brushed her thick hair until it was like satin in all its deep, burnished waves. She was as pale as white coral with her excitement, and she needed no rouge for the red coral of her mouth.

"Why is it that I can't hold my own husband?" she wondered, for the hundredth time in her married life, as she looked at herself when she was ready to go downstairs.

There was no answer to her question.

None that she could find at any rate.

All around her, the house was proof of her good house-keeping. It was as neat as a pin, and it had that clean, bright, cheerful look that only a real wife and mother can give to a house.

The baby was warm and sweet as a rose, in her little crib.

Sylvia knew that when she went down to the kitchen, the well-trained little housemaid would have the bottle of milk warming.

The dinner was on the stove, and Sylvia had made the salad and the dessert that morning.

Everything was in beautiful order, even to the clean shirts and pressed ties in Ranny's chiffonier drawers, and the neat row of shoes in his clothes closet.

"I know I'm a good wife," Sylvia found herself saying to her own lovely reflection in the glass of her toilet-table, "I know I am."

She knew that most people liked her, too. As Peter Wilk often said—"There's some sense to Sylvia. She can talk something besides baby-clatter."—She could sing, too, only Ranny didn't like her to sing. He was jealous of her voice. He didn't want any wife of his to get a lot of public attention, so he said. A woman's place was in the home. Absolutely.

* * *

Sylvia turned off the light in her bedroom, and started down the stairs. They were carpeted thickly, and she made no noise as she went down through the twilight.

The living-room was in half-darkness.

Near the one lighted lamp, stood Ranny and Babs Delano.

Her hands were on his arms, and her mouth was raised to his. Whether he had just kissed her, or whether he was going to, Sylvia never found out.

As she came into the room, Ranny saw her. His arms dropped from Babs' waist, and the two sprang apart. Babs sagged down into a little chair—a little rocker that Sylvia often sat in, when she lulled the baby to sleep. She tried to laugh and failed.

Sylvia walked past Ranny, now, and faced the woman who sat in the little rocker.

"Get up, Babs," she said, "put on your hat, I'll get it for you."

She ran up the stairs, and picked up Babs' wraps from the bed where she had slung them. Her bag stood on the floor. She carried that downstairs, too.

Ranny was waiting for her in the dusk of the front hall.

"Slyvy, don't act like this," he said, and put out a hand to touch her.

"You'll always be sorry, if you let Babs go like this."

But she drew herself away from him, and opened the door that led to the porch. There she dropped Babs' bag, and came back into the house leaving the door open.

Ranny saw that she meant business.

He turned to Babs, who was silently putting on her coat and hat.

"Wait on the porch for me," he said to her, "I'll get the car—"

But Sylvia stopped him. She put out her arm and barred his path.

"Wait!" she cried. All her meekness and ofiness were gone now Here was a woman—a primitive woman—fighting for her own. F man.

"Listen!" she went on, and even in the half darkness the man who face her, could see the flashing of eyes in her white face. "If you walk out of that door with Babs Delano, I shall not be here when you come back! —I mean what I say."

If she had been in a hand-to-hand battle with Babs, she could not have struggled harder to hold Ranny than she was, now, as she stood there waiting for his answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Once Upon a Time—"

A little boy asked his mother

"WHAT SHALL WE PLAY NEXT?"

MOTHERS and Fathers who have heard this question (and what Mother or Father has not?) will be interested in our new Children's Feature, starting in a few days. You will find the answer in:

THE RITZIES

By Flo' Frederick

You and your children will enjoy The Ritzies, because they're

ENTERTAINING
FULL OF ACTION
AMUSING
INSTRUCTIVE

And, above all, because they supply new, practical, play ideas for the youngsters' spare hours.

THE RITZIES

Are Coming Tomorrow

The Evening Gazette-The Morning Republican

"My Son's Sweethearts"

A Dramatic Story Of A Mother's Love For Her Son

BEGINS IN THIS NEWSPAPER TODAY

SHOULD A MOTHER ENCOURAGE AN INTIMACY BETWEEN HER EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON AND A CAPRICIOUS WOMAN OF THIRTY-FIVE?

READ THE ANSWER IN IDAH M'GLONE GIBSON'S GREAT AMERICAN STORY. MRS. GIBSON HAS WRITTEN A STORY WHICH EVERY MOTHER, SON AND DAUGHTER SHOULD READ.

NATALIE—PHIL—LYRA

NATALIE, THE LOVELY, PRACTICAL SCHOOLMATE AND SWEETHEART OF PHIL. LYRA, THE CAPRICIOUS, FASCINATING FLIRT OF THIRTY-FIVE, WHOSE DESIRE FOR ADMIRATION AND THE SATISFACTION OF HER VANITY PARTS THE YOUTHFUL LOVERS. PHIL, THE SON OF A WONDERFUL MOTHER, WHO IS EASY PREY FOR THE "VAMPING" LYRA, AND WHOSE IDEAS OF WOMEN ARE COMPLETELY CHANGED BECAUSE OF HER.

BEGIN READING IT TODAY IN THE

Evening Gazette The Morning Republican